H 75 #14
75,14
Col. W
M.B

Clemson Agricultural College
of South Carolina
Library

5¢ a copy

April 4, 1925

Collier's

THE NA WEEKLY

"HICKORY PETE"

By William Merriam Rouse

Cover by
F. E. Schoonover

Sir Henry Worth Thornton—Albert Payson Terhun
William Allen White—Grantland Rice—Frederic

Will *your* business be *next*?

Just a little blaze, starting in an unexpected place, at an unexpected time—then panic, a frantic scramble for exits, all the horror of raging, unchecked holocaust. This is the history of fire—written a million times—screaming at you in the headlines of every newspaper. It takes everything—property as well as life. The result is invariably a catastrophe. Your business is gone, employes out of work, customers forced to your competitors—your work of a lifetime swept away. Half a billion dollars was the price of fire last year. Seventeen thousand lives sacrificed on the altar of carelessness and unpreparedness. Protect your business from fire.

Make It Safe With Fyr-Fyter

Fyr-Fyter *prevents* fire losses. It is small, light, convenient. Anyone can operate it—instinctively. It smothers fire instantly. And its cost is insignificant. It is sold by trained men who are experts in fire prevention and whose advice is worth heeding.

THE FYR-FYTER COMPANY
734 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. **Dayton, Ohio**

Salesmen Wanted

We have immediate openings for 100 men on our national sales force. Previous selling experience will be valuable but is not essential, as we conduct our own course of training which makes our representatives *experts in fire prevention.*

An Excellent Income

Fyr-Fyter is a device which means fire prevention. It bears the label of approval of the (Fire) Underwriters. It is endorsed by fire chiefs and fire protection organizations. It is being used by such concerns as the Standard Oil Company, International Harvester, Ford Motor Company and General Motors Corporation. Every public building, factory, business, home, school or hospital is a logical prospect for Fyr-Fyter. Fyr-Fyter representatives, because they *know* fire prevention, sell time after time to the same customers as their needs for fire protection increase.

Write At Once

This is an opportunity for you to join one of the most successful sales organizations in the world. It is an opportunity for you to get started in a permanent business that will pay you a splendid and ever-increasing income. Write at once for information about positions now open. Use the coupon below.

The
Fyr-Fyter
Co.
734 Fyr-Fyter
Bldg.,
Dayton, Ohio

Kindly mail me full information about the positions you now have open.

Name ....

Address ....

....

mail this now

TRADE MARK
Fyr-Fyter

Fyr-Fyter Products for every purpose

"Fyr-Man"

A new Fyr-Fyter product for home, auto, store, and farm use.

1 quart size
Price $6.95

"Junior"

An extinguisher for all uses. Air pump, continuous stream type. Made in two sizes.

1 quart size $9.00
1½ quart size $12.00

"Captain"

A large one-gallon Fyr-Fyter for schools, hotels, garages, factories, etc. A popular new product in big demand.

Sells for $25.00

"Soda Acid"

F-F
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
TO START TURN BOTTOM UP
THE FYR-FYTER CO.
DAYTON, OHIO

Fyr-Fyter soda acid extinguishers are used by thousands of leading concerns. They are considered the best.

2½ gal. size $16.00

UNDERWRITERS' LABORATORIES
INSPECTED
ONE QUART FIRE EXTINGUISHER
PUMP TYPE-Nº 6 49504

"Super"

Fyr-Fyter
SUPER MODEL
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
CONTINUOUS STREAM
TO OPERATE TURN HANDLE PUMP FAST

The last word in fire protection. Endorsed by leading fire prevention experts everywhere.

1 qt. size $12.00
1½ qt. size $15.00

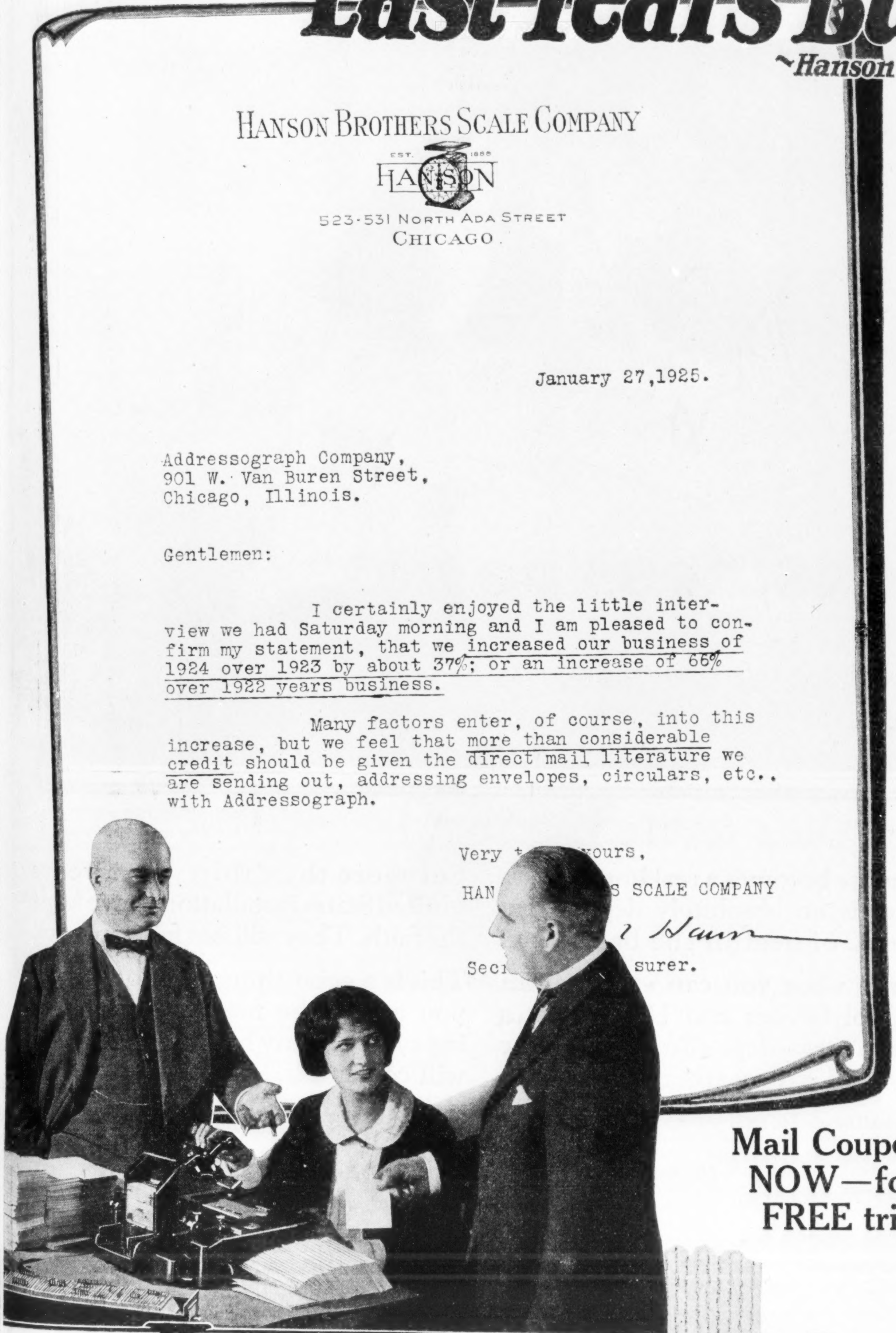
Fyr-Fyter Super Products bear the label of approval issued by the (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories.

Fyr-Fyter

NEVER FAILS

"37% Increase Over Last Year's Business!"

~Hanson Bros. Scale Co. Chicago



HANSON BROTHERS SCALE COMPANY
EST. 1888
HANSON
523-531 NORTH ADA STREET
CHICAGO.

January 27,1925.

Addressograph Company,
901 W. Van Buren Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

I certainly enjoyed the little interview we had Saturday morning and I am pleased to confirm my statement, that we increased our business of 1924 over 1923 by about 37%; or an increase of 66% over 1922 years business.

Many factors enter, of course, into this increase, but we feel that more than considerable credit should be given the direct mail literature we are sending out, addressing envelopes, circulars, etc., with Addressograph.

Very t yours,
HAN S SCALE COMPANY
Hanson
Secr surer.

Wins New Business!

Hanson Brothers Scale Co., famous Chicago Manufacturers, use Addressograph-ed Direct Mail extensively for *gaining new business!* Mr. Hanson says, "we increased our business of 1924 over 1923 about 37% or an increase of 66% over 1922 year's business!"

Brings Better Trade!

"Since installing Addressograph our business has shown a steady growth. We find Addressograph-ed advertising is bringing us *more business* and a better class of trade!"—*C. H. Blanding Hardware Co., Harvey, N. Dakota.*

Speeds Collections!

"Our Addressograph now enables us to send out statements promptly where formerly they were several days late. *Money saved* in prompt collections makes our machine indispensable to us!"—*Scarsdale (N. Y.) Supply Co.*

20 Models—$37.50 Up!

At *our expense* you can prove to your own satisfaction just how Addressograph will help *increase your sales* and cut "costs." Simply check coupon below—and FREE trial machine will be shipped to you PREPAID. No cost—*no obligation.* So act NOW!

Mail Coupon NOW—for FREE trial!

does your advertising PAY?

MAIL
WITH
YOUR LETTERHEAD

To Addressograph Co.
902 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

☐ Send FREE Book, "Does Your Advertising Pay?"
☐ Send prepaid FREE trial Hand machine. Will return collect unless we buy.
☐ Send Catalog and prices; also sample 1c Address Plate.
☐ Have salesman call and demonstrate.

No. 64-4-4-25

Addressograph

TRADE MARK

PRINTS FROM TYPE

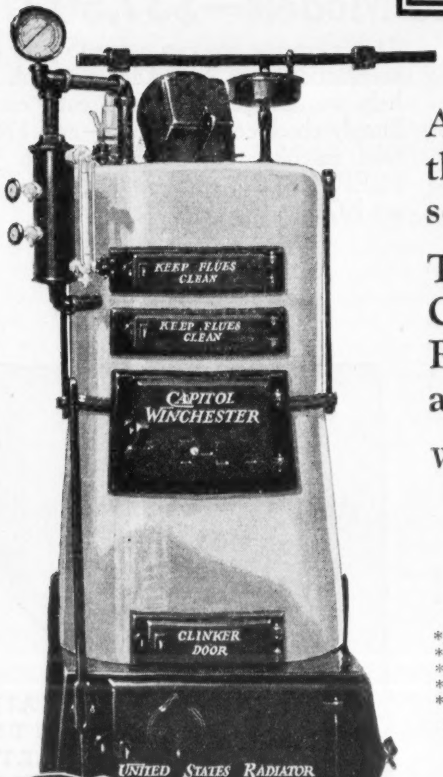
General Offices:
902 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

Factories:
Chicago—Brooklyn—London

123082

Serial
AP2
C6
v. 75, Apr.-June
1925

FRANK
BENSING



A house becomes a real home when there is an absolutely dependable source of heat in the basement.

That's what you can expect from Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators—*dependability* under any and all weather conditions.

For more than thirty-five years United States installations have kept the faith. They will not fail you now.

This is a good thing to know when you are in the market for a heating system. Any heating contractor will confirm it.

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION

General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

*Boston
*Springfield, Mass.
*Portland, Me.
*Providence, R. I.
*Troy, N. Y.
New York
*Brooklyn
*Harrison, N. J.
*Philadelphia
*Baltimore
Buffalo
Pittsburgh
*Cleveland
*Columbus
*Cincinnati
*Detroit
*Chicago
*Milwaukee
*Indianapolis
*Louisville
*St. Paul
*St. Louis
*Kansas City
*Des Moines
*Omaha
*Denver
*Seattle
*Portland, Ore.

*Warehouse stocks carried at points indicated by star

Capitol Boilers

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, 202-298 West High St., Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

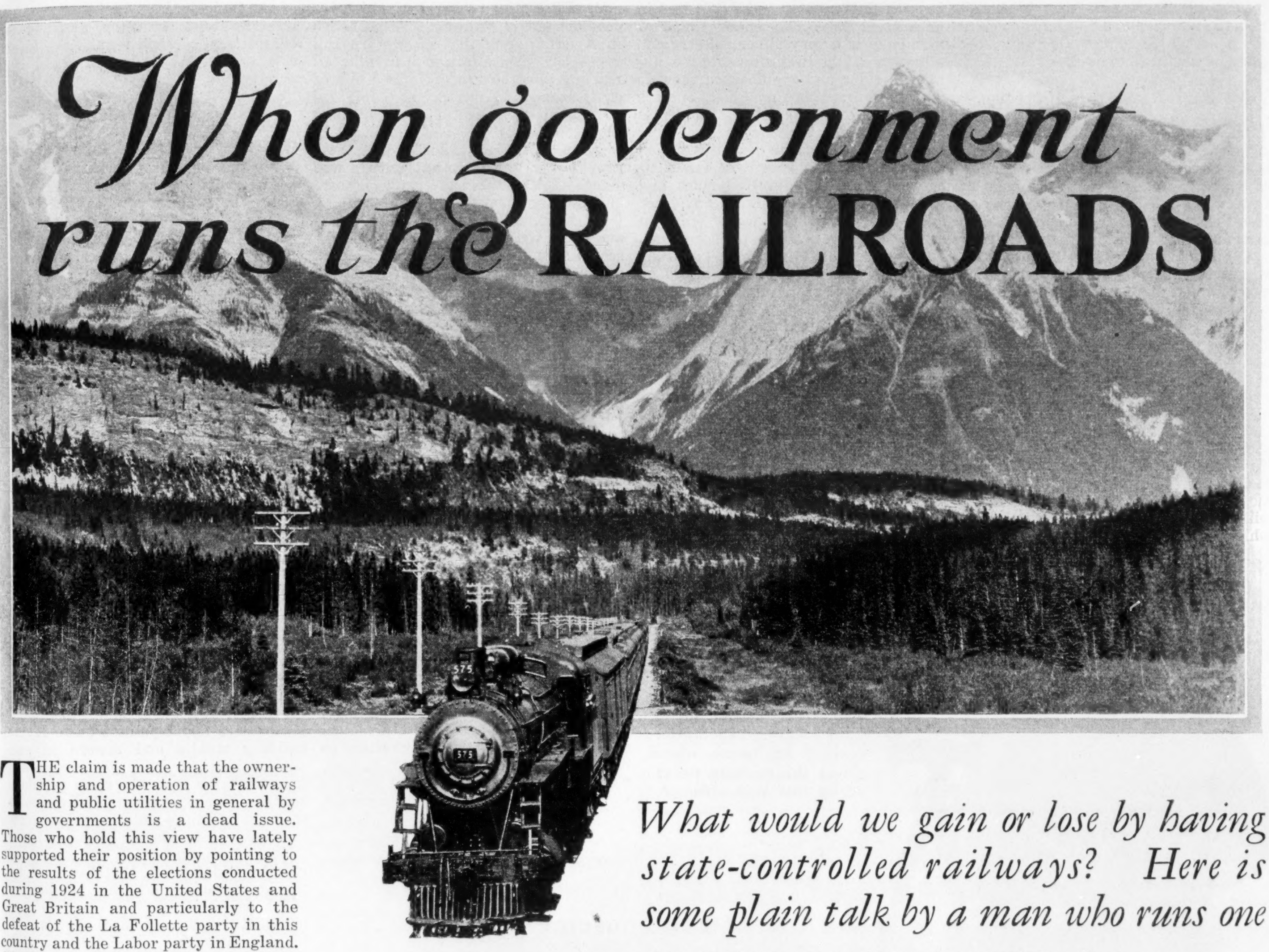
Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Volume Seventy-five
Number Fourteen

April 4, 1925

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

When government runs the RAILROADS



What would we gain or lose by having state-controlled railways? Here is some plain talk by a man who runs one

By MAJOR GENERAL SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON, K B E.

In an interview with SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE claim is made that the ownership and operation of railways and public utilities in general by governments is a dead issue. Those who hold this view have lately supported their position by pointing to the results of the elections conducted during 1924 in the United States and Great Britain and particularly to the defeat of the La Follette party in this country and the Labor party in England. The issue is not dead. There is nothing about it to die. It is the kind of thing which may bob up any minute—not as a policy to be voted on but as an emergency to be met.

In Canada we have two great railway systems. The Canadian Pacific, with fourteen thousand miles of track, is privately owned. The Canadian National Railways, of which I am the chairman and president, operates nearly twenty-two thousand miles of track and is owned by the government.

The bulk of the railway mileage of the world, outside of the United States, Great Britain and Canada, is government owned and operated, but when you enter upon a general discussion of the merits of public ownership there is no case to prove.

I can compile an elaborate set of statistics on state ownership and demonstrate that it is a failure; I think that I could, starting on the other foot, compile an equally elaborate set of statistics (many of which have to do with intangibles) and show that state ownership is at least a moral success. The two investigations would have one point in common—their results would be utterly worthless as applied to a specific case. Each case stands on its own feet. General principles of government are of course involved, but they are not really important. It is the facts and the circumstances that rule.

Canada got its state railways because the private corporations operating them went bankrupt. If the regrouping of the English railways fails, then England will have state railways. If the plans for rearranging the United States railways fail in operation, then the United States is going to be faced with taking over its railways.

The question is: "What does the public want of the railways in the way of service?" If the railways do not come up to whatever the expectations of the public may be, then a change is likely to come. In such case, if the railways are privately owned, then the change will be to public ownership; if they are publicly owned, then the change will be to private ownership, as in Italy. Reason has but little to do with these movements. The public is always willing to jump from the frying pan into the fire—because, knowing what it does about the frying pan, it is willing to take a chance with the fire. And the public is every day insisting upon higher standards of railway service, for it continually travels. When people did not travel much they were content with any sort of service—because they did not know enough about standards to make comparisons. For instance, in the war the soldiers from the Continent were mostly peasants who had seldom been more than a few miles from home, and so they saw nothing amiss in being carted about in open freight cars—just as American soldiers were in the Civil War. But the American soldiers, in the late war, while going in freight cars in France as a matter of necessity, had to be transported comfortably in passenger coaches while still on American soil. In comparing railways of various countries, we must always bear in mind the standards insisted on—not the maximum or the de luxe trains, but the minimum, the ordinary train. And this applies equally to the speed and convenience of freight movements.

It just so happens that I have had experience with several kinds of ownership and operation. For twenty years I was with the Pennsylvania Railroad—that is, from 1894 until 1914, which was the period during which most of the American regulations of railways developed. Beginning in 1914, I was general manager of the Great Eastern Railway in England and then was a

MAJOR GENERAL SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON, K.B.E., is the operating head of Canada's 22,000 miles of government railways. He was born in Logansport, Ind. For twenty years he was with the Pennsylvania lines. For three years he was general superintendent of the Long Island Railroad. And his distinguished war service as head of England's Great Eastern Railway familiarized him with nearly all the important railways of Europe.

member of the board of railway managers which operated the British railways when the government took them over in the war. Later in France, as Inspector General of Transportation, I was in intimate touch with all the railway systems of the Allies. I know the railways of Europe at first hand. For the last three years I have been operating head of the state-owned Canadian National Railways. Starting in opposition to state ownership, I have come to the point where I am willing to let the facts of each case control.

Sure Roads to Failure

UNDER certain circumstances public ownership is bound to fail, and under other circumstances private ownership is bound to fail. A railway, I take it, fails when the expense of the service is out of proportion to the service. The circumstances of inevitable failure are:

(1) Public ownership is bound to fail whenever politics enters into the management. If the operation of the railways is, for instance, in the hands of a minister of transportation, who changes with each change in a cabinet and who must necessarily be appointed for his political rather than for his railroad qualifications, there can be no hope of success. For not only will there be no continuity of policy, but the subordinates are bound to be political and they will be chiefly interested in keeping their party in power. This means that rates, wages and service will be regulated by votes. Any move which secures votes is good, and any move which does not is bad. If the head is political the body has to be, and any civil service or other regulations to take the staff out of politics are of small consequence. Such regulations either build up a stalwart bureaucracy which runs the railways to perpetuate the bureaucracy, or they merely cement timeservers to their jobs. The right to hire and fire must be with the operator and not lodged in an outside body. The management of a railway is a very human affair, and, although all railways must have numerous rules and regulations, they do not, as is sometimes imagined, operate by reason of these rules. The rules are just guides for men—and nothing more. The Russians got the notion that rules were a substitute for management, and they evolved rules and principles by the bushel, but could not find a single rule that would start an engine or get a train through on time. Railways cannot be run by laws alone.

(2) Private ownership is bound to fail if the eyes of the management, or of those who direct the management, are more firmly fixed on the stock market than they are on the service the road is rendering. Most of the troubles of the roads of the United States date back to the public feeling stirred up by the speculators in railways. And also the privately owned road is bound to fail if public regulation reaches such a point that the managers can exercise but slight discretion in management. Excessive political regulation is only applying the worst features of state ownership to private ownership. It is asking the railways not only to live half-free and half-slave, but also thus to prosper. The great American danger is that the railways will be smothered under a mass of laws.

All of this is not to say that if politics is not present, then state ownership is sure to be a success, or that the nonspeculating, unhampered private ownership is bound to be a success. It is just that the factors I have mentioned put success out of the question. Their absence does not insure anything at all.

Look for a moment at the circumstances surrounding European, British, Canadian and American railways. Two main differences to-day distinguish the development of railway transportation in America from that of western Europe—low capitalization per mile of railway and the use of large units of equipment in America as compared with high capitalization per mile and the use of small units of equipment in western Europe. These differences grow out of the fact that Europe was already settled when the railways were built, while America was not.

In western Europe, interior towns and cities were in no case far from the seaboard, a fairly complete system of canals for the transportation of heavy commodities had already been developed, and a system of good highways connecting large towns and cities furnished a means of conveying passengers and freight with horse-drawn vehicles. Moreover, the population was divided into numerous independent, highly organized political entities of different racial origins with no serious physical barriers between them. As a result, the railways, with the exception of the British, were developed by national groups for the purpose of maintaining the political integrity of each state, for the purpose of strengthening the military machine, and, incidentally connecting the interior cities and towns with the nearest seaport. In Great Britain the railway development was influenced by the commercial rather than the political necessities of the communities.

In some states railways were first constructed and administered by private companies; in others railways were regarded as an essential function of the government. It is interesting to note that on the continent of Europe, which from time immemorial has almost continually been the battle ground of warring nations, railways are largely in the hands of the state, while in England, which has not been subjected to a serious invasion since the days of William the Conqueror, railways are in private hands. There has been in Europe from the earliest days the feeling that the importance of the functions of the railways and their close and intimate effect upon the daily life of the individual, as well as their vital relationship to industry, justified the enforcement of such regulations as are essential for the protection of the community.

Catching Up With Mileage

THE first settlers of America, being drawn from Europe, naturally settled in the valley of the St. Lawrence and along the Atlantic seaboard. As the population increased and new territory was opened, highways were built westward through the Allegheníes. When steam railways appeared in America they were built along these existing highways and gradually extended into the great central plains as the demand for foodstuffs came from Europe. These roads have since developed into the great trunk lines of to-day, which extend generally east and west from ocean to ocean.

In Canada the tendency to develop great east and west trunk lines has been accentuated. But neither in the United States nor in Canada were the military features of road building of enough importance at all to influence the matter of ownership and operation. A railway laid out, as are some of the European roads, solely with a view to troop movements, is no more a commercial enterprise than is a battleship.

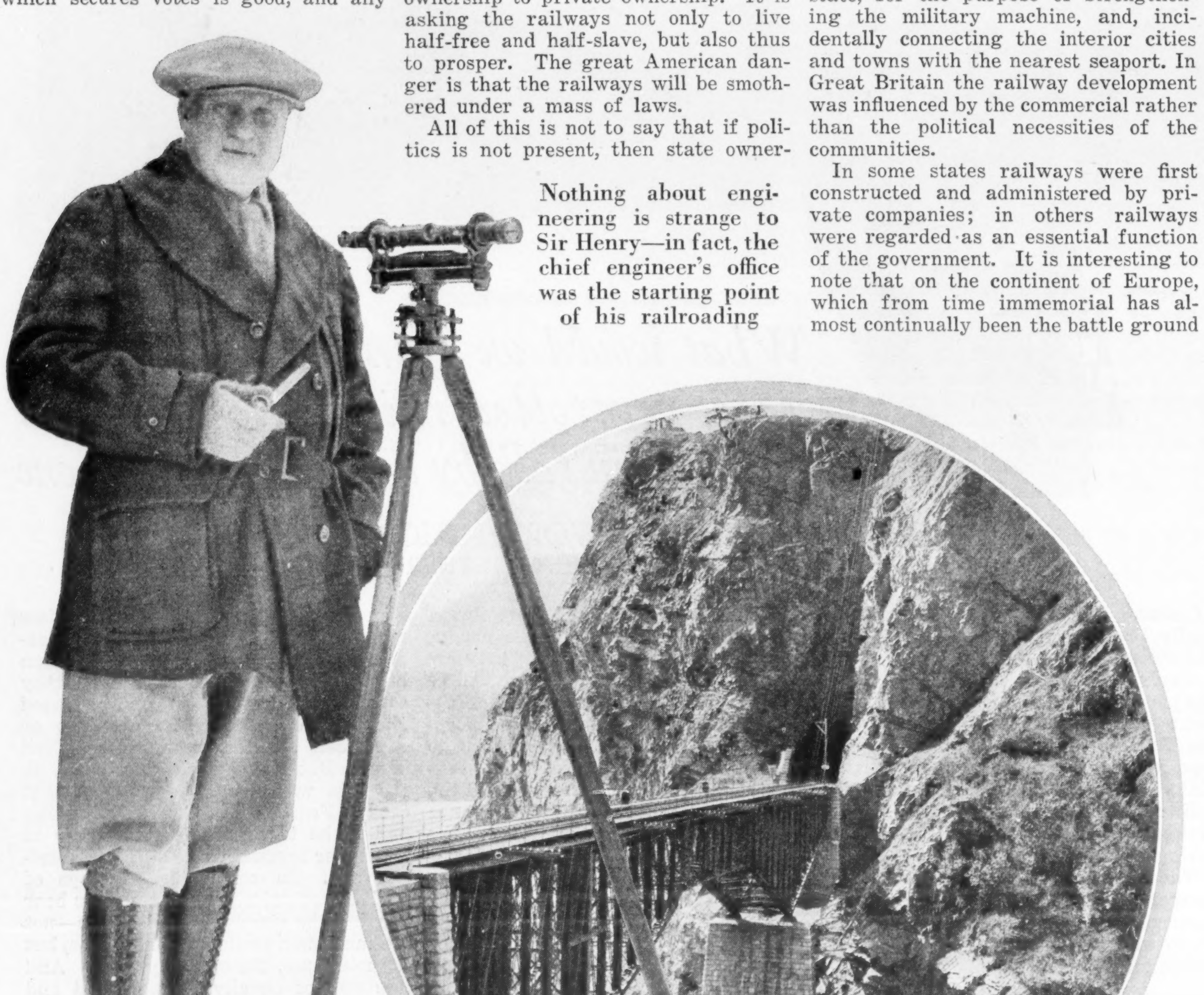
But the transcontinental roads were government-helped. Both the United States and the Canadian railways crossed the continent ahead of traffic; and the governments had to aid. The central governments did just what progressive municipalities do to-day in building streets and sewers in sections which are not yet developed; it is the taxes from the more populous sections which pay most of the cost of these extensions—and the payment is justified by the common good. At times it seemed that some of the American roads would have to be taken over by the government, but the population, and hence the traffic, increased so rapidly that this was avoided. In Canada the population has not caught up with the railway mileage.

The whole Canadian situation has from the outset been different from that of the United States. The first inhabited portions of the country were from the beginning well served by water and the railways were undertaken not as absolute necessities, but in order to make a political unit out of the various provinces and also to promote settlement on the land. This was but following the example of the United States, but as a matter of policy instead of on an opportunist basis. As far back as 1850, Joseph Howe, the premier of Nova Scotia, wrote to Earl Grey:

> "If our government had means sufficient to build railways and carry people free, we believe this would be a sound policy. If tolls must be charged we know that these will be more moderate and fair if the government regulates them by the cost of construction and management than if monopolies are created and speculators regulate the tolls with reference to dividends."

The Canadian Pacific Railway was commenced as a public undertaking, but the government in 1881 was glad to surrender it to a private company for completion, turning over, free of charge, construction (*Continued on page 42*)

Nothing about engineering is strange to Sir Henry—in fact, the chief engineer's office was the starting point of his railroading



Galloway

In the ROUGH

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. BENDA

THIS is the tale told me by Gil Hagan as we sat sweating at an outdoor café table on the Port Said quay, while professionally picturesque white-clad and red-topped Oriental figures shuffled past us in the hot dusk; while the reek of the canal blended with perfumed hookah tobacco; while the café musicians rendered raucously a dreamy old Eastern melody entitled "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean."

I was on my way back to civilization. Civilization was not for poor old Hagan. For thirty-five years he had served his Minnesota firm in various parts of North Africa; spreading the gospel of the spring mattress to sleepers on mats; and doing it so well that his firm would send out nobody to relieve him.

Know Bel-es-Diab? [began Hagan]. But you wouldn't. As Hamlet said to Osric—'tis a vice to know it. It isn't the last place made. It wasn't made at all. It was left to make itself; after all the worth-while material was used up. It's a God-forsaken province between here and Algeria. If I gave you closer directions you might get morbidly curious and go there, some time. I wouldn't want my worst friend to do that.

I was there for twelve years. When I say it's three times drearier than the country around Port Said, I'm flattering it a whole lot. It's more or less under European rule, nowadays, like everything else. But in my time it was run from Constantinople.

Ismail Pasha was the governor. If I said Ismail would have been an ornament to any prison in Africa I'd be heaping insults on jails that are bad enough without him. He stood some six and a half feet above sea level and weighed somewhere between three hundred and the top figure on the scales.

He worked the province to a pulp. Between *corvées* and announcements of new taxes, he'd always cast an anxious eye toward the Yildiz Kiosk. When the sultan said it was warm, Ismail perspired freely. When the sultan had a chill, Ismail used to crawl into his Vienna-made fur overcoat. Most of the pashas were like that, if you remember. But Ismail was the worst of them. The far-off sultan's grin could make him a palace minister. The sultan's scowl could smash him.

Ismail balanced this cowed-dog yearning to make a hit with the sultan by bullying everybody else in sight. It was all right, so far as the natives went. But there was a bunch of Americans and English living in El Kanah, the province's capital, in those days. They didn't take kindly to bullying.

Most of them were employed on one or another of the foreign concessions. Those concessions were the backbone of Bel-es-Diab's prosperity, so Ismail had to go a bit light with them. But there was a permanent coolness between the pashalic serai and the foreign colony. Ismail didn't like this frostiness very well. Neither did we. But it had been proved the only sure way to dodge a clash.

The first major squabble, of my time, between Ismail and the American and English residents was over the forming of the country club.

Whenever I read novels about the sportsmanly young white man who goes out to the East and plunges into the jolly local pursuits of gymkhanas and falconry and pig-sticking and big-game potting, and all that sort of thing, I wonder if the smug writers ever happened to visit Bel-es-Diab.

There wasn't any nobler form of game than buzzards and vultures and rice birds and pariah dogs, and gray crows, within three days' journey of El Kanah. I never saw such a gameless region. As for racing—well, some professional hurdler might have had fun sprinting across that seesaw terrain of rocks and scrub. But no normal horse could have crossed any mile of it faster than at a jog. Even then it meant a bright chance for a cracked skull. Oh, a grand country!

BUT a bunch of American and English exiles are going to find sport, even where there isn't any. About fifty of us—mostly Americans—hit on the country-club plan.

Four miles north of the city—and surrounded by rocks and hillocks and sharp spurs and the abomination of desolation—there was one of those queer stretches of table land you'll sometimes find in north Africa. There was nearly eighty acres of it; and it was as flat as a dancing floor. There was a spring, with a few shabby eucalyptus trees around it, at one corner. The rest was hardpan, with a thin scrubby scattering of stiff grass. A flock of fat-tailed brown sheep was grazed there. But they didn't like it much.

Well, we hit on the idea of renting this tract from the government and rigging up a go-as-you-please clubhouse among the trees by the spring, and laying out a nine-hole golf course.

The whole white colony was wild over the plan. A delegation of us went to old Ismail and sang the song of the siren to him. We asked him to rent us the tract, for a term of years, and we told him what we wanted it for. He refused, cold. Said he had been planning all sorts of governmental uses for it. He reminded us it was the historic site of the battle between the pashalic troops and some revolting hill tribe, seventy years earlier, and that it was a sacred spot because of the victory won by the fearless soldiers of his blessed majesty, the sultan—on whom be Peace and the Ages of the Ages! It was no place for infidel games to be played.

So we doubled our offer—and he accepted it at last, after we had boosted it once more and after I had hinted that our firm's mattress factory might profitably be moved across to the province of Assad. We rented the land on his government's "pleasure." The pleasure was all his.

We got to work. None of us were as rich as we'd have liked to be. But we put elbow grease as well as cash into the building of our ramshackle clubhouse and laying out the course. It sure was one busy year. The best that could be said about that course was that the "rough" sure deserved its name. The word rough must have been invented by a man who saw the rough of that course.

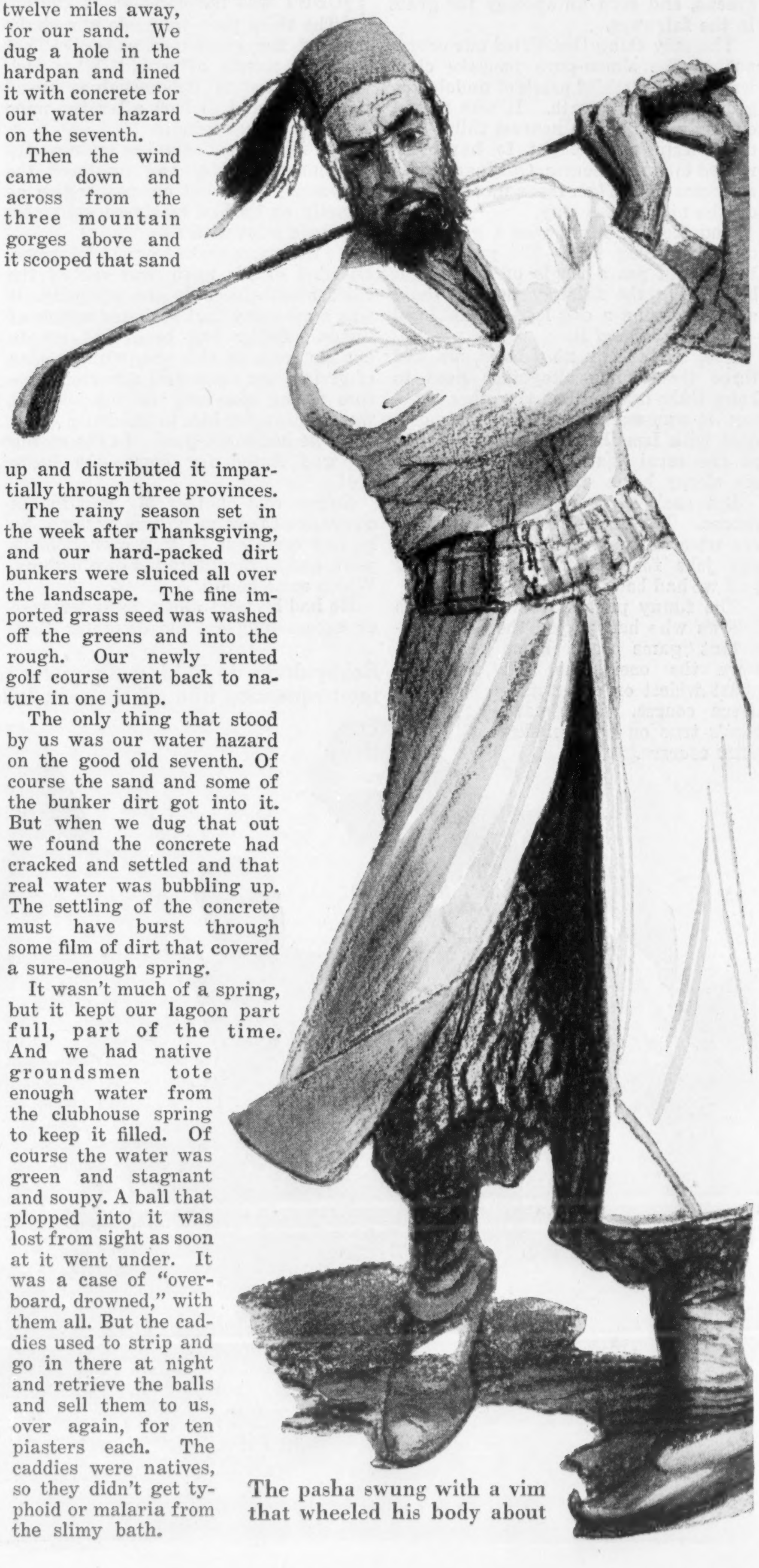
We lugged a lot of earth down, by bullock cart, from the hills, for our bunkers. We sent to the seashore, twelve miles away, for our sand. We dug a hole in the hardpan and lined it with concrete for our water hazard on the seventh.

Then the wind came down and across from the three mountain gorges above and it scooped that sand up and distributed it impartially through three provinces.

The rainy season set in the week after Thanksgiving, and our hard-packed dirt bunkers were sluiced all over the landscape. The fine imported grass seed was washed off the greens and into the rough. Our newly rented golf course went back to nature in one jump.

The only thing that stood by us was our water hazard on the good old seventh. Of course the sand and some of the bunker dirt got into it. But when we dug that out we found the concrete had cracked and settled and that real water was bubbling up. The settling of the concrete must have burst through some film of dirt that covered a sure-enough spring.

It wasn't much of a spring, but it kept our lagoon part full, part of the time. And we had native groundsmen tote enough water from the clubhouse spring to keep it filled. Of course the water was green and stagnant and soupy. A ball that plopped into it was lost from sight as soon at it went under. It was a case of "overboard, drowned," with them all. But the caddies used to strip and go in there at night and retrieve the balls and sell them to us, over again, for ten piasters each. The caddies were natives, so they didn't get typhoid or malaria from the slimy bath.



The pasha swung with a vim that wheeled his body about

Well, the minute the rains eased up, we got to work again. The busiest chap of the lot was Bobby Layne. Bobby had just graduated from an engineering course back home, and he had been shot out to the mine an American company owned, a few miles up the mountains.

Bobby was a wizard when it came to solving our problems—Bobby Layne who never happened to have played a game of golf in all his twenty-three years. He asked questions and he studied plans and he read books; and then he tackled it. That was like Bobby Layne. A seasoned golfer would have known it couldn't be done.

No bunkers, of course. We couldn't afford to renew them after every big rain, in that land of big rains. But Bobby slanted the sand pits so they wouldn't always scoop empty at each puff of wind. And we got grass of a sort growing presently on our tees and greens, and even an apology for grass in the fairways.

The only thing that lifted our course out of the simon-pure pancake class was a handkerchief patch of undulating ground on the fourth. It was almost our only thrill—the nearest thing to a dozen things we ought to have had rigged up on the course. Our lagoon was a success too. Then there was mild fun on the ninth, in a way.

You see, the ninth was a good long one—our Long Tom—525 yards—and Bobby had put a tingle of life into it by making the fairway narrow there and contriving a dog leg—a half bend—in the middle of it.

Yes, out of our nine holes, we had three that didn't altogether need to hang their heads. But the other six—say, it was more exciting to play croquet with Ismail in his sunken garden at the serai than to negotiate those six sleepy holes.

But such as it was it was a golf course. We Americans and Britishers were daffy over it. We neglected our jobs for the first semblance of golf we had had in years.

The funny part of it was that the fellows who had played the most consistent game back home were the ones who fell apart widest on our comic-opera course. I've heard that's true on other makeshift courses.

The next to the funniest thing was that Bobby Layne became our star player before he had been at it a year. You see, the boy had never played anywhere else. It was all new ground to him. He learned the course the same time he learned the game. He had no practical reason to think it was any different from the sportiest course in America.

Bobby could drive a sweet ball off the tee almost from the beginning. And he developed a genius for rolling. The ground was so flat and hard that the rest of us quit trying to hold pitch shots on those patches of bituminous concrete we miscalled "greens" and began to follow his example of rolling the ball to the green, instead of pitching it or lofting it. (As far as that course was concerned, the mashie niblick needn't ever have been invented.)

BOBBY was the he roller of the lot. The third year we made him chairman of the greens committee. That was the month after old Titus Bolton came out to Bel-es-Diab to spend the winter and to look after the mine Bobby was managing.

The mine was beginning to do pretty gloriously. Bobby had mastered the supposedly worn-out old proposition as smartly as he had mastered golf. He had done a lot with it.

He had some sort of drag back home. His dad or his uncle was one of the chief stockholders in the company. It was a company that operated a slew of mines. Bobby had been sent out to cut his teeth on this one, with an idea of giving him some field experience before fitting him into the fat job that was waiting for him in the home office. Well, he had made good. In the spring he was slated for home—the lucky kid!

Bolton was another big gun in the company. Likewise he had asthma. So he had come out to look over Bobby's work and to amputate his own asthma. Which same he did.

He had brought along, as supercargo or excess luggage, his daughter Kay. She was a mighty likeworthy little citizeness, was Kay Bolton. Even at home she'd have batted a mile above the average with the he young of our species. Out there she made Lillian Russell look like a woman whose face has slipped. We oldsters had to keep jacking up our young subs to keep them on their jobs at all during calling hours. That sort of a girl. And white, to the very soul of her.

It was like all contests. At the start it was anybody's race, and you couldn't sort the live ones from the skates. Then the field began to thin out. Then there were only two contenders who had a Chinaman's chance of crossing the finish line before dark.

One was Bobby Layne, of course. He would be, you know. The other was Hec Spurling, a rangy chap in the late twenties, who had been sent out to break into Bobby's mine job.

Spurling had the start. He had come over from the States, with the Boltons. And he hadn't spent all his time, on the voyage, in studying up on metallurgy or on engineering problems. He had spent four hours out of three with Kay Bolton.

From what I could gather, he had been a fast and conscientious worker from the start.

Bobby had a break-back handicap. But he was coming alongside, hand over hand. All of us were rooting for him. He was that kind of a chap.

Spurling had a golf record, it seemed. The egregious Eighties weren't any sort of strangers to him. When he heard of our course he pretty near wept with joy. When he had played his first nine, he pretty near wept with horror. He didn't make any secret of his opinion of the course and of the mental defective who had laid out such a thing. But he set his teeth and stuck to it.

It was about a month later that old man Bolton went to the club's governors with a sporting proposition. He proposed to enliven the tournament we were framing for the fourth of March by putting up a $500 silver loving cup for the winner in thirty-six holes of medal play.

Medal play, mind you! Get that? Strokes, not holes. His only condition was that we do something in the meantime to make the links less like a pine barren and add a few features that might give it some sort of faint resemblance to a golf course.

He was no piker. He said he realized such things were not done for nothing. So he headed a grounds-improvement subscription with another $500. Spurling came across with a check. So did Bobby. So did lots more of us.

BOBBY LAYNE was elected to superintend the work. Spurling was detailed to help him. Bolton authorized using a gang of men from the mine—which he had no shadow of authority to do.

Bobby and Spurling got busy. Or, rather, Bobby did the thinking and the work while Spurling did the criticizing and the wet-blanketing and sent to Cairo for books on course-building.

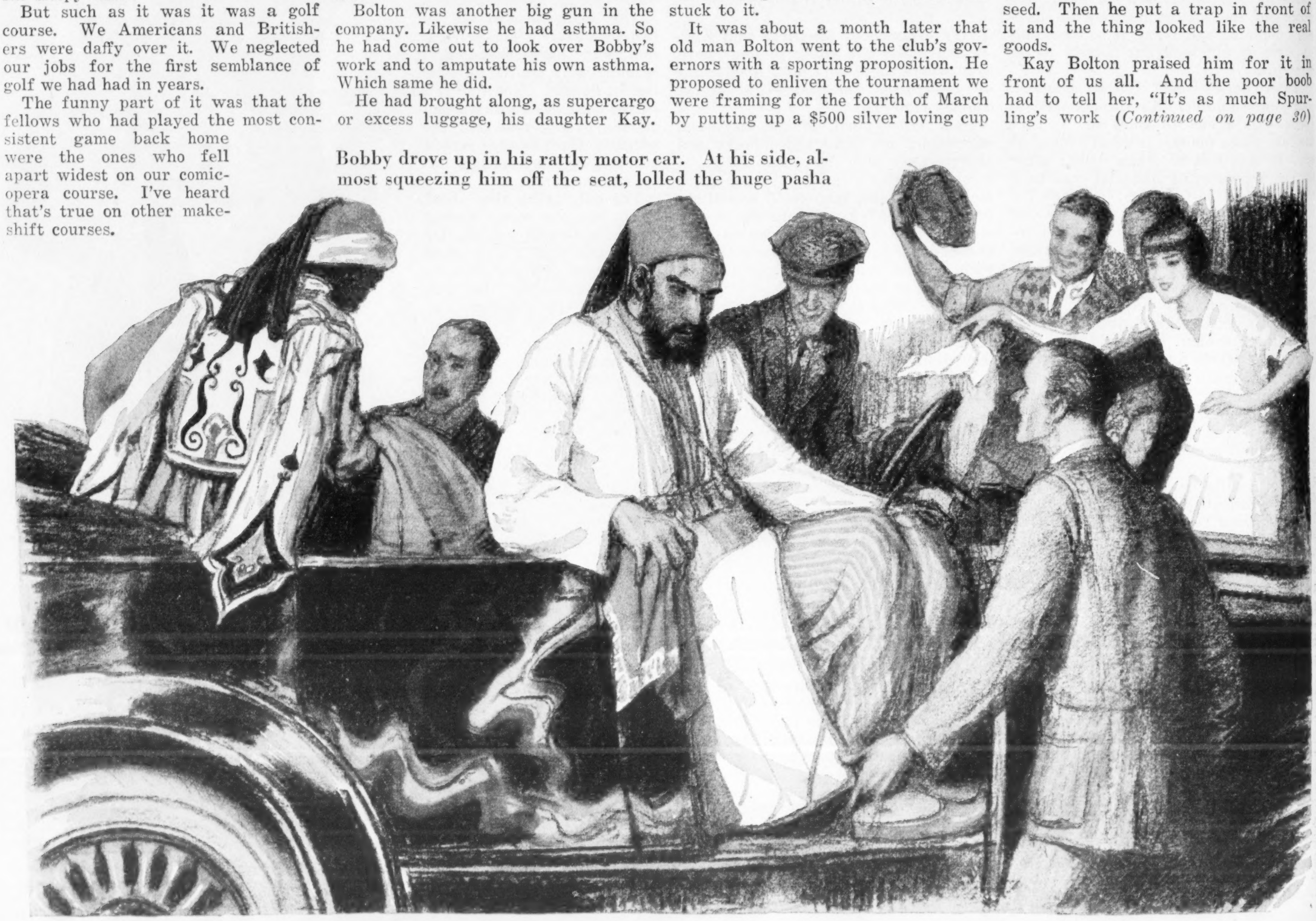
I'm not going to put you to sleep with details. In a handful of words, here is what Bobby did:

The cry had been "Bunkers!" all along. Bobby approached the bunker problem from a new angle. He had a lot of stones carted down from the hills (stones were Bel-es-Diab's banner crop), and he laid a core wall on Number One fairway.

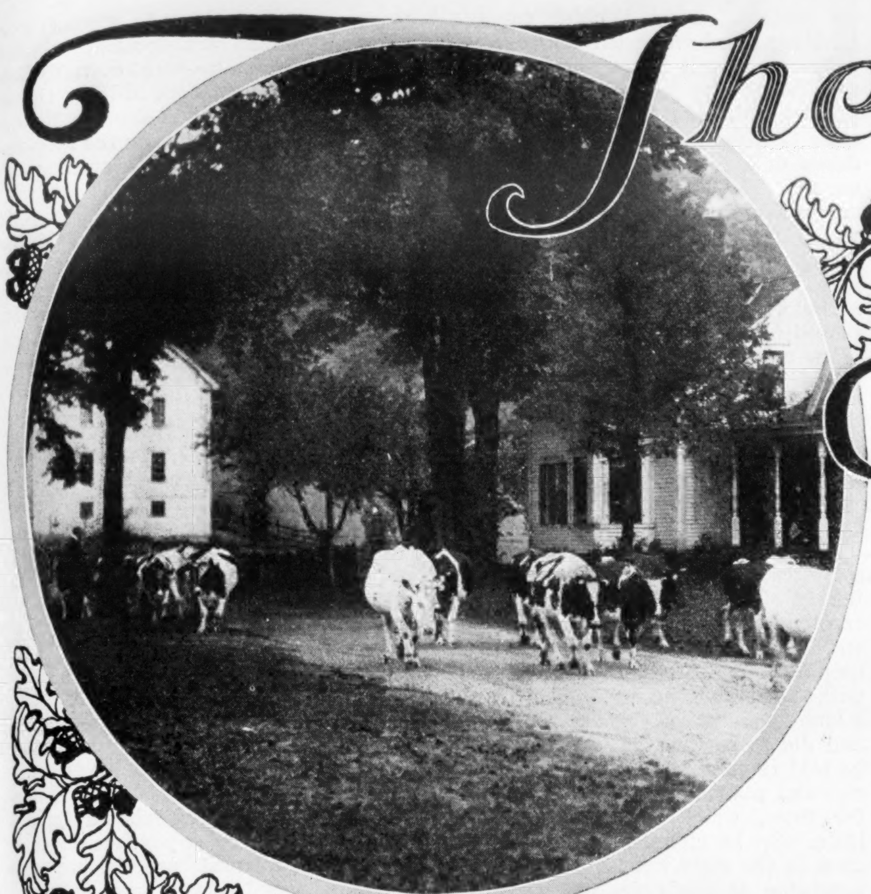
Number One was 350 yards—a drive and a long approach shot for most of us out there. At 225 yards from the tee Bobby laid his dry-stone wall, and he laid it strong. A dry-stone wall will stand a lot, if it's put up right. To cover it, he imported dirt in mine carts from a plateau two miles above. The dirt was packed down solid and firm, and sown with quick-sprouting grass seed. Then he put a trap in front of it and the thing looked like the real goods.

Kay Bolton praised him for it in front of us all. And the poor boob had to tell her, "It's as much Spurling's work (*Continued on page 30*)

Bobby drove up in his rattly motor car. At his side, almost squeezing him off the seat, lolled the huge pasha



The spotlight finds COOLIDGE



This is the Coolidge home in Plymouth, Vermont, where the President spends his short vacations

That night "Boston would have crowned him king"—but he had gone to work alone in his cheap hotel room. The third of the articles explaining Coolidge the Enigma

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

"WHAT is your hobby?" asked the Washington lady of Calvin Coolidge, who had at the time just stepped into his tenth consecutive office in a quarter of a century.

"Holding office," cackled the dry Presidential voice in the answer which was considered a good joke in those latitudes.

But it was no joke. Coolidge never jokes. He is brief and brevity is the soul of wit, but with Coolidge wit is a mere by-product of brevity. And this is a queer, deeply significant thing about him: He thrives on by-products. He made his living out of law. He has made his life out of politics. He learned little and earned little at the bar. The law, to which he devoted himself earnestly, yielded him barely board and clothes and a roof for his family. Politics, which he followed as a diversion, as a hobby if you will, taught him how to be useful and gave him fame.

Always we must bear in mind in considering the Coolidge career that politics was financially a liability to Coolidge. He held only offices of honorary service or, at the best, of meager salaries. But he dallied with these offices so steadily, so sedulously that his income from the law was smaller than his talent may have justified. He never had a chance to develop his earning capacity because of the time he wasted on his usefulness. Councilman, city solicitor, court clerk, legislator, mayor—he was all in a decade and came through it with no dollar or a client sticking to his fingers out of politics.

Yet he was no fool even according to thrifty New England standards. He accumulated something as he went along—if not money or much fame. In his two terms as mayor, Calvin Coolidge did one rather definite thing. He solidified himself with the Republican organization of his town. He was a Republican mayor—not a biased, contentious Republican, but dependable. He alienated no Democratic support. He held his Democratic friends, but after nearly two years in the mayor's office he was the unanimous choice of the Republican leaders of his senatorial district for the Republican state senatorial nomination. He accumulated political capital.

The direct primary had come to Massachusetts somewhat through Coolidge's aid in the legislature, certainly with his support and approval. Northampton was in a district containing other towns, and a rotation had been established under the old convention system among the towns—passing the senatorial office around. It was Northampton's turn in 1912 to have a senator. The unanimous support of the district leaders gave Coolidge the primary nomination without opposition. His two terms as mayor had distinguished him sufficiently to make that support easy. His election was no difficult matter in 1912, though that was the year of the Roosevelt separation from the Republican party. Coolidge had supported the Roosevelt wing of the party more or less, but he did not leave the party with the Roosevelt bolt.

How the Meek Do It

HE WENT into the state senate with some distinction and with valuable acquaintance among his senatorial colleagues, many of whom he had worked with in the assembly. He came back to Boston, to the state senate, settled himself in the Adams House, where he had stopped as a member of the assembly, and was the same quiet, enigmatic, remote and kindly Puritan who had worked in the lower house.

His methods had not changed in three years, if his acquaintance had widened. Others may have misunderstood him; but let it not be assumed that he did not understand his fellows. He had measured them all, knew what was each man's heart's desire in politics, and where he could, rather gently but never awkwardly, he offered to help. This had been his way in the legislature; he had developed it in the senate. He asked for nothing, gave much, but kept one thing inviolate: his word. Politicians will quickly recognize this type. He made few promises and broke none. His taciturn habit made it easy for him to check up on his outstanding obligations. He kept true to his type. He knew exactly what his political liabilities were and perhaps knew how slight were his assets in public esteem, for he had no blarneying ways with him, no charm, no social graces.

A "singed cat" he was when he went to Boston to the legislature, a "singed cat" he was when he left Boston for the White House. Yet it must not be assumed that Coolidge, with all his remoteness from men, was not near to the heart of things politically. He knew on which side his bread was buttered politically. He sponsored a bill which provided for interurban trolleys in the small towns of his section and put it through. It was essentially a farmer's bill, for it widened the dairy farmer's market. So the farmers came to know Coolidge well and favorably, not Coolidge the man, but the Coolidge trademark, the thing which stands for service in politics.

Then along came the great strike of 1913 in Lawrence among the textile workers. Coolidge was chairman of the committee appointed to consider the strike. It was almost an arbitration committee. It did function in settling the differences between the management and the trade union. The work of the committee made Coolidge known in Boston.

It is interesting to watch this career of the indefatigable Vermonter getting on in Massachusetts. He was mole-like in his silence, yet, because of his dumbness, perhaps what seems like instinct was a heavily reasoned, logical determination to move to a certain goal. That the goal was the Presidency is an absurd conclusion; no one knows what the goal was. Coolidge's life, like all lives, moved with a definite direction, plus circumstance, plus environment, plus the influence outside ourselves that we call Fate, by which we are fitted into our niche in the machinery of Progress.

Coolidge there in the senate in his first term served the farmers and made a reputation in Boston. At the same time, honestly, conscientiously, he did each day's work according to the dictates of the New England conscience. There is the spiritual skeleton of the man at that time.

Considering Coolidge as the crossword puzzle we have come thus far: from his blood and environment in Vermont he had silence, industry, economy, honesty and a mysticism that we call faith in the moral government of the universe. These things they knew about Coolidge in Northampton before he had been there a dozen years. They

This isn't a pose. Coolidge can't pose any more than he can babble

© Keystone View Co.

Calvin Coolidge when, as governor, he first stepped upon the national stage

learned these things in Boston during his two terms in the assembly and one term in the senate.

And then to the crossword puzzle they added a passionate repressed sincerity. For this sincerity he was known of men also, but his passion was deeply inward, never outwardly visible. Its outward expression was negative, never was he a bluffer, not even a poseur! He could not pose any more than he could babble! Either would reveal him, hence he avoided both pose and chatter. He never claimed as much as he did, and so got credit for doing more than any human could do. The superman myth arose! Humanity is that way. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth" is one of those deeply fundamental truths about mankind—humorous, pathetic, terrible—but divinely spoken. The Coolidge type, lacking strong outlines, or clearly appraised proportions, easily takes on, through the self-made hypnosis of man, heroic, gigantic proportions. That is how the meek come into this inheritance, while the angels rock with laughter at man's stupidity.

Under the code in the Northampton senatorial district a state senator was entitled to a second term. Coolidge had that with small opposition. He went back to Boston and the Adams House, Chairman of the Railroad Committee, a vital part of the organization of the senate. He had emerged in Boston. But Boston never cared for Coolidge. His twelve years' residence in Boston found him still an outsider. Back Bay Boston never forgave him the Adams House, which was equivalent to saying that it could not tolerate simple honesty, uncomplicated with a desire for the main chance.

If Coolidge could have allowed himself to acquire a wealthy client whose fees would have sent Coolidge to a first-class hotel or given him a house, Back Bay might have accepted him because of his Puritan physiognomy, his three hundred years of American ancestry and his New England twang. If Coolidge knew that he was not accepted in the inner shrine of the Sacred Codfish, he did not let it influence him. He held no grudges, made no enemies and ignored Back Bay as completely as Back Bay rejected him. He ignored it profoundly—even to the extent of serving it when he thought it should have service.

Every Saturday he rode in the day coach up to Northampton to spend Sunday, and every Monday he came back in the day coach, sitting, if he could, in a seat alone, smoking a stogy or two, avoiding conversation if he could, perhaps thinking, perhaps indulging in deep and silent vegetating. Fellow senators and members of the legislature rode with him on the train. If a man had a favor to ask, he asked it of Coolidge, got a grunt or a squeak in reply which meant nothing, and, if it were a decent favor, in a few days the men found that it had been granted, and marveled at what manner of man this silent creature was who performed without flourish, made good without seeming to desire credit or even acknowledgment and who, in return, because of his curious wordless ways, bound his fellows to him with hoops of steel.

In considering Calvin Coolidge in the days of his political youth we must always remember the political soil from which he sprang. He has ceased to be a Vermonter. He is of Massachusetts. Massachusetts is an honest, forward-moving state politically. The state government has had few scandals in recent years. The Republican machine has been decent as machines go, decent in that it does not encourage crookedness, graft or extravagance. It is a vindictive machine in that it punishes its enemies. It is a wicked machine in that it rewards its friends, often immoderately, sometimes immorally at the public expense. But the Massachusetts machine does not require that a regular conforming Republican in office shall do nefarious things, as Republican machines in other states often hold their public servants to unspeakable performances. Coolidge, who was a mild liberal or, perhaps better, a liberal conservative in his first years of political life, ran with the machine without exactly joining it, without consciously acknowledging it.

A Lift From Crane

IN THOSE days, Senator Murray Crane, the paper manufacturer, was the head of the Massachusetts machine; a Harvard man, a capitalist who spoke the language of his class and who conducted in Massachusetts an honest plutocracy—at least as honest as times would permit.

Spiritually, there was much in common between him and Coolidge. Crane had in him a certain elementary taciturnity which never quite developed, for often he chattered, but he understood the Coolidge silence, appraised his man, found that his word was not merely at par but far above par in the state senate, and so Crane marked Coolidge for promotion, and the fact that Coolidge was interested, quietly but effectively, in those things which Roosevelt clamored for—the primary, the regulation of child labor and of the hours of service for women, the recognition of labor unions, the direct election of U. S. senators, mothers' pensions and those legal ameliorations of the condition of the underprivileged known as "social and industrial justice"—did not lessen the value of Coolidge in Crane's eyes. As the leader of a machine, what he wanted was a dependable man, a discreet man, an industrious man. If he happened to have what Crane regarded as a crazy streak, no matter. In the chief essentials Coolidge fitted and became a cog.

Samuel Adams looked down on strange scenes. An undramatic governor had filled the streets with soldiers and thrilled the nation

Now they will tell you in Northampton, those who control its Republican politics, that the leaders did not consider Coolidge seriously during the first dozen or fifteen years of his political career. He was like any two-legged, soft-spoken, persistent wood hewer or water drawer in local politics, doing fairly well, serving efficiently but not astonishingly the purposes for which he was elected, the people who employed him.

As a lawyer he developed no great talent and acquired no large practice. He was not a familiar figure on the Northampton streets, except at election time, when he avoided the main streets and kept up his habit of making a house-to-house campaign, somewhat a back-door campaign.

As councilman, legislator, mayor and state senator, slowly rising, never pausing in his political ascendence, he attracted no special notice of the men who were responsible for Republican majorities in Northampton. He was with them, made no pretense of playing a lone hand, served them when he could and did more than he promised. Also he told them only as much of his policies and plans as he thought was good for them, which was precious little. So he closed his second term in the state senate, which, according to the code, was all that was coming to him.

Then, for the first time in Coolidge's career, a "Coolidge went West." He did an unusual thing. He sought a third term. He seemed canny about it. The speaker of the senate was running for reëlection. He had opposed woman suffrage with acerbity. It looked to Coolidge and to others who were watching the cards on the political table as though the speaker of the senate would be defeated at the polls, and his office left vacant.

Coolidge's election was not in doubt, though a third term was unusual. Apparently Coolidge had his eye on the returns from the speaker's district more avidly than upon his own district during election night as the returns came in indicating Coolidge's election and also the speaker's defeat. Coolidge took the eight-o'clock train the next morning, said nothing to anyone, possibly not even to Mrs. Coolidge—though that is unthinkable—went down to Boston, laid his case before Murray Crane, had Crane's promise of support for the speakership and the two on the long-distance telephone tied up the speakership within two days.

Then Coolidge came home the second night the acknowledged victor in the race. The speaker of a Republican senate was one of the titulary leaders of the Republican party in the state, outranked only by the governor. Coolidge emerged in Massachusetts a state leader, a man of parts and consequence. Then for the first time Northampton and those who had smiled tolerantly at the slim, lean-faced, rasping-voiced, monosyllabic creature who had been their state senator, their mayor, their legislator and their councilman, attracting smaller notice than a wooden Indian on the street, began to marvel at what manner of man he was.

They began to wonder how he had done it; what were his methods. So they invoked the fickle goddess Lady Luck to explain the rise. And the first Coolidge myth began to form! Now, this creature of the first Coolidge myth is not a man; he is a nervous disorder. If Coolidge and the myth were identical we should have a case for a psychoanalyst or a mental practitioner who would release some deep suppression in the man's heart and set him to palavering.

Simultaneously with the first Coolidge myth appeared the second Coolidge myth of the superman—the stern, hard, all-wise, omnipotent, omniscient, immutable creature who only needs whiskers and a throne to be the incarnation of the Puritan deity. Between these two myths—one of the lucky fool and the other of the angel of light—lies the truth about the man Coolidge.

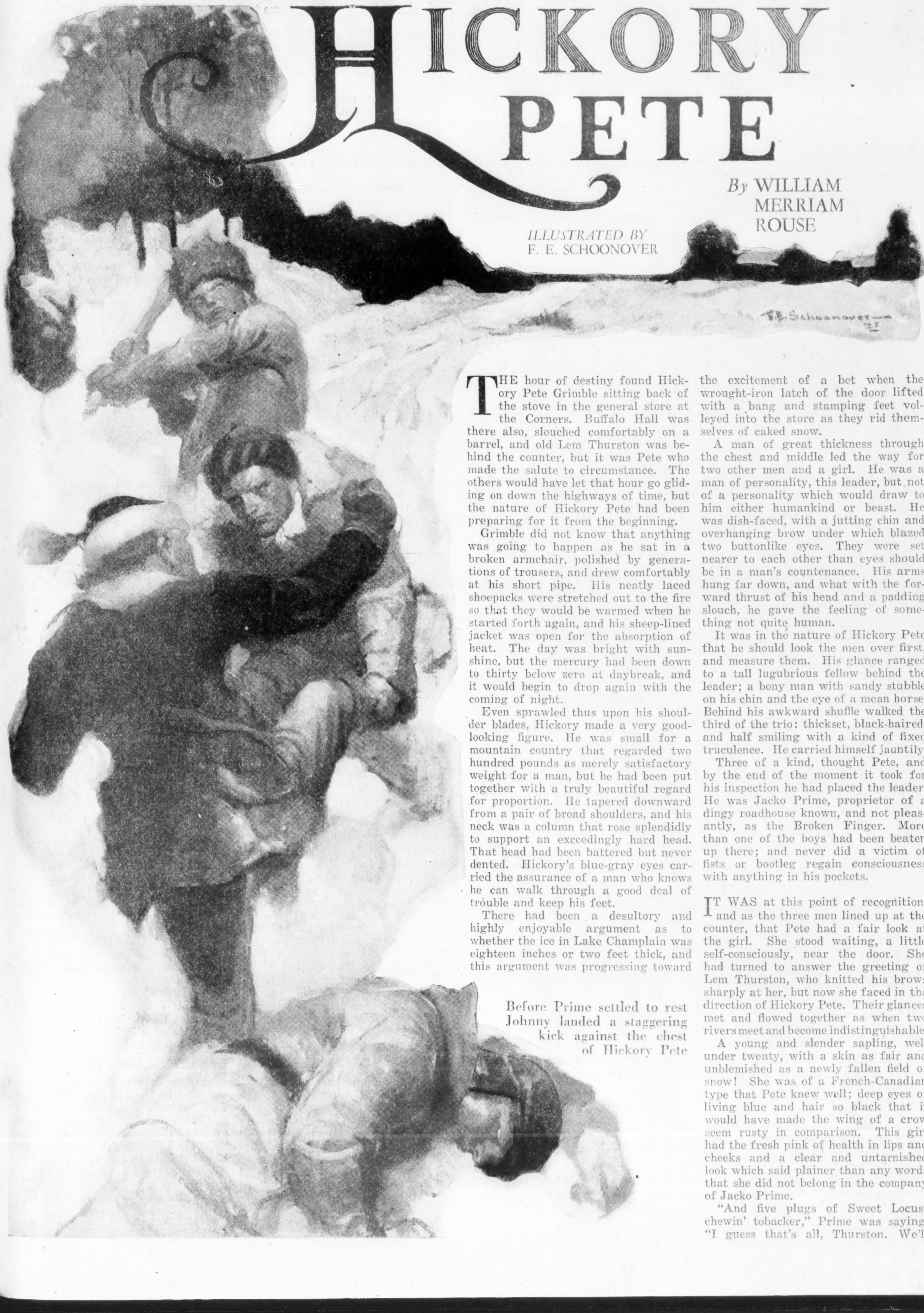
If one considers him only for what he seems, there is no answer to the Coolidge enigma. But in Massachusetts as in Northampton and as in Amherst we find exactly the same story. Always he repeats himself. He comes into a situation colorless, unknown, insignificant. He remains

(Continued on page 47)

HICKORY PETE

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. E. SCHOONOVER



Before Prime settled to rest Johnny landed a staggering kick against the chest of Hickory Pete

THE hour of destiny found Hickory Pete Grimble sitting back of the stove in the general store at the Corners. Buffalo Hall was there also, slouched comfortably on a barrel, and old Lem Thurston was behind the counter, but it was Pete who made the salute to circumstance. The others would have let that hour go gliding on down the highways of time, but the nature of Hickory Pete had been preparing for it from the beginning.

Grimble did not know that anything was going to happen as he sat in a broken armchair, polished by generations of trousers, and drew comfortably at his short pipe. His neatly laced shoepacks were stretched out to the fire so that they would be warmed when he started forth again, and his sheep-lined jacket was open for the absorption of heat. The day was bright with sunshine, but the mercury had been down to thirty below zero at daybreak, and it would begin to drop again with the coming of night.

Even sprawled thus upon his shoulder blades, Hickory made a very good-looking figure. He was small for a mountain country that regarded two hundred pounds as merely satisfactory weight for a man, but he had been put together with a truly beautiful regard for proportion. He tapered downward from a pair of broad shoulders, and his neck was a column that rose splendidly to support an exceedingly hard head. That head had been battered but never dented. Hickory's blue-gray eyes carried the assurance of a man who knows he can walk through a good deal of trouble and keep his feet.

There had been a desultory and highly enjoyable argument as to whether the ice in Lake Champlain was eighteen inches or two feet thick, and this argument was progressing toward the excitement of a bet when the wrought-iron latch of the door lifted with a bang and stamping feet volleyed into the store as they rid themselves of caked snow.

A man of great thickness through the chest and middle led the way for two other men and a girl. He was a man of personality, this leader, but not of a personality which would draw to him either humankind or beast. He was dish-faced, with a jutting chin and overhanging brow under which blazed two buttonlike eyes. They were set nearer to each other than eyes should be in a man's countenance. His arms hung far down, and what with the forward thrust of his head and a padding slouch, he gave the feeling of something not quite human.

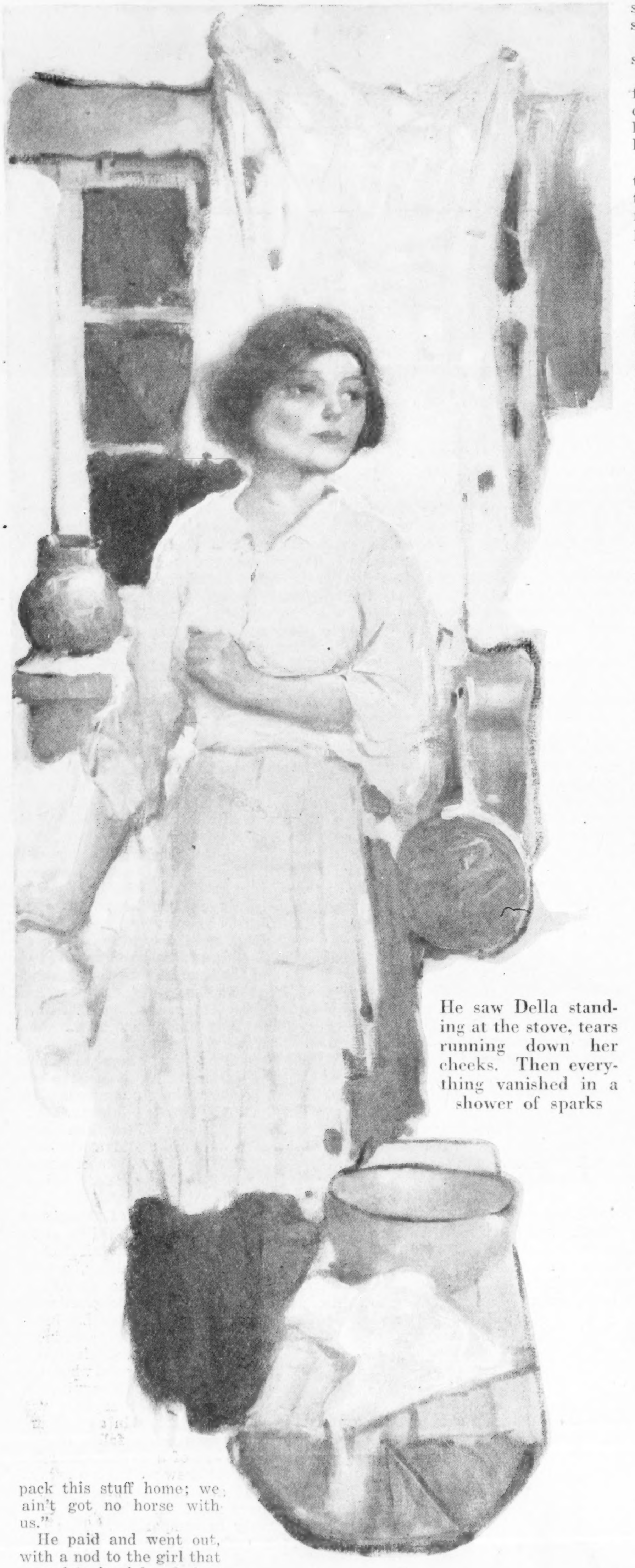
It was in the nature of Hickory Pete that he should look the men over first, and measure them. His glance ranged to a tall lugubrious fellow behind the leader; a bony man with sandy stubble on his chin and the eye of a mean horse. Behind his awkward shuffle walked the third of the trio: thickset, black-haired, and half smiling with a kind of fixed truculence. He carried himself jauntily.

Three of a kind, thought Pete, and by the end of the moment it took for his inspection he had placed the leader. He was Jacko Prime, proprietor of a dingy roadhouse known, and not pleasantly, as the Broken Finger. More than one of the boys had been beaten up there; and never did a victim of fists or bootleg regain consciousness with anything in his pockets.

IT WAS at this point of recognition, and as the three men lined up at the counter, that Pete had a fair look at the girl. She stood waiting, a little self-consciously, near the door. She had turned to answer the greeting of Lem Thurston, who knitted his brows sharply at her, but now she faced in the direction of Hickory Pete. Their glances met and flowed together as when two rivers meet and become indistinguishable.

A young and slender sapling, well under twenty, with a skin as fair and unblemished as a newly fallen field of snow! She was of a French-Canadian type that Pete knew well; deep eyes of living blue and hair so black that it would have made the wing of a crow seem rusty in comparison. This girl had the fresh pink of health in lips and cheeks and a clear and untarnished look which said plainer than any words that she did not belong in the company of Jacko Prime.

"And five plugs of Sweet Locust chewin' tobacker," Prime was saying. "I guess that's all, Thurston. We'll



He saw Della standing at the stove, tears running down her cheeks. Then everything vanished in a shower of sparks

pack this stuff home; we ain't got no horse with us."

He paid and went out, with a nod to the girl that served to herd her before him. That neither Prime nor the others had entered into any discussion of traps or weather or hunting was in itself strange. Hickory Pete had pulled himself up straight in his chair as he looked at the girl. He had felt something stir through all his veins; yes, and she had opened her lips and drawn in a quick breath. He felt danger to her from those silent men; even strangers talked when they came to the store.

"Who was that girl?" he demanded sharply of Thurston.

Lem Thurston came deliberately out from behind the counter, with fingers combing meditatively through his whiskers. Behind steel-bowed spectacles his eyes were stern.

"It ain't right," he said with some trace of agitation. "I aim to be something of a sinner myself, but it ain't right for that gal to go up to Jacko's place!"

Now, it might be expected that Lem Thurston would be somewhat unsophisticated, although he had been known to play seven-up for money, but Buffalo Hall was one of the young bloods of the Corners, and a friend to Hickory upon occasion. To him Grimble turned inquiringly. He would make answer as a man and brother, and one who knew.

"Who is she?"

"Della Marceau," replied Buffalo, and upon his face there was a look of gravity. "She's the Widow Marceau's oldest girl. They's a lot of kids, and I guess they don't have any too much to eat. Notice her clothes? Patched twice over, and most likely the best she's got. It's a shame for her to go to Jacko's place!"

"The widder," said Lem, "has been looking for a place for the gal to work. She don't know, nor the gal neither. But she's eighteen, and I dunno as anybody can stop her going."

"Aw, they give her some kind of soft soap!" exclaimed Buffalo, disgustedly. "That long-legged pup with Prime was Tink Garlow. He skun me playing poker with a marked deck. The other's Johnny Fessette. He'd do anything. They ought to let a nice kid like her alone."

HICKORY PETE leaned forward in his chair and looked thoughtfully at his hands. He spread them out and pressed the thumbs in until hillocks of muscle stood up under the skin. They were capable hands, but they were not first in his thoughts at that moment. Suddenly he snapped to his feet and drew in his belt a hole; but with extreme care, as though much depended upon it.

"I'm going to bring that fool kid home," he said, in a quiet voice. "Want to help, Buffalo?"

He heard a gasp from Lem Thurston, but it was Hall at whom he looked. Another able-bodied man would be a help. Buffalo's lower jaw dropped; in his eyes unbelief gave place slowly to such a look as one has for a man reckless to madness.

"Do you know what you're talking about?" he cried. "Mix in at the Broken Finger and start something? No, sir! Not me! I'm going over to the lake to my fish shanty, but I don't go up to Jacko's place unless I want a drink, and then I get it and get out mighty peaceful. I'm going to go ice fishing and mind my own business!"

"Well!" Hickory stared out through the grimy seven-by-nine panes set in the upper half of the door. He was a little impressed by what he was about to undertake, but there had been something calling to him out of the clear, blue depths into which he had looked. He could not fail to answer it. His soul thirsted to look again. "I don't know as I ever mixed in anybody's business before, but I guess I will this time. So long, Buffalo! Give my regards to the ice fish!"

He swung out, setting the loops on his coat over buttons as big as silver dollars, with the voice of Buffalo Hall ringing protests behind him. It would never do to stay and listen to that kind of talk.

"Can't, be damned!" muttered Hickory to himself, and he crossed the village street with hard, frozen snow crunching and squeaking under his shoepacks. Pale sunlight and blue shadows. Cold enough to freeze the hinges off a barn door. In a little while the blue shadows would grow long and by four o'clock in the afternoon it would be dark.

Hickory Pete thought hard as he marched away from the handful of houses at the crossroads. Garlow and Fessette! He knew them both by reputation, and they were men able to give an account of themselves in a fight. Jacko Prime had to be, and was, a rough-and-tumble scrapper of the first rank. At the Broken Finger there would probably be more of the same breed; and there might be some of his own friends, men of a rough decency and willing to take his part. Buffalo Hall, once in, would have stood shoulder to shoulder. A man could not be blamed for refusing to go to the Broken Finger looking for trouble.

Grimble struck into the lake road and lengthened his stride. It would be better to come up with them in the woods, before they got to the lake shore where the roadhouse was. Perhaps he could get a chance to talk with the girl and tell her what kind of place and people she had to deal with. Her look had hinted to him that she already suspected. He would have to go ahead blindly and trust to luck. Anything might happen. Except that he was not going to turn back. Her eyes had done that to him. They pulled his feet along the road, winding among tall hemlocks and pines. Those devils had her alone in the woods now. He settled to his best pace.

When Pete came in sight of them they were straggling unevenly, as was made necessary by the nature of the half-broken road; here a place where one runner track had drifted full of snow, forcing them to walk in single file, and there an exposed stretch swept clear of loose snow so that they could go three abreast. At the moment the bulk of Jacko Prime was trudging beside the girl while the others walked a few paces ahead. Grimble broke into a trot. They heard him. The girl turned frightened eyes and the indented mouth of Jacko set grimly.

"Hello!" Hickory Pete forced a grin and a swagger. "I need a little something to warm me up inside, and I thought I'd go over to your place, Prime."

The party had halted, and it was plain that Garlow and Fessette waited upon the will of Jacko in this matter. He seemed to hesitate; it was certain that Hickory Pete was not welcome.

"Come on if you want to," shrugged Prime, at length, "but by the way the boys was hitting it up this morning you won't find anything left."

"I'll take a chance," replied Pete amiably, falling into step on the other side of the girl.

GARLOW and Fessette had started on at the decision of their leader. Jacko blazed a look of wrath over the girl's head at the presence of Pete beside her, and Pete threw his eyes to the front, whistling cheerfully. At the next snowdrift that sprawled across the road he touched the arm of Della Marceau with a little backward pull. She half stopped, and Prime was forced ahead of them before he quite realized what had happened. Hickory Pete looked deep into the eyes of the girl. Her lips parted; he could feel her arm tremble.

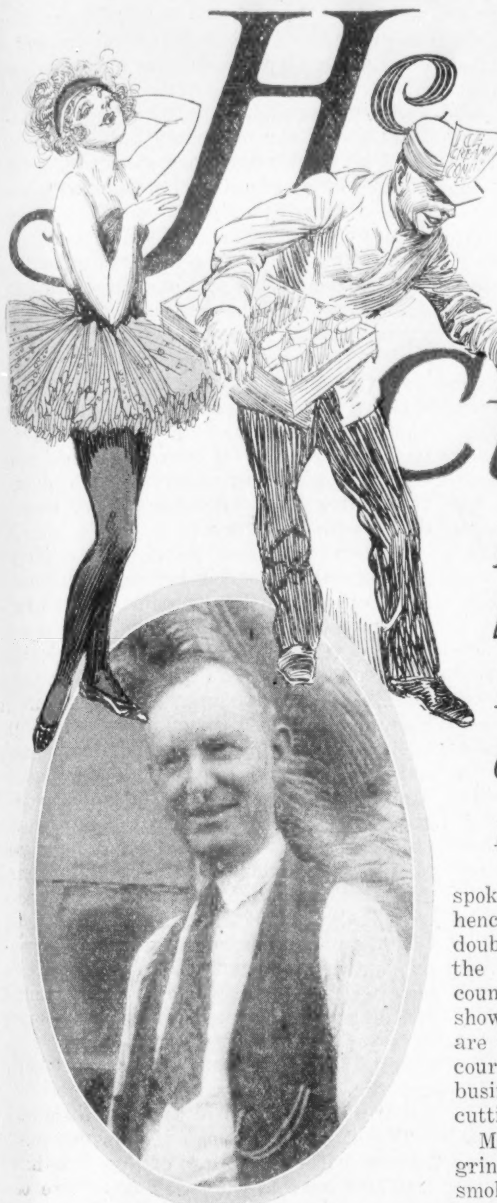
"Do you want to go there?" he asked, softly.

"No! I'm afraid already—"

"Hey!"

(*Continued on page 45*)

He BUTCHERS *to make a Circus Holiday*



For twenty-seven years Frank Gavin's job has been selling lemonade, peanuts and popcorn to "white top" patrons. He says that, without three attractions—the clown, the elephant and the candy butcher—a circus isn't a circus

By EARL CHAPIN MAY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

ONE afternoon I bought ten cents' worth of peanuts from a young man in white coat and cap who was working the seats with the Sells Floto Circus. The performance was at its most thrilling stage. The young man gave me fifteen cents in change. I dropped ten cents of it through the seats to the grass beneath.

Both of us looked at the bright, thin dime, lying four feet below my perch. It was my dime if I was willing to retrieve it, which I was not. Mayme Ward, peerless aërialist, was about to throw a double somersault through mid-air. I wanted to watch Miss Ward do that stunt with her head encased in a burlap sack. I feared she might miss her catcher's hands at the finish of the last somersault and thus break her neck.

The young man in white coat and cap was in a hurry. He slipped me another thin dime. "I'll take the loss," he said. At the conclusion of the performance, the dime still lay there on the circus lot grass. I suppose some canvas man finally found it.

As the performance proceeded to its finale the incident of the one thin dime began to take on its full significance.

"Times have changed around the white tops since I was a kid," I reflected. So I hunted up Frank Gavin, boss candy butcher. He abandoned his ballyhooing and bottle-drink boosting in the menagerie tent. We adjourned to a bale of hay back of the elephant picket line. Frank Gavin has been a circus candy butcher for twenty-seven years.

"Frank," I begged him, "tell me what has come over the candy-butcher business of late. A few years ago that butcher boy who took his ten-cent loss because of my carelessness would have spoken rudely to me and told me to go hence. Or he might have charged me double price. Now every boy working the seats or behind the candy-stand counters wears in his cap a legend showing the price for which his wares are sold. And the boys are clean and courteous! How come? Is the circus business losing its old tang? Are you cutting out the rough stuff?"

My companion on the bale of hay grinned through thickening tobacco smoke, tipped his straw sailor to the back of his well-thatched head, mopped his smooth face with a generous handkerchief and replied:

"All things change in this world, even circuses. The intelligent critic who is forever telling you that all circuses are alike is wrong. All circuses are alike in that no circus is complete without the clown, the elephant and the candy butcher. Omit any one of these standard features and the circus patrons would demand their money back. But we live in an age demanding quality, quantity and service. Hence circuses are not like they used to be.

"Where, in the old days, the towners on the blue seats and reserves were content with one old bull that sat up on a tub, it must now have a herd of ponderous performing pachyderms. Where lone George Conklin or Jules Tournour once tickled them with a clown song, there must now be forty Merry Andrews kicking up their heels. And where any kind of food or drink went, at any price, on the circus seats or on the circus lot, us candy butchers now have to give the people the goods and give them straight. Circus folks are just about a lap ahead in the march of progress, that's all. And in this march of progress the great American public has stepped on that glorious institution, the circus lemonade, and put it out of business."

I smiled at this sally. Gavin returned my smile rather sadly.

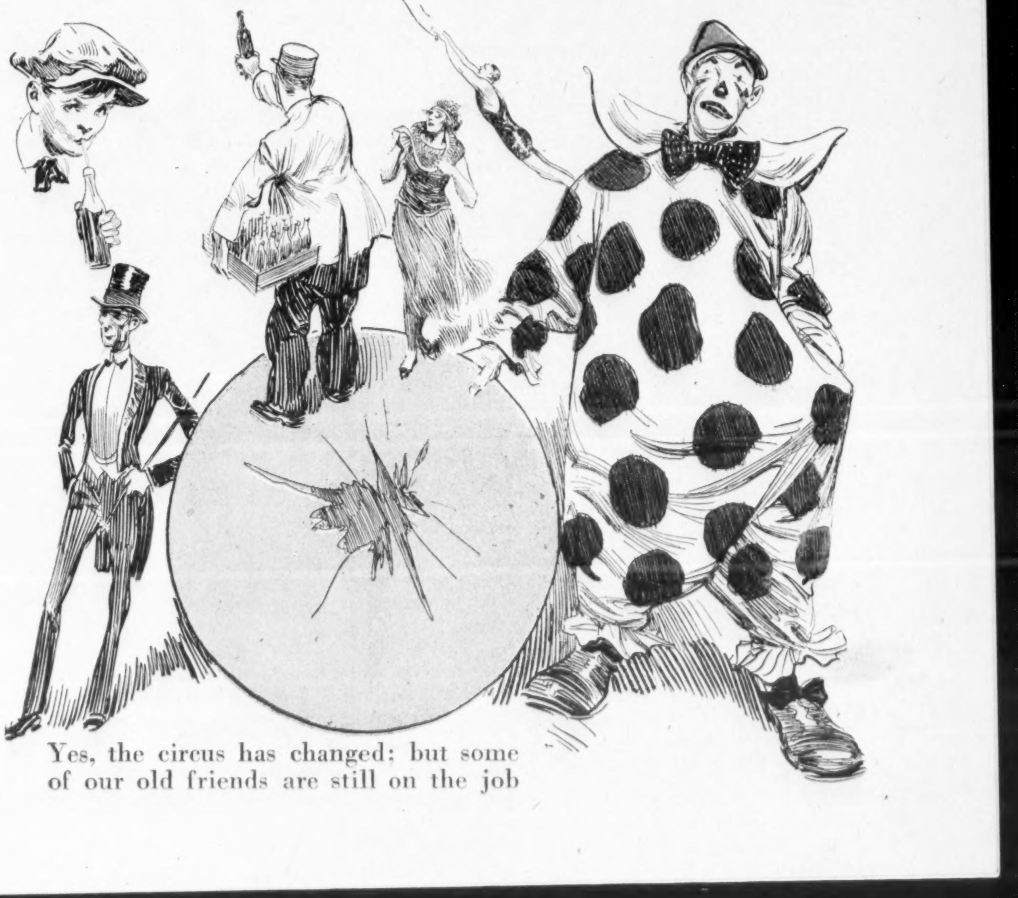
"It's all for the best, I suppose," he went on. "When I was a kid butcher working the seats almost anything sold. I can remember when my boss used to carry enough powdered citric acid in one vest pocket and powdered saccharin in the other to make a barrel of circus lemonade. He got the scenery from the circus dining car—I mean the 'floaters' or slices of lemon—and threw in a bit of pink coloring matter for looks and luck. But about the time I began to go on my own, along in 1912, the pure-food departments and the health inspectors and the California and Florida fruit growers took a hand. Since that time bottled orangeade has replaced the pink lemonade of circus commerce. Incidentally, those same pure-food departments and health inspectors have boosted our business about a thousand per cent. Why?

"Before our stuff was inspected and officially O. K.'d the great bulk of our sales were made to careless kids and old folks who had passed years of discretion. Not that most of the stuff then sold on the circus lots was dangerous. But after official inspection came, circus patrons began to accept the inspectors' stamp of approval as a sort of insurance. Patrons of all ages now buy liberally from the circus candy butchers.

"The gross income of my department now runs close to ten per cent of the gross income of the big show. If the big show has a bad day I, as manager of the candy-butcher department, have a bad day. If the big show does well, so do I. There is so little variation in the ratio between the big-show business and candy-butcher business that I can tell, after I have counted up at night, within a few dollars of what the ticket wagon has taken in.

"If the ticket wagon total for the day is $12,000 my total for the day will be $1,200. I won a suit of clothes from Frank King, circus treasurer, at Boston that way. The show did a big business during our Boston engagement. One day it had to give three performances. At the conclusion of the night performance I said to King: 'I can tell within $100 what your total is on the day.' He snapped back at me with: 'Bet you a suit of clothes you can't.' I replied: 'It's $22,000.' I won the bet. My total for the day was within a few dollars of $2,200.

"The people who come to our show spend between $200,000 and $250,000 a year with the candy butcher. But I couldn't reach that season's gross if I



Yes, the circus has changed: but some of our old friends are still on the job

did not understand something about the psychology of color. This applies especially to bottled drinks, popcorn and balloons. Since circus lemonade was banished from the circus lots practically all our drinks are sold in bottles, with state or federal inspection requirements carefully observed in the contents and on the metal corks or stoppers. The bright-colored drinks sell best; red first, yellow next, pink next and white last. You'll notice that most of our popcorn bricks are made with a red syrup. There's a reason. The red-syruped bricks outsell the yellow-syruped bricks. A balloon peddler who offered nothing but pale-colored balloons would be out of luck. His best sellers are the red, light blue and yellow ones. The little birds on the end of sticks which sell so well this season are a bright yellow. If they were made in dull or pale colors they would not go. It took some time to learn that trick.

Where the Butchers Come From

"I COULDN'T do business without salesmen. And if they weren't the right sort they would ruin me. The old rough stuff doesn't go. Most of my salesmen are farmer boys. Possibly because of their bringing up I can teach them politeness and patience sooner than I can city-bred boys. And the country boys can better stand the physical gaff. On a good hot day—especially like that at Paterson last season when the long parade delayed the opening of the big-show performance an hour and ice-cream business boomed—each boy working the seats will travel nine miles. I mean in a straight line. I never figured how much they might travel up and down, on the seats. And of course they get lots of falls and take them smiling.

"We had a big house on a hot day at Shenandoah, Iowa, in 1923, and one of the seat boys got in an argument over change. The boy insisted he had given the farmer customer the correct change. The farmer was just as positive he was short ten cents. The farmer had lots of endurance and the boy was about to part with ten cents of his own money, because he was losing time and the argument was annoying nearby patrons, when he slipped and fell through the blue seats, basket and all. Whereupon the red-headed farmer got down between the blues and helped the boy pick things up. They shook hands and the ten-cent item was forgotten. So much for teaching the boys to keep their tempers.

"They sure have to work for their money. They operate on a salary and commission basis, mostly commission, with board and Pullman free. Some of them make $30.00 or more a week, but they can't do it and loaf on their jobs.

"Farmer boys are more apt to be honest than city boys. At least that's my experience. But we watch them pretty closely. Mrs. Gavin checks them in and out of the supply stand if they are working in the big top. I check them frequently on the outside stands. They have no chance to cheat us. But if we catch any of them cheating our customers out they go. That's business. And they meet a great deal of temptation.

"Once at Beaver Falls, Pa., a poorly dressed occupant of the blue seats bought a fifteen-cent ice-cream cone from one of my boys, and proffered a bill in payment. The boy looked at it and said: 'I haven't got the change.' The blue-seat patron replied: 'Bring it back when you come around the next time.' The boy, stuffing what he thought was a five-dollar bill in his open coat pocket where he carried his money, went on his way. He stayed on the seats, selling goods, several minutes before he ran out of stock and came back to the menagerie tent for more. Then he pulled out his bills to hunt for the fiver. It wasn't there. But his eyes bulged when he beheld a fifty-dollar bill. He couldn't believe it. Brought it to me. I gave him the change. He took it back to the blue-seat customer and had a hard time finding him.

"That was putting too much strain on the boy. But it just shows what it means to have the confidence of your trade. It builds up repeat business on the seats. If a candy butcher can't build up a repeat business he will starve to death. The old slogan around the white tops used to be: 'We are here to-day and gone to-morrow!' Now the big circuses operate on the principle: 'We're coming back here next season.' Good will is worth a lot more to all departments of a circus than it used to be.

"Si Hawkins is my oldest old-timer. He's sixty and about the oldest candy butcher in the business. He's the boy who started the classic line: 'Who ever heard of a circus without peanuts?'

"As a matter of fact, Si has known many circuses without peanuts, because peanuts did not become popular under the white tops until about twenty-five years ago, although Si and others of his kind were candy butchers long before that.

"The term 'candy butcher' and the candy-butcher business originated on the old John Robinson Show long before the Civil War, when all circuses traveled on wagons.

"There was a handy man around the show whose chief job was to cut up the meat for the wild animals and who was known naturally enough as Butcher or Butch. A circus is a great place for nicknames and monickers. This Butcher was a thrifty soul and during the performances he got in the habit of peddling what was known as stage planks. A stage plank was a molasses cookie or cake about a foot long, four inches wide and half an inch thick. It sold for five cents, leaving Butcher a nice profit. That was in the days of cheap money.

"By and by Butcher branched out. Began selling ginger cookies in little home-made bags. Then he took on some stick candy—horehound, I suspect. Pretty soon he stopped cutting up meat and became a business man on his own. Others on other circuses followed suit. They began to sell apples, candy wrapped in tissue paper and lemonade carried in tin traps with sockets for each tin cup or glass. That was before the health inspectors got on the job.

They're Afraid They'll Miss Out

"THE professional circus concessionaire sprang up. He handled his own goods on a percentage basis. Many fortunes were thus made—for the concessionaires. Of late the circuses have owned all the concessions and hired men to manage them, on a percentage basis.

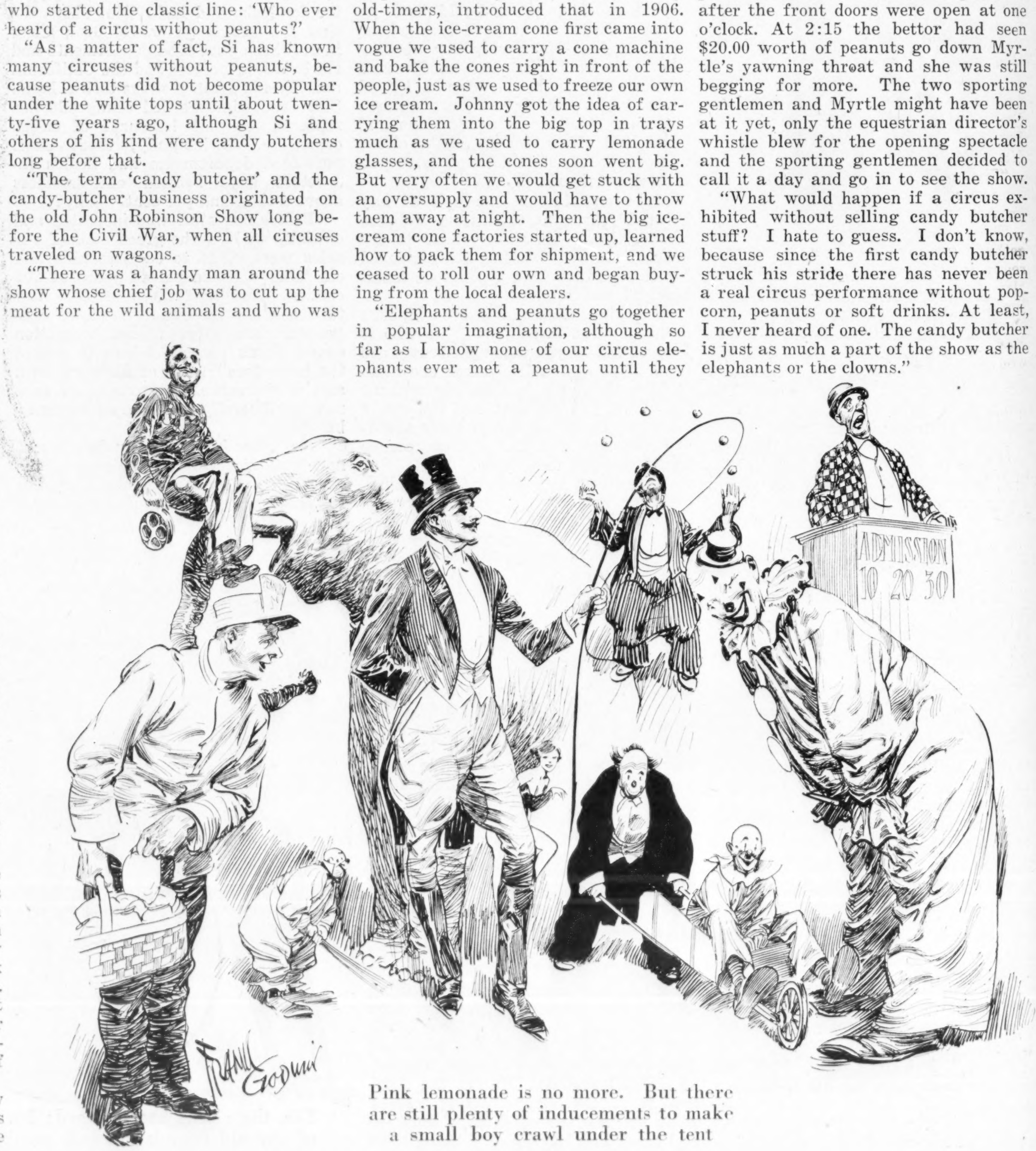
"The lemonade tray has disappeared, but the ice-cream cone tray has taken its place. Johnny Wall, another of my old-timers, introduced that in 1906. When the ice-cream cone first came into vogue we used to carry a cone machine and bake the cones right in front of the people, just as we used to freeze our own ice cream. Johnny got the idea of carrying them into the big top in trays much as we used to carry lemonade glasses, and the cones soon went big. But very often we would get stuck with an oversupply and would have to throw them away at night. Then the big ice-cream cone factories started up, learned how to pack them for shipment, and we ceased to roll our own and began buying from the local dealers.

"Elephants and peanuts go together in popular imagination, although so far as I know none of our circus elephants ever met a peanut until they went into the show business. Circus elephants come from Asia. Circus peanuts come from Virginia or some other southern state. But once they are put into conjunction under the white tops business booms for the candy butcher.

"You think sometimes when you walk along the elephant picket line and see some of them refusing peanuts that they have got their fill. That's not the case. Nine times out of ten they will not stretch their trunks in one direction for fear they will be missing something from someone else. They're the greediest beasts on the show. They will eat a ton of hay per day, each, then hog down a chunk of coal or anything else that comes handy. So how can they get enough peanuts? Of course they *do* get enough peanuts or other stuff to make themselves sick. Then they have to be dosed with paregoric.

"Every now and then some patron with sporting blood in his veins will bet some other sporting gentleman that he can make an elephant call quits on peanuts. I refereed such a bout at Dayton, Ohio, one summer. Bettor and bettee were, I judged, bankers. Anyhow money was no object to them. The bet was for $25.00, the bettor to furnish the peanuts. They picked on a little elephant, Myrtle. She weighs about a ton, stands about six feet in height and is about six years old. Just a baby among elephants. The endurance trial began soon after the front doors were open at one o'clock. At 2:15 the bettor had seen $20.00 worth of peanuts go down Myrtle's yawning throat and she was still begging for more. The two sporting gentlemen and Myrtle might have been at it yet, only the equestrian director's whistle blew for the opening spectacle and the sporting gentlemen decided to call it a day and go in to see the show.

"What would happen if a circus exhibited without selling candy butcher stuff? I hate to guess. I don't know, because since the first candy butcher struck his stride there has never been a real circus performance without popcorn, peanuts or soft drinks. At least, I never heard of one. The candy butcher is just as much a part of the show as the elephants or the clowns."

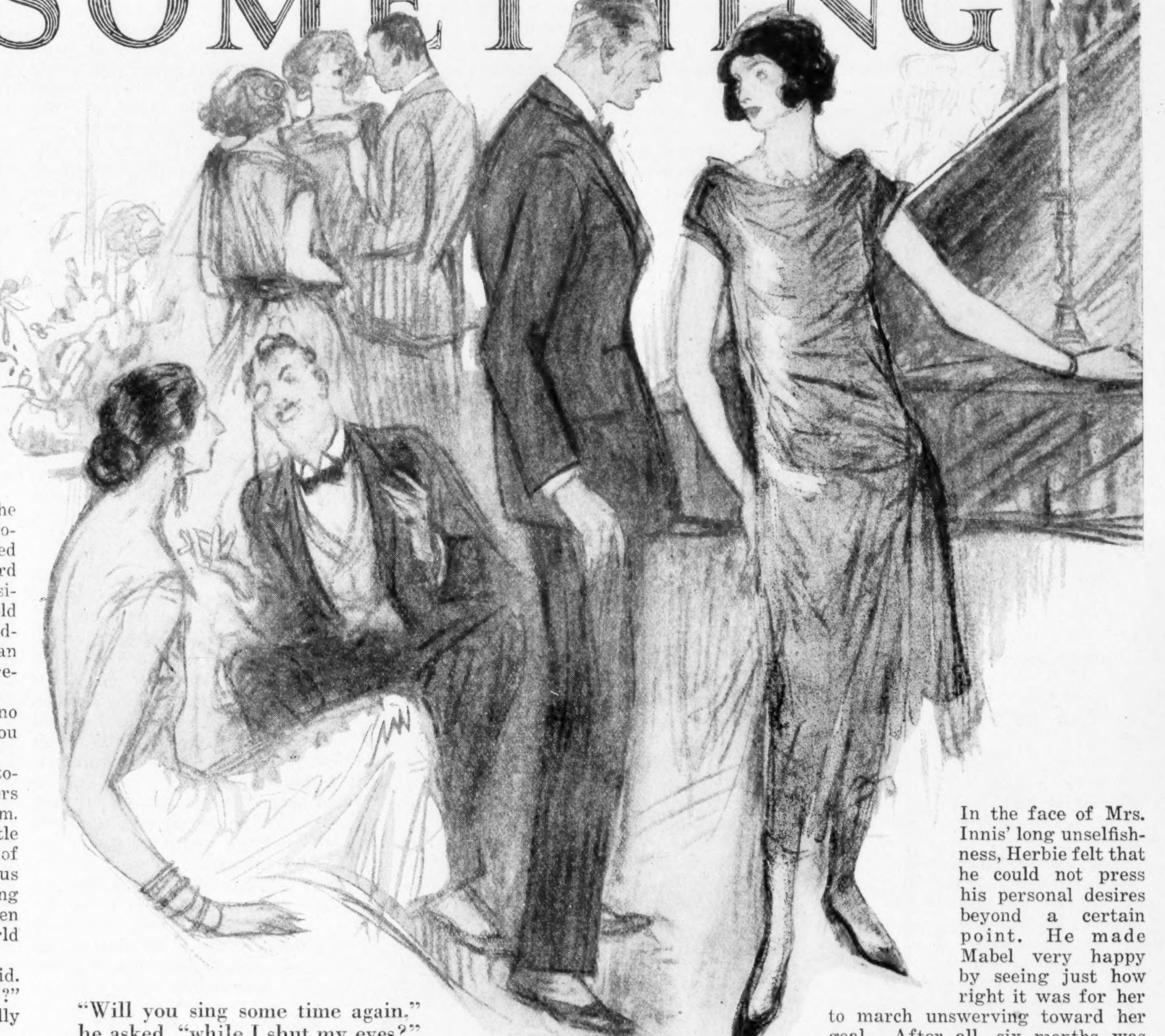


Pink lemonade is no more. But there are still plenty of inducements to make a small boy crawl under the tent

The PINCH of SOMETHING

By
GRACE TORREY

ILLUSTRATED BY
NANCY FAY



"Will you sing some time again," he asked, "while I shut my eyes?"

AT HER high-school commencement Mabel sang "By the Land of the Laughing Water." As an encore she gave "The Rosary," and was recalled until Professor Timmy himself got up and led her back to the footlights. Afterward Mrs. Howard Allison, wife of the president of the First National Bank, told her mother that she had heard a world-famous star sing "The Rosary" in San Francisco, and that of the two she preferred Mabel.

"She said to tell you there was no comparison. I just thought I'd let you know."

They were in the pass pantry together, getting the creamed oysters ready for the seniors in the front room. Mrs. Innis kissed her daughter a little timidly. It was terrifying to think of herself as the mother of a world-famous star. Yet she felt that early training would safeguard the girl, even when the dukes and the princes of this world were at her feet.

"These patties are ready," she said. "Hadn't we better dish up the oysters?"

Mabel, by the gas stove, was critically appraising the cream sauce.

"Not yet," she said. "They need a pinch of something."

It was funny that, with all her Art, she was unerring about such ordinary things as flavors. Mrs. Innis knew that she would get something off the shelf that would make the oysters taste better than even Mrs. Howard Allison's high-priced cook could make them taste. Whatever it was, she wouldn't learn it out of any book. She sensed it.

"Don't you tell them I had anything to do with these oysters," warned Mabel.

"No," promised Mrs. Innis. "I won't."

She understood how her daughter felt. A girl with a future like hers didn't want to get herself known as a good cook.

Mabel sang for the seniors one last song before they became forever alumni. Her mother, looking around at the wistful admiration on their faces, knew that not even Isabel Allison, with all her father's money, was so pretty as Mabel. Yet even Isabel's face revealed no jealousy. The boys' faces were, of course, infatuated. Herbie Brooksmith, the best center rush the high school ever had, and Mabel's admitted favorite, did not look more adoring than did the other boys, as the strains of "The Rosary" died away for the third time that evening.

Neither a duke nor a prince, Herbie continued to be an excellent center rush, functioning thus at the state university for four years. Mabel went down to his senior ball. It was as they danced, under the dimness of pale Chinese lanterns in the big college gymnasium, that she told him he might have more than a little hope.

"Only," she said, as they sat together in the Turkish corner, behind the fir boughs with which the decoration committee had sequestered it, "you must be very patient. There is my Art, you know."

HERBIE was humble. But she could go right on taking lessons. His father's real-estate business was booming. He was to be taken into it. As his wife, she need not lose a day of her Art.

Mabel's beautiful eyes, fixed on her dream, looked beyond his eagerness. They saw, not Herbie entranced before her, but thousands of Herbies. There was a darkened auditorium, from whose hush the storm of approbation presently broke.

"My child," the great Figlione was saying, wiping tears from his eyes, "it is a triumph. You are established."

Slowly Mabel's eyes came back to the reality of Herbie.

"We must wait," she told him gently. "I must go away and study. I owe it to my Art."

Mrs. Innis, that other proud possessor, with whom Herbie now shared Mabel and her Art, died that summer. He dared, in the loneliness of the little white house where he had spent many happy hours, to urge himself upon her. Why could they not be married at once? Almost, he felt, she trembled into his arms.

Yet, at the very brink of yielding, she drew back. There was some money now. It was too dreadful to discuss it, in this sad hour. But her mother's life insurance had been paid. Mabel had received a good offer for the little white house. If she took it, she would have sixty-five hundred dollars. She could stop taking lessons of Professor Timmy, could go to New York, study six months with the great Figlione, and make the long-planned début. Extraordinary questions came into Herbie's perplexed mind. Could Mabel really mean to sell the little white house? If she made this début in New York, then what? Where, then—he could not spare her the bewildered question—would he come in?

"Why, Herbie!" Mabel's lovely eyes reproached his doubts. "Wouldn't it be wonderful to know that you had helped me toward what I've always dreamed of doing? Toward what meant so much to Mother?"

The word about Mother silenced him. In the face of Mrs. Innis' long unselfishness, Herbie felt that he could not press his personal desires beyond a certain point. He made Mabel very happy by seeing just how right it was for her to march unswerving toward her goal. After all, six months was only six months. It was his face that she saw, last of all, three short weeks later, in the friendly crowd that sent her off upon her adventure. Herbie's face, very white, but gallant, smiled upon her, even through the moisture that made all the kindly faces swim a little uncertainly before her eyes.

"Isn't it wonderful!" said Isabel Allison as she and Herbie walked up the strangely empty street together, "that Mabel is really to have her chance? The next time any of us see her she'll be on the Metropolitan stage. We must both go on for it."

"You bet!" he said, grateful for the constructive idea. It made the six months look a little shorter, to walk up the street with Isabel, planning for the great night. They would buy the best seats in the Metropolitan. They would send flowers, make up a party of the half-dozen home-town girls and boys who were in New York, and give Mabel a real send-off.

THREE days later, as Mabel stood under the soaring dome of the great waiting-room of the Pennsylvania Station, she felt that she was at last upon a worthy threshold. The vast impersonal efficiency of this place, with its smart crowds, its uniformed officials, seemed a prophecy of her augmented future.

Then Margie fell upon her neck, with gaspings of friendly rapture.

"Mabel! If you aren't a sight for sore eyes! Pinky! This is Mabel!"

Pinky was a manly young woman who gave Mabel a strong handclasp and assumed her bag.

"We'll go over to Fifth and take a bus," said Margie. "It's such a nice way to begin. Oh, Mabel! You're going to love it."

"It's wonderful!" she said and gave Margie her beautiful smile. Margie was just a girl of no distinguished talent, who was graduated from high school two years earlier than Mabel. She had taken a business course and had gone to New York two or three years ago. She was private secretary to someone in Wall Street. She was in with all the theatrical crowd. At least rumor suggested the outlines of these facts. Mabel had written to her for advice about her own impending entry, and had received an air-mail letter, offering her the freedom of Margie's apartment, the entrée to her theatrical group and the inside track to Fame.

"Anything," the letter ended, "can happen here. We're on tiptoe every minute."

The evening's program, as Margie outlined it, between squeezes of Mabel's hand, as they sat together on top of the bus, was exciting. They would go to Margie's apartment. She and Pinky shared it, but there was room for a third. They had, in fact, been casting about for the right third and Mabel was heaven-sent.

After viewing the apartment and freshening themselves a little, the plan was to have dinner at Carrie's Cellar, and then seats for "The Whirlpool." The Corrupt Press would furnish the tickets.

As they sprang from the bus, to sprint from under destroying taxicabs and thread their way among the cross currents of swarming humanity, Pinky and Margie told her that they had reached the Village, and pointed out the landmarks, the house in which Langley had written his "Demi-Tasse," the garret where Paul Peterson had starved to death, beside his famous "Soleil." Halfway along the block, they plunged down four steps, into what had been the old Cavanaugh mansion.

"Historic as the deuce," said Pinky. "We've got the drawing-room."

IT WAS a beautiful room into which they ushered her. Mabel, seeing the glitter of the mantelpiece crystals, the graciousness of the old carved mantel, the nice proportioning of height with width and length, the darkness of the old oak floor, contrasted with the paneling of doors and window framing, knew that the handiwork of artists had gone to its fashioning.

"There was a garden outside the French windows once," Margie told her. "But the wheels of progress put that nice blank wall in its place. It's great luck not to have windows staring in."

As she struggled into the black dress that she called her costume de théâtre, she pointed out the three new couch covers, the gorgeous pillows and the yellow paint on the kitchen chairs, all making a sunny drawing-room in Mabel's honor. A kitchen table, that had received one can of black paint, not merely strengthened up the color scheme, but symbolized a library.

"Show her the combination butler's pantry and bathroom," she urged, "and the three-burner gas plate behind the curtain. And tell her to make herself at home."

While Mabel made herself at home the girls described the crowd that would dine at Carrie's Cellar. There might be someone from the cast of "The Whirlpool." And people in the writing game, or the musical game, or the producing game, dropped in. The Corrupt Press, who was in the newspaper game, knew them all.

"You're going to love the Corrupt Press," Margie said, suddenly coming through the neck of the costume de théâtre and shaking it down over her slim figure with a single wriggle.

The Corrupt Press did not, in the manner of Herbie, call for them. He had not reached Carrie's Cellar, in fact, when they invaded its dimness. Margie had time to draw her attention to the frieze of headless blue horses and orange serpents ornamenting the walls and to let her know that they, as well as the pink and lemon-colored lanterns faintly lighting their repast, had been designed by the great Vaschka himself.

"Over at that table," she whispered, "is Celia May, the dancer in 'Moonbeams.' Here comes the Prince!"

With the Prince came Rose Stanley, his wife. The Prince, for everyday purposes, was Isidore Sochoff, born right in the village, but making a name for himself as a player of royalty in the new European plays appearing on this side. Rose Stanley was a pianist, in town between tours.

Mabel heard Margie say, "You want to keep your eye on Mabel. She's our next stellar luminary."

Rose Stanley turned her haggard stare on Mabel's face. Under the prolonged scrutiny of her melancholy eyes, Mabel knew the first uncertainty of her life as to her own significance in the scheme of the universe. "You are artiste?" Miss Stanley at length inquired.

"I hope so," said Mabel. A moment earlier she would have confidently answered yes.

"What is your métier?" Miss Stanley lighted her second cigarette and blew its smoke reflectively in Mabel's face.

"I sing," coughed Mabel.

"Oh!" Miss Stanley created further smoke screens. "You shall sing for me," she commanded, rather than said. Then the Corrupt Press arrived, and all interest centered on him.

Nothing, Mabel instantly decided, could be more Herbie's opposite than the Corrupt Press. Herbie, a magnificent viking, with blond hair and massive shoulders, would have made two of him.

"His real name is Lorillard Morgan," Margie explained. "His ancestors planted Plymouth Rock and wrote the Constitution of the United States. He has a B. A. degree or something terrible like that. But he works for the New York 'Menace,' and we call him the Corrupt Press. Cute, isn't he?"

"I am a sheep in wolf's clothing, Miss Innis," said the Corrupt Press. "Those who know and love me call me Lambie."

HERBIE, Mabel thought, would have died rather than say such a thing. Yet the young man had nice eyes. She liked his hair even though it was dark. New York men too, she decided, had a way of dressing that could give even Herbie hints. And Herbie was a wonderful dresser.

"Lambie dear," said Rose Stanley, "have you some good news for me?"

Mabel thought her smile was affected, and the white arm she placed upon his shoulder quite disgusting.

Lorillard Morgan shifted ever so slightly, so that the white arm seemed to be resting rather on the back of his chair than on his shoulder, as he handed her from an inner pocket an envelope, which she took with evident interest. As she read the enclosure she seemed pleased.

"You are a good Lambie," she said, tossing the note to the Prince. "It is from Figlione. He will receive me at ten o'clock. Now we shall see."

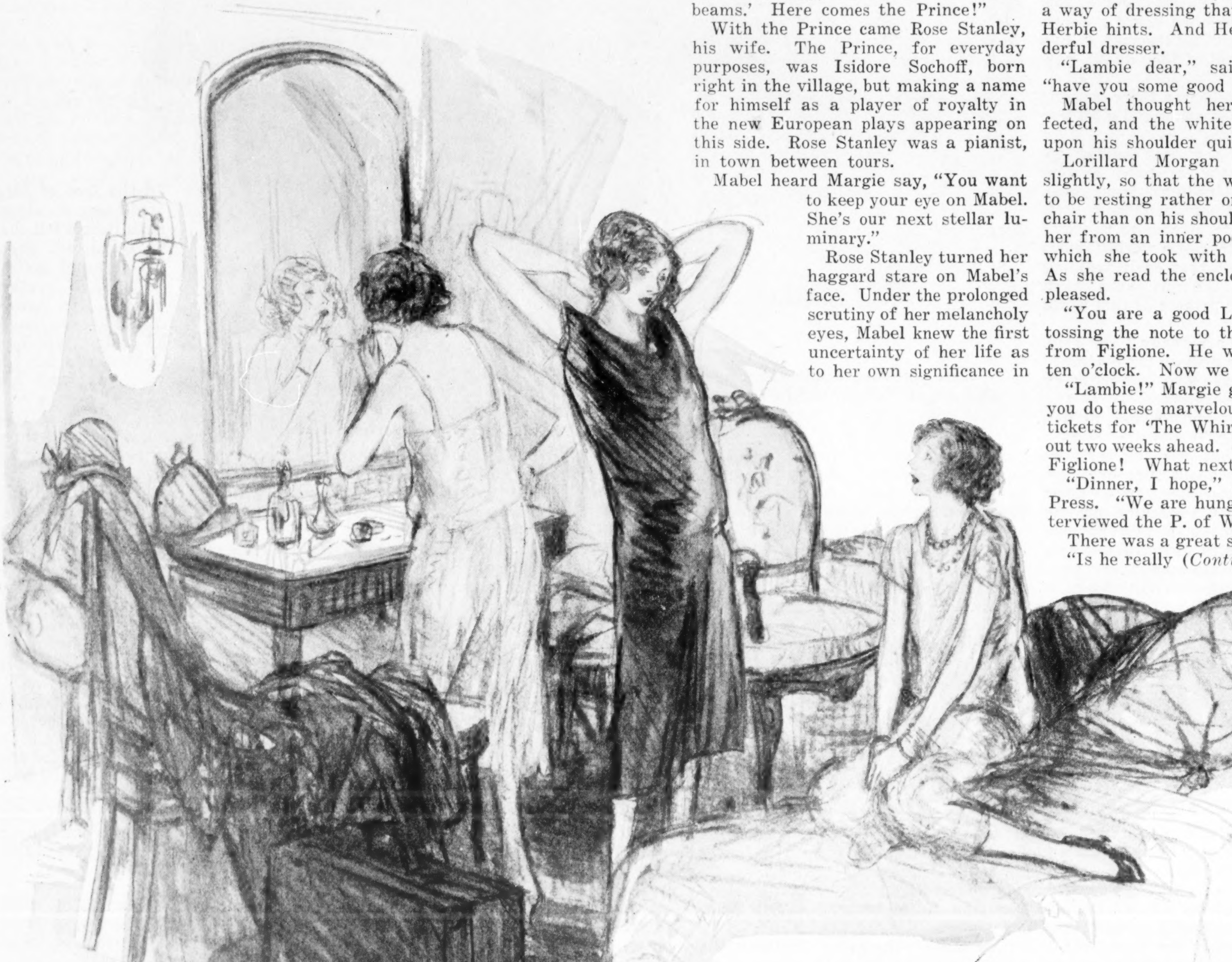
"Lambie!" Margie gasped. "How do you do these marvelous things? First, tickets for 'The Whirlpool,' that's sold out two weeks ahead. Then letters from Figlione! What next?"

"Dinner, I hope," said the Corrupt Press. "We are hungry. We have interviewed the P. of W. this afternoon."

There was a great sensation.

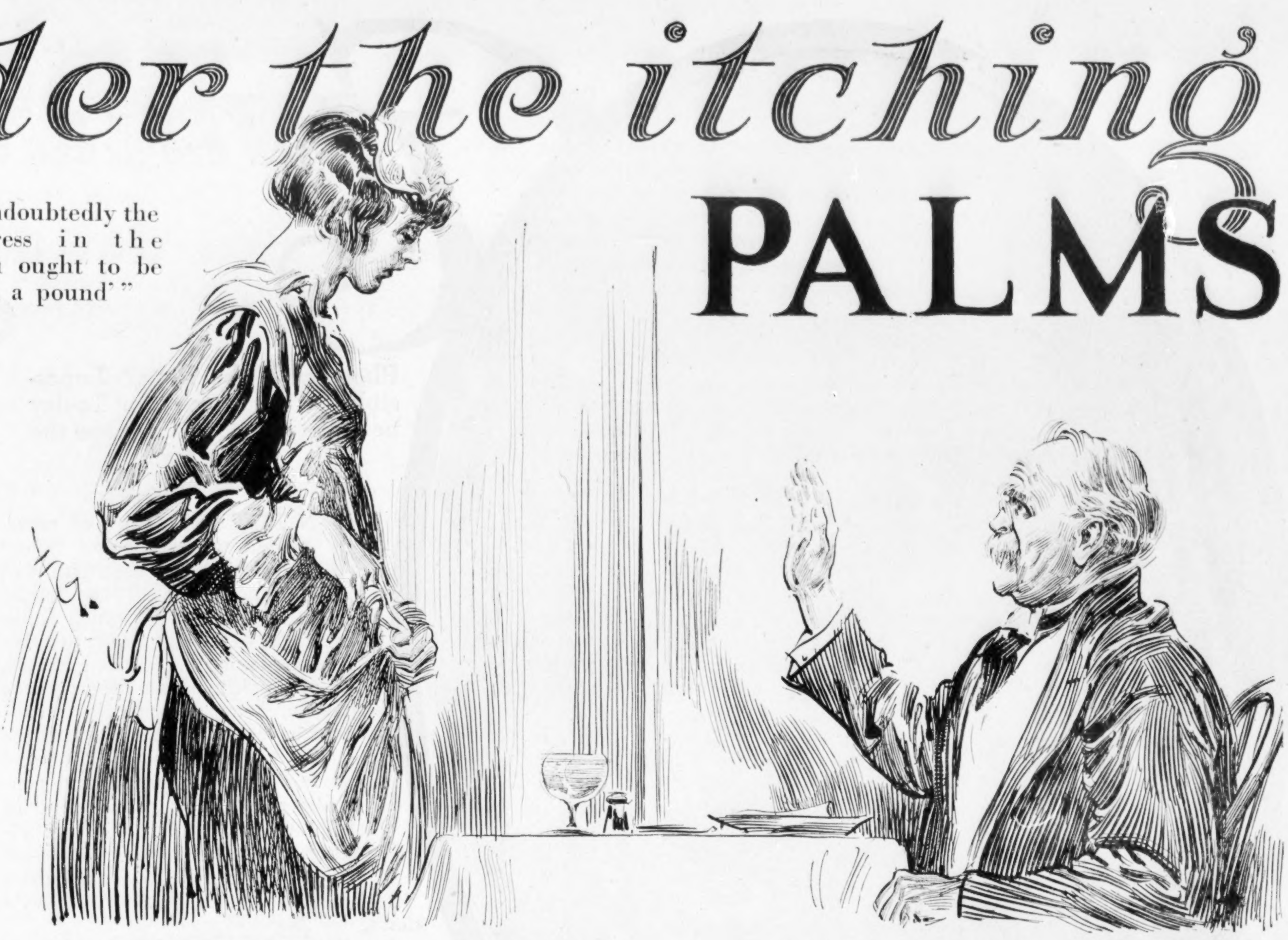
"Is he really

(*Continued on page 38*)



"You're going to love the Corrupt Press," Margie said, suddenly coming through the neck of the costume de théâtre and shaking it down over her slim figure

Under the itching PALMS



"'You are undoubtedly the worst waitress in the world. You ought to be workin' in a pound'"

Uncle Henry says we fear to be thought cheap. It's better to rob the baby's bank than have the waiter scorn us

"EVER do any big game shootin'?" asked Mr. Stubbs, looking up from the picture of a duchess with her foot on the head of a hippopotamus, an arrow indicating the duchess.

"No," confessed Uncle Henry shamefacedly. "I reckon I lack the courage for it. Once I killed a hotel bellboy for bringin' me the mornin' paper a page at a time; once I winged a Pullman porter, an' last year I almost bagged a taxi driver who demanded a tip after takin' me six blocks out of my way. But I always lose my nerve when it comes to drawin' a bead on a waiter. I guess I'm doomed to go to my grave without ever bein' photographed standin' over the limp, lifeless form of some Greek or Alsatian, measurin' him from tip to tip.

"It's a funny thing too. While I'm sittin' at the table, eatin' filet of sole à la Goodyear that he's brought me instead of ham an' eggs, an' searchin' vainly for salt an' pepper an' other local anæsthetics, an' tryin' to do without a knife or napkin, my whole bein' riots with the killin' fever. As the creature stands at the other end of the dinin'-room, lookin' out the window or inspectin' his nails, I pick out the spot where I mean to lodge the bullet.

"I hear the report, gloat over the fall an' even see myself on the front porch at home receivin' the congratulations of happy, excited thousands. But it's a dream that always ends in humiliation. When the waiter has finally sucked all the poison out of his reverie, an' saunters up with the bill, transfixin' me with a cold, fishy eye, somethin' inside jes' seems to give way, an' I find myself showerin' him with all my loose change, babblin' incoherent apologies for not handin' over my watch, cuff buttons an' removable bridgework.

"What is there about tippin' that saps the very heart of courage? In my time I have known a good many heroes—boys who went over the top in France, husbands who take friends home to dinner without telephonin'; but never yet have I seen an American brave enough to ignore the outstretched palms that meet us at every step in life's journey. They tell me that Pershing himself has been known to turn white as a sheet upon discoverin' he didn't have a dime to give the boy that checked his cap.

"Every day you read in the papers about men jumpin' from the top stories of hotels, an' while they try to gloss it over with specious references to melancholia an' domestic troubles the real reason is that the poor devils are tryin' to get out without tippin' the entire first-floor force. Hotel managers know. They see to it that fire escapes always stop at the second story, never runnin' on down to the ground.

"Why is it? The most careful scientific research fails to reveal that there's even the slightest connection between service an' tips. The boy that brushes you off never gets lower down than the face, waiters stand out in the snow to chill the toast an' soup, a porter never appears until you've carried your baggage all but the last ten feet, an' three taxicabs always go by while you're waitin' for the doorman to come back from around the corner.

"When it comes to tippin' barbers I don't feel any large amount of shame, for there's an excuse. After I've made it clear that I do not want a face massage, a singe, a shampoo or a scalp treatment, an' that I am without interest in any one of fifteen hair tonics I'm so worn out that I haven't the strength to resist him. An' when you think how a manicure girl has to sit listenin' all day to men tell how they aren't understood at home there can be no question that they earn their tips.

Wasted Practice

"BUT why should I tip a taxi driver any more than a street-car conductor? A bellboy an' not the postman? A waiter an' not the butcher an' grocer? A bootblack an' not the shoe clerk? A telephone girl an' not the telegraph operator? The headwaiter who gives me the table an' not the room clerk? The department store clerk, pullin' down box after box from the top shelf, renders more personal service in a minute than the average tiptaker does in a year, but you could drop her tips on a bass drum from the Woolworth tower without makin' a sound.

"All of us live under the fear of bein' thought *cheap*. Better to rob the baby's bank an' steal the wife's pin money than feel that waiters, manicurists, barbers an' bellboys are pointin' the finger of scorn. If you ask me, I'll say that the crime wave that's been sweepin' the country—all these bank robberies an' hold-ups—is the direct result of this tippin' madness. What man wouldn't risk jail rather than leave a barber shop without tossin' his purse into the air?

"Heaven knows I'm as bad as anybody. Many's the time I've registered solemn oaths that I'd give up the wretched habit, but not even weeks of practice do me any good. I've rehearsed with my grandson, havin' him stand out in the hall an' hand me five wrong hats one after the other, an' then walked off without givin' him a cent. I've had him come into my room twenty times a mornin', bringin' me my mail a letter at a time, an' merely thanked him.

"On days when the cook had nothin' else to do I've had her serve me with the scraps she was about to throw away, an' then bring in the grocery bills for the month, face down on a plate, after which I'd say, 'You are undoubtedly the worst waitress in the world. You ought to be workin' in a pound. Out of my sight before I make it a case of justifiable homicide.' On top of this, I've made my wife sit for hours, jabbin' me under the nails with knives, files an' corkscrews, an' practiced leavin' her without mention or even thought of a tip.

"All waste effort, 'Lonzo. I'm like one of those generals who never loses a battle as long as he stays in the War College where there's lots of maps an' plenty of colored pins. The minute I enter a Pullman car, a hotel lobby or a barber shop my pores fly open with a loud report, every bit of courage leaks out an' I even take off my clothes so that everybody can see that I'm not tryin' to conceal small change.

The Brave and Fair Sex

"I'VE given up the struggle. When we go to New York nowadays I take my ice water in a thermos bottle, hide in the bathroom when I hear a knock at the door an' keep changin' from one set of false whiskers to another. In restaurants I have myself paged for a telephone call the minute we're through, leavin' my wife to pay the bill. Women, 'Lonzo. *Women!* There's the one hope of the race.

"We may have it on the fair sex when it comes to the brutalities of courage—battles, brawls an' language—but when it gets down to the soul of bravery we're not worthy to carry their spears.

"With my own eyes I've seen my wife put down a five-cent tip an' stand there until the stricken waiter cleared his face of anguish an' actually achieved an expression of abject gratitude. In that dread day when the tiptakers throw off all pretense of legality an' besiege us in our homes it'll be the women who will save us if we are to be saved.

The Passion for Change

"HONEST, I don't know what's come over the country. Ten or fifteen years ago it would have been as much as your life was worth to offer a tip to any adult white, let alone a Nordic. Everybody was as good as anybody else, perhaps better if they happened to be Irish.

"Nowadays, however, it is as much as your life is worth not to tip. No matter who holds out a hand to me, I'm always in doubt as to whether I'm supposed to shake it or fill it. The prudent citizen keeps his hand on his pocketbook, an' gives the minute he sees the whites of their eyes.

"Don't talk to me about the High Cost of Livin'. It's the High Cost of Tippin' that's responsible for most of these anguished cries about inability to make both ends meet. Take the case of a hat, for instance. What's the initial cost compared to the upkeep? I only pay $8 for a headpiece, but it costs me $36 a year to have it checked. An overcoat, costin' $50, stands you well over $100 after it's been hit by several hundred whisk brooms, an' a $10 suitcase costs $75 before the redcaps get through with it."

"America is certainly goin' through a period of change," muttered Mr. Stubbs dolefully.

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "an' most of it is short change an' small change."

Gunning with

By
EDWARD N.
JACKSON

Photograph the Pope? Impossible—a few years ago. To-day not even Pius XI can escape the camera man

IN FIFTEEN years of newspaper work, I have "shot" the great, the beautiful and the notorious of the earth.

In my game bag, which takes the form of a scrapbook, are five Presidents of the United States, as many kings, one pope, three queens, four princes, ten thousand beautiful women, about three hundred murderers, most of the world's great diplomats and generals, pickpockets, gunmen, drug peddlers and their victims, society women, chorus girls—all those persons who have their "brief moment" in the swirl of the day's news.

In all that time I've killed only one thing. The victim was an aged canary which fell dead from its perch when I attempted to make a flashlight portrait.

When I was in Rome to "cover" the bestowal of the cardinals' red hats on Archbishop Hayes and Archbishop Mundelein, Pope Pius told me that the camera's field of activities makes up the Fifth Estate. And there is a lot in what he said. Fifteen years ago, when I first shouldered a news camera, I found myself and other camera men regarded by old General Public as social lepers the killing of whom should not be regarded as a crime.

To-day the camera is an important cog in the world's machinery. No career is complete without it. For what profits it if a man gain the whole world and has not his picture taken?

The next best thing to seeing a state affair, a calamity, a crime or its perpetrator is to see the pictures. People want to see pictures; and kings, presidents, inventors, beautiful women and criminals know that. So the camera is everywhere. When the giant Zeppelin swung down to Lakehurst after completing her trip from Germany there were one hundred and fifty "still" and moving-picture camera men waiting to greet her. Airplanes were standing by waiting to rush plates all over the world for publication. And I know that Francisco Villa, Mexico's arch bandit, sold the exclusive camera rights of his revolution against Huerta for $20,000.

A camera man may not only look at a king—there are times when he can order him around. The world's greatest figures are often the most obliging to photographers. In fact, the only notable I know of who posed for his picture and did not heed the advice of the camera man was Thomas A. Edison. For twelve years I have taken Mr. Edison's birthday picture. I have heard camera men tell him to go through some action. The inventor pays no heed. He is deaf. Over in a Paris flying field, back of the Allied battle lines one day, I asked Albert, good-natured King of the Belgians, to step away from his airplane and around back of a barn where the light was better. He smilingly granted my request.

But news pictures are not always so easy to get. Sometimes it takes all a camera man's courage and resourcefulness to get a picture. There are hundreds of circumstances under which people do not want their pictures taken; and a photographer cannot often go back to his office with an excuse in place of a picture. As one editor tersely put it, "We can't print a photographer's alibi. Get the picture!"

The most difficult assignment I ever had was the photographing of little John Jacob Astor, the son of Mrs. Madeleine Force Astor—now Mrs. Dick—and of John Jacob Astor, who went down with the Titanic.

The baby was born after his father's death and because of the tragic happenings preceding his birth there was unusual interest in his appearance.

Give Queen Elizabeth of Belgium something to "shoot" and she's happy. She is a photo fan

Camera-shy? Not King Albert! Long ago Queen Elizabeth coached him in the art of being shot gracefully

The clicking of the camera never worried Caruso. He was ready to stage a smile any old time. But one thing he insisted on: all the photographers must get an even chance to shoot him. Here he is shooting his shooters

a NEWS CAMERA

"Shooting" the lions that walk on two legs is often almost as thrilling as bagging those that walk on four

Every newspaper and news agency in New York assigned photographers to get his picture. I was one of them. One photographer, after weeks of effort, snapped the baby, but the little fellow had turned his head. The picture was no good. I stalked him for six weeks. One morning I saw his nurse wheel him out of the servants' entrance of his home on Fifth Avenue. I followed her. After a few blocks she glanced around. No one was in sight. She raised the carriage hood and lifted the child out. He ran along the sidewalk, dragging a little toy horse. I stepped past them and took my stand on a corner, my camera concealed beneath my coat.

As the baby came toward me, I got my camera ready and as he walked into focus, I called softly, "John! John!"

Instantly he turned toward me and I made the picture.

The nurse rushed to me at the click of the camera.

"How dare you!" she cried, and lifted him back to his carriage.

But while she was tucking him in, I walked up and got a beautiful picture of him. That was the first news photograph ever taken of the Astor baby. Within a week it appeared in nearly every prominent newspaper in the United States. He was a beautiful child.

Not long ago I was assigned to get a picture of a girl charged with shoplifting in the Tombs court in New York City. A young man appeared with her. He said he was her lawyer and told the magistrate that he had any amount of money up to $500 to bail her out.

I stood to one side making a picture and the girl's lawyer indignantly drew the court's attention to me. The magistrate ordered me from the courtroom.

The lawyer and two friends left the building before I did and waited outside to get my camera away from me. I called up the nearest police station and told the desk sergeant that a riot was taking place in front of the Tombs court. In two minutes, a motor-cycle policeman and two others rushed to the scene. While they were looking for the "riot" I stepped out of the building and into a taxicab.

Human beings react in ways as various as their individualities toward the camera and the camera man. As a rule, criminals and convicts detest having their pictures taken. The hardest places in which to make pictures are prisons.

When the Sing Sing officials transferred eighty-five of the "bad" convicts to another prison I was assigned to get the transfer. They marched in pairs, handcuffed. When they saw me and my camera their free hands got busy and I was deluged with a shower of stones.

Bogus counts, quack doctors, drug vendors and pickpockets naturally are camera-shy. And the newspapers go after all of them as a measure of public safety. When pictures of these gentry are published over the country it cramps their style.

Last year I was assigned to the Somerset Hotel on West 47th Street, New York. I was told to hire a room on the first floor front and to photograph men selling dope in front of the Longacre Hotel across the street.

For two weeks I spent every day in that room. I would stand back in the rear of the room with the shades low and the room darkened so that the peddlers could not see me. It took me two weeks to get the pictures of all the gang and their leader.

My reward came when federal agents arrested the entire gang and my paper printed the picture of every one of them with the story of the raid. The next morning, when they were arraigned in the federal court, every one of them gave a wrong name. But when the pictures showing them handling the drugs confronted them they broke down and told the truth. The leaders drew an eighteen months' sentence in Atlanta.

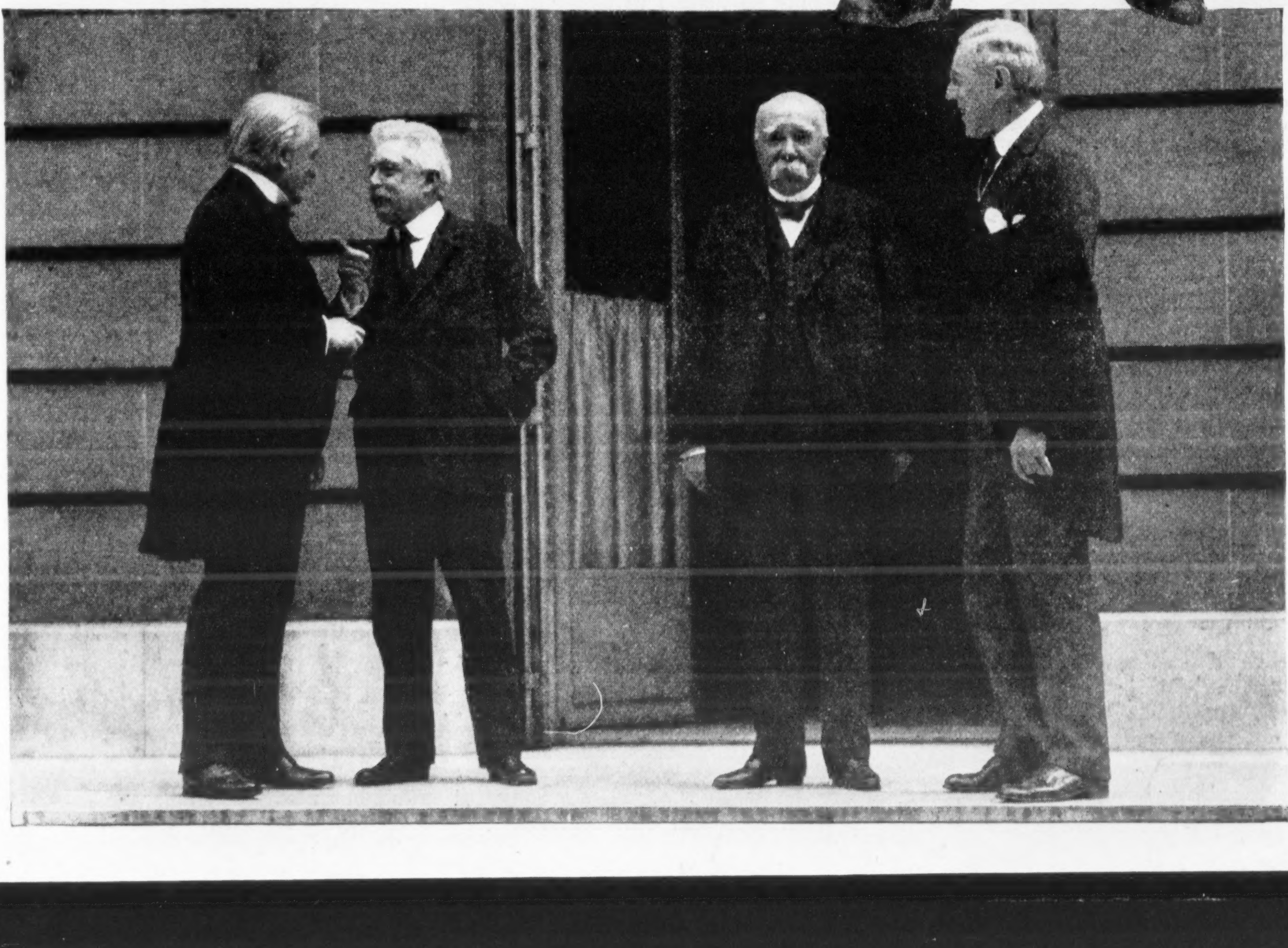
When "Prince Louis de Bourbon" flashed across New York's social firmament and was arrested in a raid on his apartment in West 96th Street he was wearing the uniform of a major general in the Russian Czarist army, sword and all. I was assigned to "can" him for future reference.

Several days after he was discharged, I called at his home and told him I wanted to get some pictures of him in his uniform to sell to the newspapers all over the country. I told him he would get no money out of the deal but he would get such universal publicity that the moving pictures would be fighting to land him as a star.

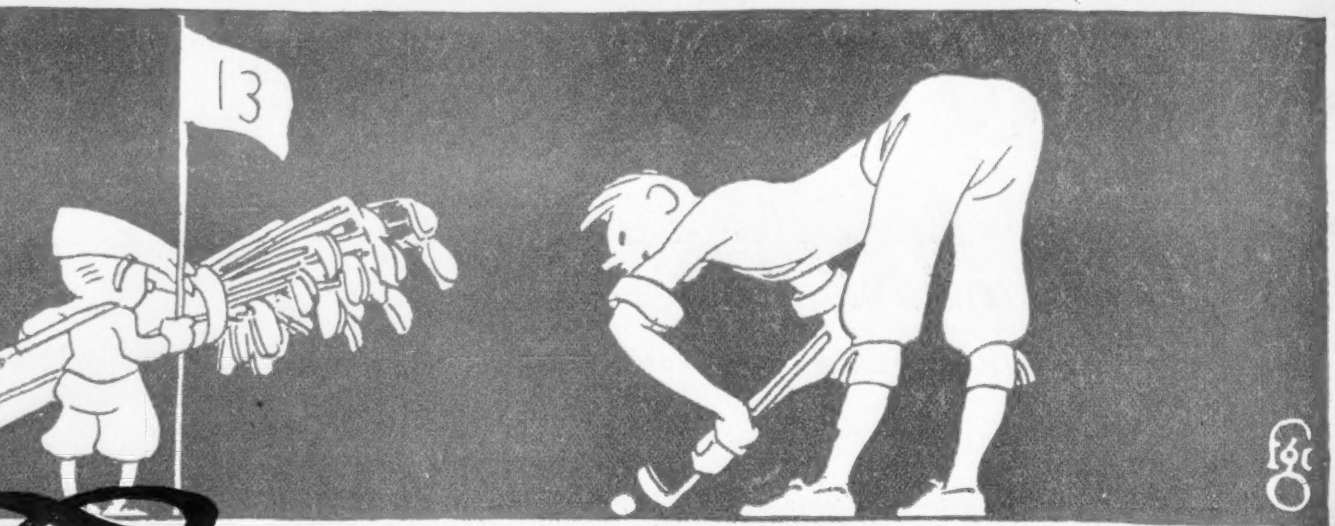
That sounded (*Continued on page 36*)

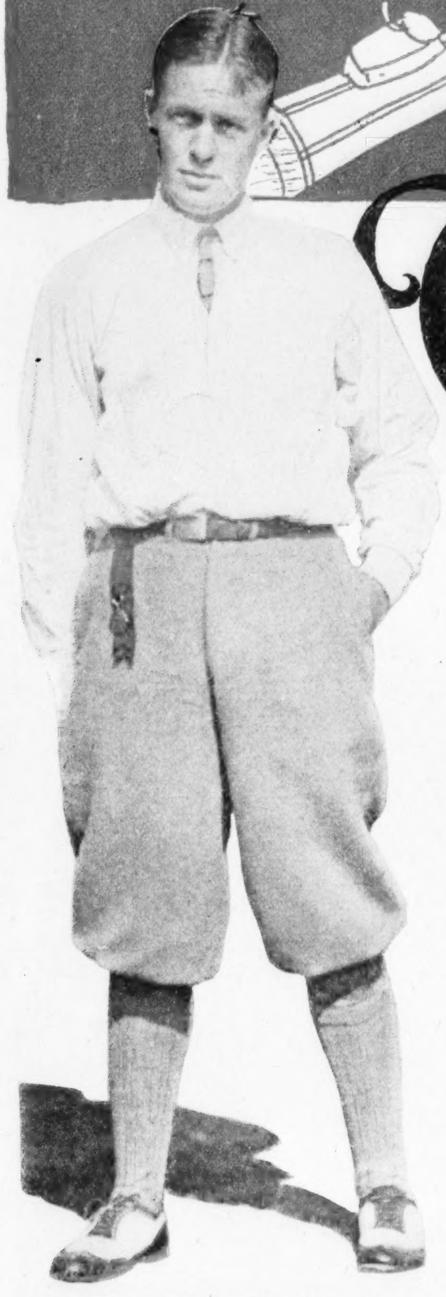
Behold the world's greatest camera dodger: the late J. P. Morgan. If he had known this was being taken, he would have raised Cain

The most photographed young man in the world—that's "Wales"



The Big Four—Lloyd George, Orlando, Clemenceau and Wilson—give the camera man a chance during the Peace Conference. This is regarded by the experts as a news picture masterpiece




He's a short-haired artist

There's only one BOBBY JONES

By GRANTLAND RICE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. G. COOPER

"IT'S all very well," remarked one of the soothsayers, "for Bobby Jones to play winning golf *now,* but wait until he finishes college and goes into business. Wait until he has to make his own living. Then you'll hear another story."

The fact is that Bobby Jones at the age of twenty-three provides one of the most interesting studies in both business and sport. From his career we shall be able to gather a number of statistics showing, in a fashion, just how much business interferes with sport and just how deeply sport cuts into business.

Or possibly the results will prove that business and sport can go together quite nicely without a crash. If there is anyone who can present this side of the argument, it will be Bobby Jones. For Jones happens to be an earnest and determined young man who has the habit of giving 100 per cent of what he has to anything he tackles, whether it be sport, business, or scholarship.

Bobby Jones is one of the most interesting figures in the entire field of American sport. At the age of fourteen, a pink-cheeked, round-faced, blue-eyed boy, he not only qualified in his first national amateur golf championship but, in addition, won his first two matches from two skillful veterans. At the age of twenty-three he is a golf veteran with a nine-year career during which he has won both open and amateur titles from the greatest golfers in the world. For five consecutive years in open championship he has turned in the finest record in the field with the finest average; and he has outpaced such opponents as Walter Hagen, Jim Barnes, George Duncan, Abe Mitchell, Gene Sarazen, and other professionals of international fame.

Most of this remarkable record was made while he was at school and at college, the summers affording him all the play he needed to keep on top of a brilliant game.

But those days were more than a year ago, after he had been graduated from Harvard and had gone into business. For when young Jones went into business—the realty business in Atlanta—he went in with just as much earnestness as he ever showed in national championship.

Just how much will he be able to figure in national championships from now on? Already we know a part of the answer. He went into business a year ago last February, and yet, with little practice, finished second in the National Open at Detroit. He played no great amount of golf through the summer and came north in September well below his old form. Yet in two weeks he had whipped himself into shape that carried him through the amateur championship at Merion without a class match. He literally tore the field wide open. And this was in the middle of his first money-earning year, during which he had been hard at it most of the time and playing less golf than he had ever played before.

Before one can figure on Bobby Jones' future one must first have a better understanding of his past. What are the main details that have made him famous in golf? First, almost flawless form. Next, almost unlimited determination and concentration.

When Jones was thirteen years old his form was almost as flawless as it is to-day. Under the careful guidance of Stewart Maiden he had learned how to swing each club correctly and had even then acquired a definite rhythm which stamped him as a coming star. At the age of thirteen he had played his home course, East Lake, a 6,500-yard march, in 68 strokes.

Jones had a great foundation to build on, form and style; and he has always had a passion for improvement. He was lucky enough never to be satisfied with a good shot or a good round. If his mashie shot from 140 yards dropped twelve feet from the cup, he felt no thrill. It should have been much closer. Shots that would have satisfied most champions failed to satisfy Jones. He was never willing to stand pat on what he had with the feeling that he had done well enough. There was no "well enough" for the young Atlanta golfer. When he found that his putting was costing him many strokes he began to work upon this feature of his game with determined persistency and much intelligent study until he had become one of the best putters in the world.

The one fault that he had to conquer was the overeagerness and the fiery impatience of youth. Golf calls for restraint of emotions, not the extra effort which belongs to football and tennis.

He Doesn't Know the Word Alibi

JONES was merciless in criticism of himself. He made no attempt to blur or cover up any fault. No one ever heard him offer an alibi or an excuse. He played in one championship when both hands were so raw from using taped grips that he could hardly hold a club, when every stroke was agony, yet he never mentioned the fact.

In his philosophy a pretty good shot was just as poor as a completely bad one. He had no use whatever for near success.

"Bobby Jones," remarked George Duncan once, "is an artist. An artist is one who is never satisfied with anything but perfection, and therefore is never satisfied. The real artist strikes for perfection or destruction. There is no compromise."

When Jones came to his second shot at Inwood in the play-off round for the National Open with Bobby Cruickshank, he found the ball resting in loose sand 180 yards from the green, guarded by a pond. Jones might have elected to play safe, as Cruickshank had missed his drive and was short of the pond on his second with an apparently easy 5 in sight. They were tied at this point, but in place of playing for safety the Georgia youth struck boldly for the pin, for a winning 4 or a losing 6, for "perfection or destruction." He had never learned the art of compromise.

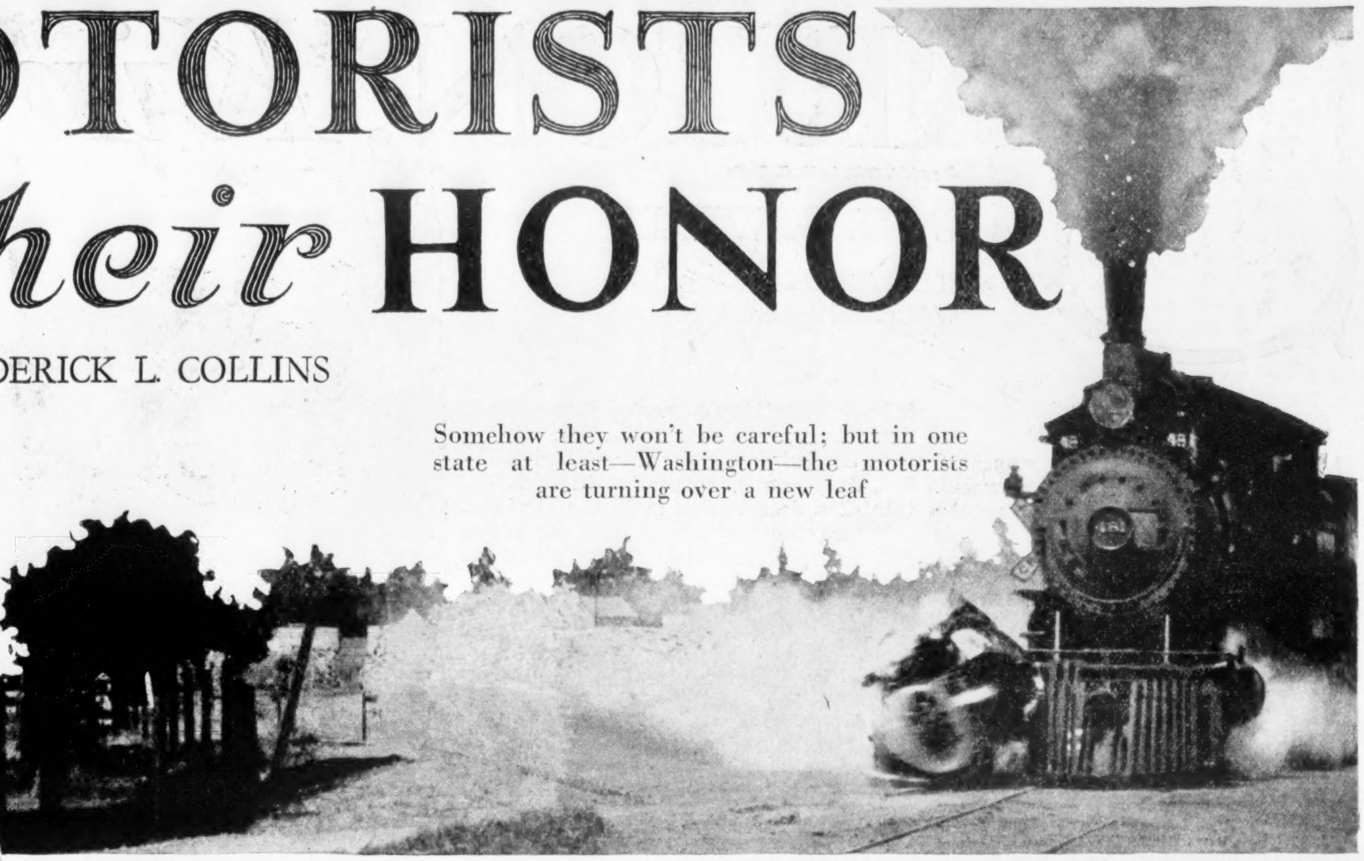
All this while Jones was standing well to the front in his class work at Georgia Tech and later at Harvard. He never let golf interfere with his college work, and he was graduated from Tech and Harvard before he was twenty-two. In starting for a championship he might be found with a Latin book or a calculus treatise, completely engrossed, with all thought of golf eliminated until he reached the scene of battle. It was this ability to direct his concentration on the work at hand or the play at hand that took him to the front. His time and his mind were organized without any waste. The same has always been true of his golf swing. It has no waste motion, and lack of waste motion is the true foundation of form.

Every detail of his swing is in place. There is a minimum amount of foot action, for example, yet there is just the amount needed for proper pivoting. The turn of his body from the left side, left knee and left shoulder is never overdone nor underdone. There is always a maximum amount of smoothness. In six successive amateur championships he was beaten by uncannily brilliant assaults delivered by Bob Gardner, Dave Herron, Francis Ouimet, Willie Hunter, Jess Sweetser and Max Marston; yet in each defeat his rounds averaged between 73 and 74, ordinarily a championship clip. The pace of his opponent for the day might outspeed him, but it never broke him down. He continued to play his game until the time (*Continued on page 36*)

MOTORISTS *on their* HONOR

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Somehow they won't be careful: but in one state at least—Washington—the motorists are turning over a new leaf



"Mac"—L. D. McArdle—who makes Washingtonians watch their skids

"Educate—don't arrest!" said McArdle when they told him to make life on the roads safer—and the idea worked

"I'M NOT a cop," protested McArdle, sticking out his chin, "I'm an efficiency man."

"You *are* a cop! I'm making you one," replied Governor Louis F. Hart of Washington, also sticking out his chin, "and it won't do any harm if you're an efficient one."

That's the way L. D. McArdle became head of the Highway Patrol of the State of Washington. And that's why, in the past three years, automobile accidents have decreased more rapidly in that far western commonwealth than anywhere else in the United States.

Louis Hart, who made a good governor for the state, is a good booster for the motor industry. He's a bug on motoring. Any place he can stow his chassis is home, sweet home, to him. But he rather likes a quiet home. He objects to wild jitneys climbing up his front steps or ten-ton trucks plowing in his back yard. When he starts for any place he likes to arrive there—substantially intact. And until he drafted McArdle for the traffic cop job he found life on the state of Washington highways very much of a fifty-fifty affair. Fifty survived. And fifty didn't! But now, thanks to "Mac" and his efficiency ideas, Louis Hart rides in peace. So does his successor.

It was a good thing that McArdle was an efficiency man. He had to be. For the legislature of the state of Washington handed "Mac" an appropriation just about big enough to pay the salaries of two New York City police inspectors, and told him to go to it. "Mac" didn't have to use a mechanical calculator to see that he had a swell chance of patrolling the highways of the state of Washington with one patrolman every five thousand miles and nothing but rainwater in his gasoline tanks. And as for reducing the number of accidents—"Mac" knew he'd hardly have time to read the obituary columns!

So he went out after the only thing that didn't cost money: public opinion. He went to the newspaper men, and persuaded them to take the news about automobile accidents out of the "Lost and Found" columns, and stick it up front with the slush fund stories and the movie murders. Collisions became news. Colliders became as popular as burglars. Automobile killings drew big headlines. And killers drew long sentences. "Mac" pepped up the judges just as he had the newspapers. Then he turned his attention to Mr. Average Citizen.

"It has always been my contention," said McArdle, "that an average man or woman cannot be made a law-abiding citizen by compulsion; that our laws are not made for the purpose of regulating the living methods of the right-minded citizens but that they are enacted to prohibit willful persons from running wild and following the dictates of their impulsive and thoughtless natures."

Planting the Seed of Safety

ON THIS theory McArdle spent his small appropriation on a few high-class men whose first business was educating motorists instead of arresting them. Of course, they had the power to arrest; and in cases where their advice was disregarded they used that power. But their usual method was to run up alongside a speeding motorist with a cheery "Hello, are you in a hurry?" and a follow-up talk about the difficulty in keeping the roads safe if the citizens themselves didn't coöperate. This sort of thing made a lot of impression on the few people the patrol could reach. And from the small group of citizens who became interested in the work, Director McArdle appointed volunteer patrolmen with the same instructions as the paid ones and the same powers to admonish and arrest. It was a great scheme—greater than anybody knew—for out of it grew the big idea: *putting motorists on their honor.*

It was clear right away that the volunteer cops had a lot more influence than the paid ones. It was the old story of children taking straight talk from each other that they wouldn't listen to from parents or teachers. The very fact that an ordinary citizen like himself cared enough about protecting the highways to assume a patrolman's responsibility made a fellow very thoughtful. And a little ashamed. The volunteer didn't have to say anything. All he had to do was to put his neighbors on their honor.

The idea was not lost on "Mac." "If I can do this with a hundred car owners," he thought, "why can't I do it with a thousand?" So he formed the Highway Safety Club.

A year ago this club had one hundred members. To-day it has over 8,000!

In the membership list will be found citizens from every walk of life. One of the largest corporations in the state has registered its seventy truck drivers. Letters on file in the office of Director McArdle from this firm testify that since they have insisted upon their drivers living up to the law the expense of repairs has greatly decreased and no serious and expensive accidents have occurred.

Anyone who is willing to assume the obligation to observe the traffic laws and who has a driver's license can become a member of the Highway Safety Club. When an application has been accepted the director mails to the applicant one of the club emblems, to be placed upon the car in a conspicuous place.

That emblem signifies nothing except that the owner of the car carrying it believes that the traffic laws should be upheld, is upholding them himself and will assist the state in seeing that they are upheld by others. It has greater significance, however, than that to the insurance companies. One of them notified Director McArdle that members of the Highway Safety Club would be made preferred risks in the company, and that upon receipt of notification that membership in the Safety Club had been voided the company would cancel the policy. This is a dollars-and-cents admission that the Safety Club is accomplishing the purpose for which it was organized.

Members of the Highway Safety Club are not vested with police powers as are the special patrol officers, but the emblem on the car has a deterrent effect upon the speedster and the reckless driver.

When Drivin' Fools Slow Down

LAST summer a crowd of us were coming home from a fishing trip in the car of a friend very much in a hurry. The road was unpaved and had many abrupt turns. The driver was passing cars in a manner to make a stout heart quake. Suddenly he adopted the legal rate of speed and after he had kept it for some distance someone inquired if the gas had run out.

"No," he replied, "but there is one of those Highway Safety Club guys just ahead of us."

That's the way it works. And it works so well that whenever you see a long string of cars rolling along at a respectful distance from each other and at the exact limit of the speed law, you find a car in the lead with one of the Safety Club emblems on the windshield.

In 1924 "Mac" had already reduced the number of accidents by nearly forty per cent—and that in the face of a twenty-five per cent increase in number of cars.

In the campaign of publicity, speeches have been made by club members in the lodge rooms of the different fraternal orders; bulletins have been sent broadcast; copies of the motor vehicle laws have been distributed by the thousands; and slides used in nearly every movie house in the state.

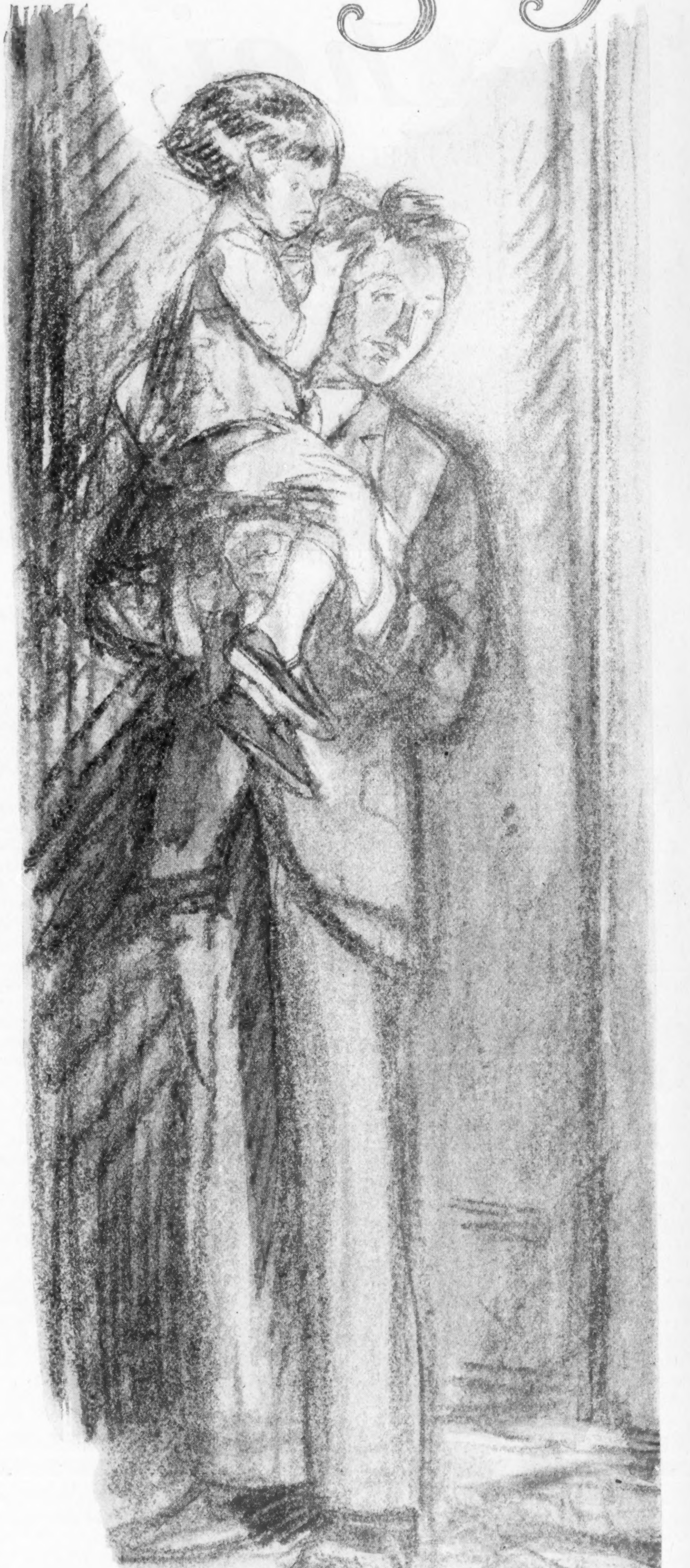
"We are not dreamers," said McArdle, speaking of the Highway Safety Club: "We do (*Continued on page 36*)

SARGON, *King of*

Copyright, 1925, by H. G. Wells

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALLACE MORGAN



Chapter VII

MR. PREEMBY had disappeared from Christina Alberta's world. For a time he must disappear almost as completely from this story. Taking over his outward likeness, we have now to tell of another and greater Person, Sargon the First, the Magnificent One, King of All Kings, the Inheritor of the Earth.

It is no doubt a very wonderful and glorious thing to discover that instead of being the rather obscure widower of a laundry proprietor with no particular purpose in the world, one is Lord of the Whole World, but it is also, to a conscientious man anxious to do right, an extremely disturbing and oppressive discovery. For purposes as yet obscure he had been caught like a caged creature in that limited and uninteresting Preemby life. His imagination had rebelled against its finality; in moments of reverie and sometimes between sleeping and waking there had been intimations of a light and purpose beyond the apparent reality. Now abruptly, as though a portal swung open, as though a curtain was drawn, that light poured upon him dazzlingly. His was no single life that begins and ends and is done with like an empty song. In the past he had been Porg in the city of Kleb and he had been Sargon and Belshazzar. Many others had he been, but those memories still slumbered under the dark waters of forgetfulness. For some reason that was still obscure the Power that ruled his life needed him to be Sargon once again, in this great distressful world of to-day. Sargon had begun life humbly as an outcast babe and had risen to restore and rule and extend a mightier empire than the old world had ever seen before. Certain qualities (H'rrmp) had been displayed by Sargon, and because of these qualities the Power had called upon him again.

A whole series of memories was unfolding in his mind. With extraordinary convincingness he recalled his youth, memories of those distant days in Sumeria where the Power had set him on high. He was a foundling, a mysterious foundling at the court of his predecessor. (That predecessor's name still escaped him.) Young Sargon was a fair and blue-eyed youth, a thing rare in brown Sumeria, and he had been found floating down the great river in a little cradle boat of rushes and bitumen, and he had been taken and adopted by the ruler of the land. Many of those about him excelled him in skill and strength—in cleverness and memory work in particular Prewm, the son of the Grand Vizier, excelled him—but he had the true, the kingly wisdom beyond them all.

"The true, the kingly wisdom," said Mr. Preemby-Sargon aloud and came into sharp collision with a tall, dark gentleman hurrying from St. James's Park toward St. James's Palace. "Sorry!" cried Mr. Preemby-Sargon.

"My fault," said the tall, dark gentleman. "Late for an appointment." And swept on.

Odd! Where had Mr. Preemby—or Sargon—seen that face before? Could it be— Something connected it vaguely with Sheringham and sunlit sand. And then Sumeria came uppermost and the tall, dark gentleman became the chieftain of a desert tribe amid the sands.

Before Sargon was fifteen the old childless ruler, beset by enemies, threatened with plots, had marked him: "This boy might save the state." Then, while yet only a few days over eighteen, he was given charge of an expedition to pacify the mountain folk of the north and persuade them not to ally themselves with the Enemy of the North. He did more. He gave battle to the enemy and defeated him.

After that all men perceived that he must be the new Lord and Master of Sumeria, the successor of his aged Patron. All applauded with sincerity except Prewm the Clever (already adorned with precocious sprouting whiskers), and he applauded with envy in his eyes. And then came the days of the Succession and the Inauguration of the Harem, beautiful days. And after that the birth of the Princess Royal, his only child, and that great expedition into the deserts of the south. Life became happy universally. Prewm plotted and rebelled and was dealt with after the simple custom of the time. The frontiers spread and the great peace spread; Russia, Turkey in Europe, Persia, India, Ancient Egypt, Somaliland and so on and so forth were conquered and made happy. America and Australia and the remains of Atlantis, still not completely submerged, were discovered. They were forgotten again afterwards, but they were really discovered then—and paid tribute. A League of Nations was established.

All the world told of the goodness of Sargon and lived golden days. For Sargon ruled by the light of justice in his heart. It was wonderful. He could remember his people mourning after he was dead.

THE white glove of a policeman against Mr. Preemby-Sargon's chest just saved him from stepping in front of a motor bus. He recoiled dexterously. He was in Trafalgar Square.

It was Sargon that walked under the noses of Nelson's lions and made his way past the statue of George the Fourth to the balustrading that commands the square. He took up his position there for a long survey. He looked down Whitehall to the great tower of the Houses of Parliament, and Whitehall was full of a golden haze set with a glitter of traffic. No street lamps were lit as yet, but in the rounded bluffs of building to the left a few windows were warm with lights. Below across the square thin streams of pedestrians flowed. Some sort of meeting was going on at the foot of the Nelson Column, a mere knot of people without evident enthusiasm. Men with white and red placards about Unemployment were distributing white handbills and shaking collecting boxes.

Just a little patch this was in one of his cities. For, you see, he was the rightful owner and ruler of this city and of every other city in the world.

And he had come back to heal the swarming world's disorders and reinstate the deep peace of old Sumeria once again.

But how to set about this task? That was the difficulty. There must be no Half Advent. He must take hold swiftly and decisively, he realized, and from the balustrading in front of the National Gallery it looked a large, loose, scattering sort of world to take hold of.

KINGS

It might refuse to be taken hold of. If he began now, if he began to shout from this place, it was more than likely that no one would heed him. He must *make no mistakes*. For example, that had nearly been a mistake at Buckingham Palace.

He must see what he could, determine the mood of the people and learn their particular needs and distresses. He could go among his people unsuspected—like Harun-al-Rashid, but for a wiser purpose. . . .

"Harun-al-Rashid," whispered Sargon and looked up to Lord Nelson and nodded to him in a friendly way. "Harun-al-Rashid. Would that my pocket was full of pieces of gold! But of that to-morrow. That man—what was his name? — Preemby had a bank somewhere."

He felt for his breast pocket. The check book was still there. One signed the checks "*A. E. Preemby*"—queer, but one did. This A. E. Preemby had played the part of a chrysalis. His hoard remained.

In the Strand His Majesty caught a glimpse of his reflection in a shop window. His hair was a little disordered, and he disliked to have his hair disordered. He went into a hat shop that presented itself conveniently, and bought himself a hat.

It was not another gray felt hat with a black ribbon he bought; it was an exceptional felt hat with a large brim such as an artist or a literary personage might have chosen. It was not the hat that Albert Edward Preemby, the restrained, the hesitating, would have bought; it was much more Sargon's sort of hat.

HE MADE his way eastward toward Aldwych and so into Kingsway, looking now at the shops, now scanning the faces of the people.

To-day he was The Unknown. Scarce a soul that gave him a second glance. But soon would come discovery and then all this careless jostling crowd would be magnetized as he passed, would turn with one accord to him. They would salute and whisper and wonder. And he must be ready for them, ready to guide their destinies forthwith. It would not do to stand at a loss and say "Er," to stand collecting his thoughts and clear his throat, "H'rrmp."

A shop window drew him. It was a map shop, and prominently displayed in the window was a map of *Europe after the Treaty of Versailles: Two and Sixpence.* He stood looking at that. It would all have to be altered again. That was just part of his task. Then he surveyed the rest of the window. Behind the map of Europe there hung a wall map of the world. He would need such a map of the world; you cannot rule the world without a map of it. He went in and bought the world map and emerged again on Kingsway after an interval, with a roll, four feet long, under his arm.

He was also carrying an ingenious flat-paper planisphere which had caught his fancy as he stood at the counter. It might be useful, he felt, for astrological purposes.

He began to think vaguely of his possible destination. Whither was he going?

He was seeking quarters, he was seeking indeed some lonely hermitage. He had slipped away from the Princess Royal, who also had come back—rather needlessly, he thought—into this modern world, because it was necessary for him to be absolutely alone for a time. He had to spend some days or weeks in spiritual struggle and meditation and mental purification before his revelation came. Even she might not minister to him during that period. She was devoted, but she hampered him. Indeed, she hampered him greatly. She did not fully understand. Her remarks and questions were generally disconcerting and sometimes downright annoying. It was quite probable that the metamorphosis might never occur with her about. And besides, always in the history of great visitants and marvelous returns there had been this opening phase of withdrawal and self-communion. Buddha, Mohammed; they had all done it. Perhaps he would fast. Perhaps fasting would be necessary. Perhaps there would be celestial visitants.

He wished he knew more of the technique of fasting. Did one just stop having meals or were there ceremonies and precautions? But of that later. First he had to find that quiet room, his secret place of preparation.

Presently he found himself in the gray squares of Bloomsbury, and every house he passed displayed in its window a genteel card offering "Apartments" or "Bed and Breakfast." Here also were "Private Hotels" and even a plain "Boarding House." Well, here no doubt it had to be.

But though all Bloomsbury, to judge by the dark green and silver cards in its ground-floor windows, was offering shelter and sustenance to the homeless and the stranger, the new Lord of the World found it no easy matter to secure that simple room he needed for his own use. For more than an hour he was visiting one gray house after another. He had not expected such blunt demands for information; his vague mysteriousness was swept aside, he found himself difficult to explain. They wanted to know how he was occupied and when he would like to move in. None of them seemed prepared for him just to sit down in his room there and then. They expected him to go out and fetch his luggage. A mere readiness to pay in advance, he gathered, was not enough for them.

He had counted upon finding kind and simple people behind these lodging-house doors, people who would accept him and look up to him from the first and wonder about him and his planisphere, speculate about its significance and gradually realize the marvelous visitant that had come to them. But the people he saw were not simple people. Mostly they were dingy, sophisticated people. And always there was something defensive in their manner.

And the rooms he saw were even less simple than the people. They had windows to let in the light and dark curtains to keep it out. Mostly they were lit from gas brackets that descended from the center of the ceiling and carried globes of frosted and cut glass. Always there was a considerable table in the center and two uneasy armchairs. And there were lumpish sideboards of shiny liver-colored wood and comfortless sofas and incredible ornaments.

A CONSIDERABLE number of these homes for hire were as shabby as roadside tramps. One stood out in his memory as faded and dusty and gray beyond the possibility of reality. His self-absorption was penetrated by the wonder of who could live and who could have lived in such quarters. All his life had been among clean and bright surroundings; it was rare that he had any glimpses of that worn and weary stratum of English town life in which things are patched indeed, but in which it is rare for anything to be mended or cleaned and incredible that anything should be replaced. Even the air in these rooms seemed long out of date, and the glass over the rusty engravings of the Monarch of the Glen and the Stag at Bay spotted by remote ancestral flies.

"Does anyone ever stay here?" asked Sargon of the shattered-looking lady in charge.

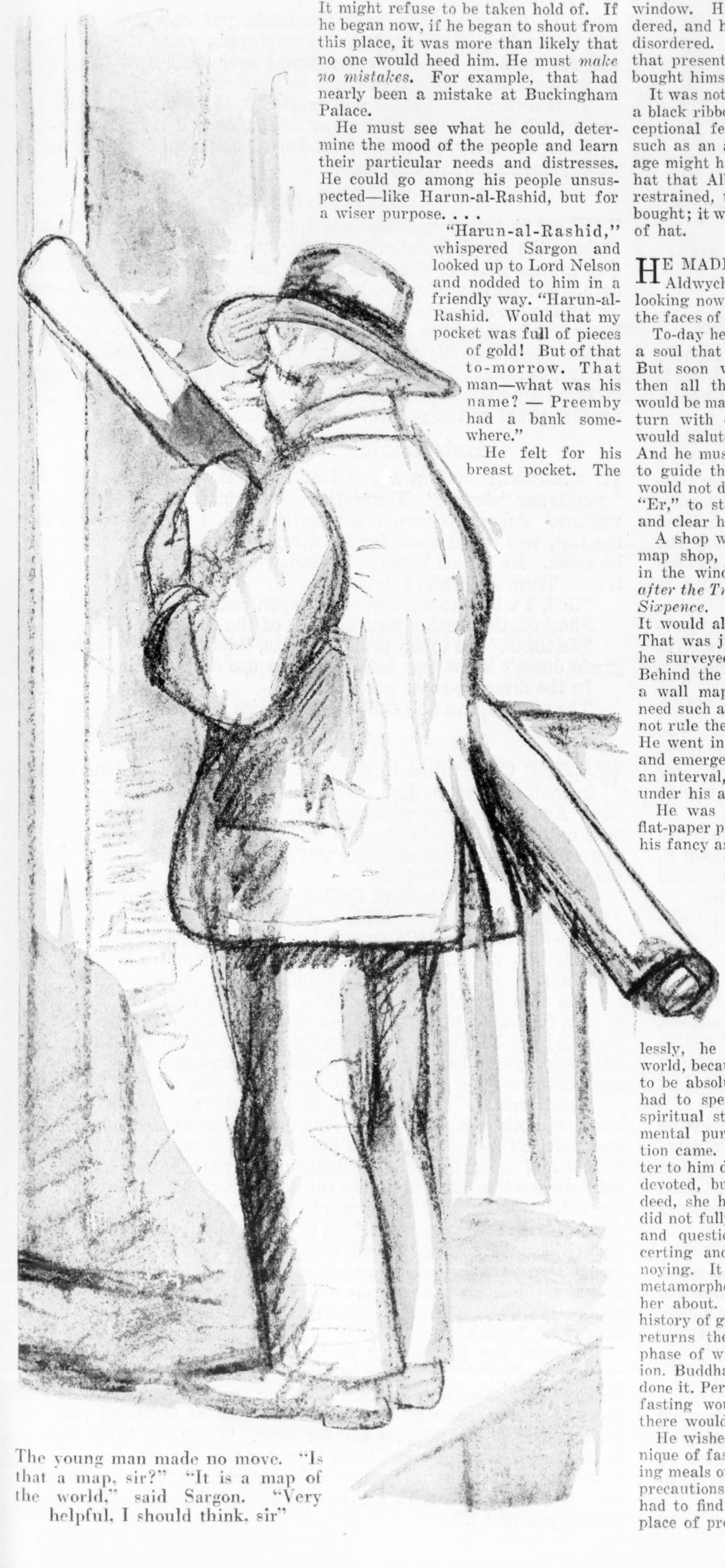
He did not realize the cruelty of his question until he had asked it.

"My last gentleman stayed here fifteen years," said the shattered lady. "He was a copying clerk. He died in hospital this June. Dropsy. He always found this very satisfactory—*very* satisfactory. I never knew him complain. He was a very good friend to me."

A great desire for fresh air came upon Sargon. "How much are these rooms?" he asked. "I must think it over. Think it over and let you know."

She asked her price, the usual price in that street, but as she led the way down to the door she said: "If it's too much— If you made an offer, sir—"

Despair (*Continued on page 26*)



The young man made no move. "Is that a map, sir?" "It is a map of the world," said Sargon. "Very helpful, I should think, sir"

Collier's

PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2

THOMAS H. BECK, *President*
GEORGE J. KENNEDY, *Vice President*
WILLIAM P. LARKIN, *Vice President*
ALBERT E. WINGER, *Treasurer*
ADDINGTON N. OLDING, *Secretary*

APRIL 4, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

HONEYMOON OF THE ADMINISTRATION

CALVIN COOLIDGE is now enjoying the honeymoon months of his own administration. President in his own right, he is able to look ahead, in the quiet of a Congressless Washington, and plan his contribution to the nation's development.

At home lowered taxes are heralded by the thrifty New Englander who sits in the White House. Most of the millions who a month ago toiled through the puzzling paragraphs of the income-tax returns were relieved to discover how much the last Congress had reduced their burdens. In the midst of the war Senator Reed Smoot remarked that during the ensuing quarter of a century the American people would be paying back the billions raised to conquer the Kaiser. The forecast was true, but the financial load is becoming lighter year by year.

Reduced taxes and no startling experiments in the field of government compose the domestic program of the President. Calvin Coolidge is a conservative skipper of the ship of state. He does not desire adventure in uncharted waters.

There may be some differences of opinion between the White House and Capitol Hill when the next revenue bill is drafted. Who is to get the advantage of the lowered tax rates: the men of large income or the more numerous persons who have to count their dollars? Secretary Mellon and the President have one answer to this issue and Congress may have another.

More difficult still is the President's World Court program. He is unequivocally in favor of joining the court. Senator William E. Borah, a personal friend of Calvin Coolidge, is not less opposed to American adherence to this agency of international justice.

Borah is chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and the Senate is still touchy on the subject of its right to determine the international relationships of the country. Many of the bitter-enders, however, have passed out of the Senate. Brandegee and McCormick are dead, while the new Secretary of State is reputed to favor our close participation in world affairs.

The President has taken the position that the United States cannot expect to drift into an assured peace. The few remaining irreconcilables in the Senate are still determined to defeat Mr. Coolidge's World Court proposal.

The outcome of this lowering controversy means much to the American people as well as to Calvin Coolidge. If the Senate rejects his recommendation, a blow will have been struck at the principal foreign policy of his administration. His prestige would be hurt by such a defeat. More than that, the future safety and peace of the United States would be jeopardized.

So Calvin Coolidge looks out of the White House windows during these bright days of early spring appreciative of the quiet beauty around him. These are the honeymoon days. Ahead are problems and responsibilities and conflict. On his essential policies, economy and stability at home, peace and justice abroad, the President is the undisputed leader of the American people.

A Monument of Babies

UNDER an arrangement which became effective this year the Bank of Italy, a California corporation with eighty-seven branches, 14,000 stockholders, 600,000 depositors, and a prospective aggregate capital of $50,000,000, is being turned over to the management of its 2,200 employees.

All officers must come up from the ranks. Employees may invest from 3 to 10 per cent of their wages plus 1 per cent additional for each year of service up to 20 years; the bank sets aside 40 per cent of its net earnings for an employees' bonus, to help them buy its own capital stock. An official shake-up every five years or oftener gives every man a fair chance at every better job in the corporation.

A. P. Giannini, who built the bank, put one strange clause into its working charter: Married employees, up to $2,400 a year, will receive a 15 per cent extra bonus over their own stock payments for every child up to three in number.

Thus a three-child clerk will receive $145 or more in stock for every $100 that he invests, besides dividends and regular bonus.

Such an army of 15-per-cent-bonus children ought to be a worthy monument to any man.

The Modern Cat

THE cat in the second-floor apartment across the street does not share the family's enthusiasm over her four brand-new kittens. You can see that her thoughts are on the gay life of her débutante days. Her training for motherhood seems to have been neglected.

Unlike the domestic cat of the Victorian period, she doesn't even know how to carry her kittens around by the scruff of the neck, but pushes them clumsily with her paw. Maybe the artificial life of a city apartment is responsible. Maybe she's been seeing some of those up-to-date Broadway dramas. And maybe she is just another proof of the general moral decline of the age.

Entertaining Angels Unaware

IN a Boston suburb a school teacher of six-year-olds asked her pupils for "stories." Youngsters recited brief tales of recent adventure. Among others, one gangling boy, shy, unprepared for the test, was called upon for his story. Awkwardly, hesitatingly, he arose. He stared through a window at snow-crusted roofs and trees. Then, suddenly, fervently:

"God, I wish the windows were open and it was spring!"

Shocked, the teacher sent him out of the classroom.

"To think," she told a cowering class, " that a boy in the second grade doesn't know any better than to use such words!"

In the dressing-room a boy sobbed.

The schoolmarm had failed to recognize a poet.

Well Played

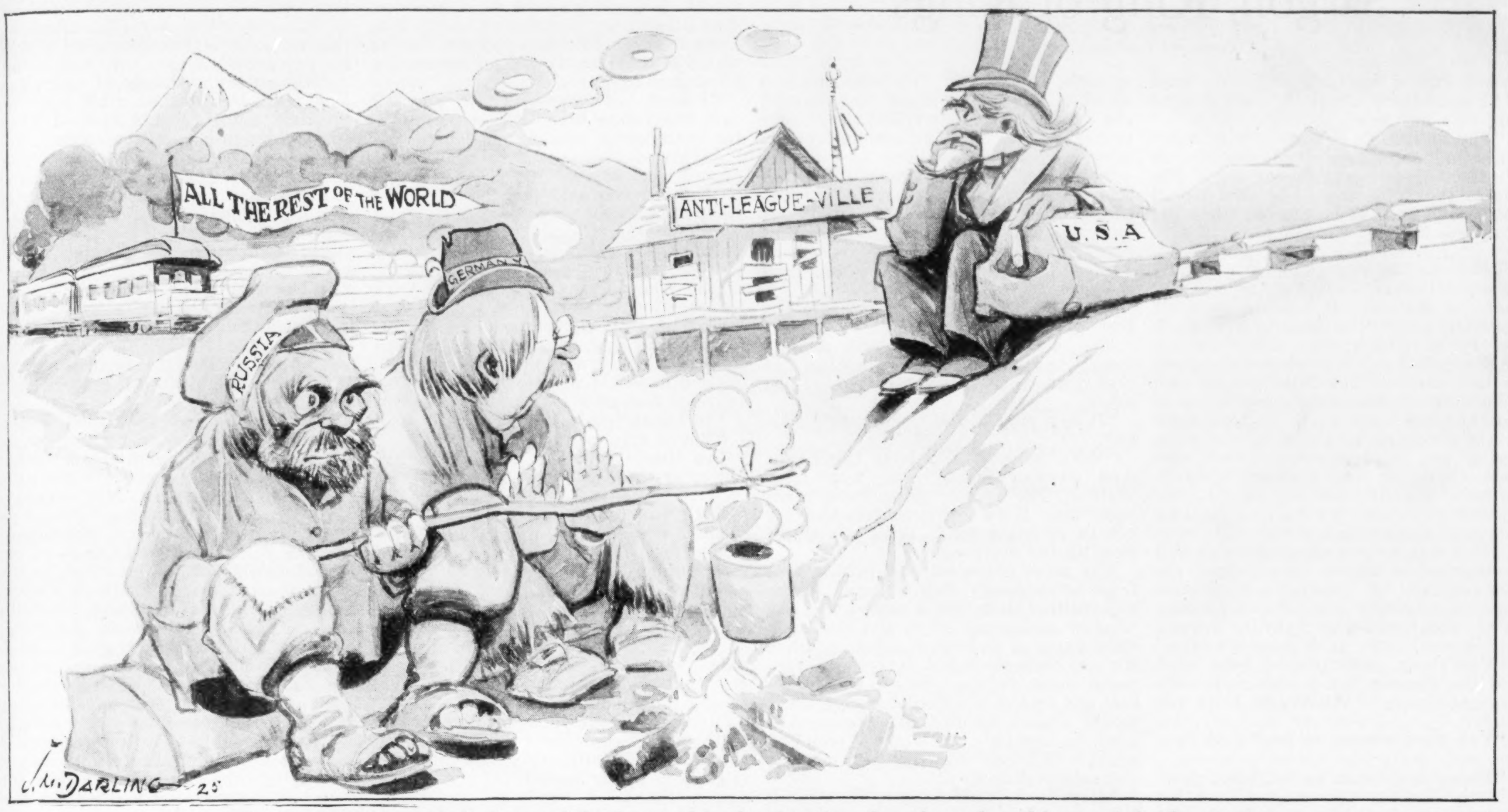
WALTER CAMP died in the night between two sessions of the football rules committee. Bill Roper, the Princeton coach, found him. And in the room with him were his notes of new rules which, next autumn, will make football better for the boys who play and more fun for the millions who watch. That was a proper death for the "Father of Football."

He was a firm friend of Collier's, for which he had picked the All-America Team since 1899, and had written much and wisely. His All-America for 1924 was perhaps his best; never had he traveled farther, watched more keenly or chosen from so wide a field.

His zest for games was boundless. In college, fifty years ago, he was the all-around athlete. He was baseball captain as well as football captain, played on the tennis team, ran the quarter mile and the hurdles for the varsity and rowed on his class crew. Lately his game had been golf; and at sixty-six he broke eighty now and then, and beat most of the young men most of the time.

Sport was not all with him, either. He was a good man of business, both in his own clock company and in his management of the athletic funds at Yale. In his writings were several books on bridge and some fiction. He took active part in public affairs; not long ago they wanted him to run for mayor of New Haven. But his chief interest and pride were in his work for the health of everybody. He was the spokesman of moderation; to school trainers he was forever saying, "Don't burn up the boys;" to middle-aged men, "Don't try to outdo the youngsters." And his Daily Dozen taught millions to take more care of themselves. It enlarged the sphere of his influence so greatly that he became virtually the trainer of America.

Stripped for the shower he seemed as lean and supple as a sophomore. His stride was swift, his face tanned like a life guard's, his eyes bright as an eagle's. His tone and temper were always those of the sportsman, whether in the face of a missed putt on the last green or of a hurry call for copy. "Look any 'jinx' square in the face," he said once, "and laughter will destroy its power." When he met his last adversary he was alone, but we may be sure that he shook hands with a grin that said, "We shall have a good match, you and I."



We certainly couldn't have picked out this destination for the sake of its social advantages

YOU CAN'T MAKE TAXIS OF WAR PLANES

By Lieut. Col. H. E. Hartney

Reserve Corps, U. S. Army Air Service

AVIATION has come of age, but commercially it is still in its infancy in the United States. This is just another way of saying that our great transportation experts have been so busy developing railroad and motor transport and their allied industries that they have missed their biggest and probably last chance to render vast national service and to pioneer the way to fortunes in the bargain.

The trouble mainly is that the war jinx has discouraged capital and organizing skill. If there had been no war, the plane inevitably would have been developed much more rapidly in the direction of commercial usefulness even if it didn't so quickly establish its prestige as a weapon.

As a direct result of the war practically the only planes we have had in America have been those developed for war, and there is as much difference between a plane developed for war and one developed specifically for taxi and transport service as there is between a speed car and a flivver or a tank and a truck.

It's too bad that our war-time planes weren't all sunk in the middle of the Atlantic after the armistice. Instead, the only planes available have been, in the main, war planes, which are not only impracticable from the economic standpoint, but have a deadly nose-diving propensity caused by skidding off on a wing at a low altitude.

Ninety-five per cent of all fatalities in the Army Air Service, exclusive of deaths in action, have been due to this deadly nose-diving propensity, which can be eliminated by the sacrifice of one or two military requirements.

Of the 126 accidents causing sixty-two fatalities in 1922, not one took place in a plane designed for taxi, transport or any other commercial use. We are the only considerable nation without a systematic method of periodic and thorough examination and licensing of planes and pilots.

Our government, our states and communities inspect steam boilers, elevators and railroad safety devices, and we require stationary engineers, mariners and automobile drivers to pass examinations before they are licensed and then require them to abide by all manner of rules and regulations. When a gypsy flyer wants a plane the only one available, as a rule, since he usually does business on a shoe string, is a surplus war plane, which is dangerous to begin with, usually in poor mechanical condition, often poorly driven and in nearly every way exactly contrived to discourage sensible people from leaving the ground, to confuse liabilities, to boost insurance rates, and to establish the notion that all pilots are at least slightly insane.

The war junk has done this. On the other hand, I know of at least one company that is operating war planes commercially at a profit, and the phenomenal record of the Air Mail demonstrates what can be done by organization. Its planes have traveled farther in proportion to fatalities than any other vehicle ever devised. In some years it has lost no men at all. It is now flying largely at night and in bad years loses at the worst only two or three pilots to every two or three millions of miles. And it is using DH4's—war planes—remodeled.

The plane will never replace the railroad or the motor. Its unique attributes are speed—twice that of the fastest train, three times that of the motor, five times that of the liner—and its ability to travel at great speed in three dimensions. It requires no right of way, bridges or roads; only landing fields (now mostly available), relatively small investment on which the returns are immediate, and organizing skill.

Organizing skill implies planes of types to suit commercial needs—not war-junk planes. Two types now available for this purpose are:

Taxi planes—low-cost planes designed to go anywhere subject to call—to extend the run of the city taxi, which goes only to city limits.

Transport planes—designed for maintaining perfect schedules over long predetermined routes, despite weather, nightfall or fog; carrying a pay load of at least 3,000 pounds, a reserve engine, two men, at any air level up to 10,000 feet, at 100 miles an hour, with fireproof cargo space fifteen times that of the present mail plane and carrying cost, per pound mile, two-thirds less.

Engine performance is now practically perfect; all other instrumentalities are at hand.

Nothing else is needed except organizing skill.

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 23

looked out of her grime-rimmed eyes.

"I must think about it," said Sargon and was once more at large.

Why did people get so dirty and dismal and broken down? Surely in Sumeria there were never lives like that! It would have to be altered; all this would have to be altered when the Kingdom came.

THEN as the twilight deepened Sargon discovered just the peaceful room he desired. It announced itself hopefully not by the usual printed card, but by a hand-written tablet saying "A Room to Let," in a window that had no lace curtains but little purple ones enhancing rather than concealing a bare-looking white room lit pleasantly by the flickering of a fire. There were one or two pictures—real colored pictures—hanging on the white wall. Rather wearily Sargon lifted the knocker and supplemented its appeal by pressing the electric bell.

There was no immediate answer, and he knocked a second time before the door opened. A slender young man appeared, holding a small girl perched on his shoulder. She regarded Sargon gravely with very dark gray-blue eyes.

"Everybody seems to have gone out," said the slender young man in a very pleasant voice. "What can I do for you?"

"You have a room to let," said Sargon.

"There *is* a room to let here, yes," said the slender young man, and his appreciative dark eyes took in the details of the figure in front of him.

"Could I see it?"

"I suppose he might *see* it, Susan," the young man hesitated.

"Of course the gem's got to see it," said the small girl. "If Mrs. Richman was here she'd show it him fast enough, old stoopid." And she pulled the slender young man's hair—affectionately but very, very hard.

"You see," the young man explained, "the landlady is out. *Don't*, Susan. And the landlady's lady assistant is out too. Everyone is out—and we're sort of unofficially left in charge somehow. Properly I ought not to have answered the door."

"But I told you to—*silly!*" said the little girl.

The young man made no definite move. Instead he asked a question. "Is that a map, sir, you are carrying?" he asked.

"It is a map of the world," said Sargon.

"Very helpful, I should think, sir. And so you found your way here. Well— The room's upstairs if you'd come up. Hold tight, Susan, and try not to strangle me." And he led the way up the staircase.

The room appeared delightfully free from unnecessary furnishings. There was a little plain bed, a table under the window and a gas stove and the walls were papered in brown paper, adorned with commonplace but refreshing Japanese color prints. There was a recess one side of the fireplace with three empty shelves painted like the mantelpiece in deep blue. The young man had clicked on an electric light, which was pleasantly shaded.

"May I ask," said Sargon, "how much the room might be?"

"Thirty shillings, I *believe*," said the young man, "with breakfasts."

Sargon put down his map and planisphere. He felt that he must secure this room or be forever defeated.

"I am willing," he said, "to take the room. I would pay for it in advance. And take up my quarters at once. But, I must warn you, my position in the world is peculiar. I give no references, I bring no luggage."

"Except, of course, these charts," said the young man. "Haven't you—for instance—a toothbrush?"

Sargon thought. "No. I must get myself a toothbrush."

"I think it would *look* better," said the young man.

"If necessary," said Sargon, "I will pay for two weeks in advance. And I will get myself all necessary things."

The young man regarded him with an affectionate expression. "If it was my room, I should let you have it like a shot," he said. "But Mrs. Richman is the landlady and in many respects she's different from me. Have you—traveled far, sir?"

"In space," said Sargon, "*no.*"

"But in time perhaps?"

"In time, yes. But I would rather not enter into explanations at present."

THE young man's interest and amusement deepened. He put Susan down on her feet.

"I suppose you would—*work* in the room? It would be just yourself? There would be no coming and going of people?"

"None. While I was here, no one would know me. Afterwards perhaps. But that does not concern us. Here I should remain incognito."

"Incognito," the young man repeated, as though he considered the word. "Of course. Naturally. By the by, sir, might I ask your name. (If you hit me again, Susan, I shall do something cruel and dreadful to you.) We'd have to know your name."

"For the time I think, Mr.—Mr. Sargon."

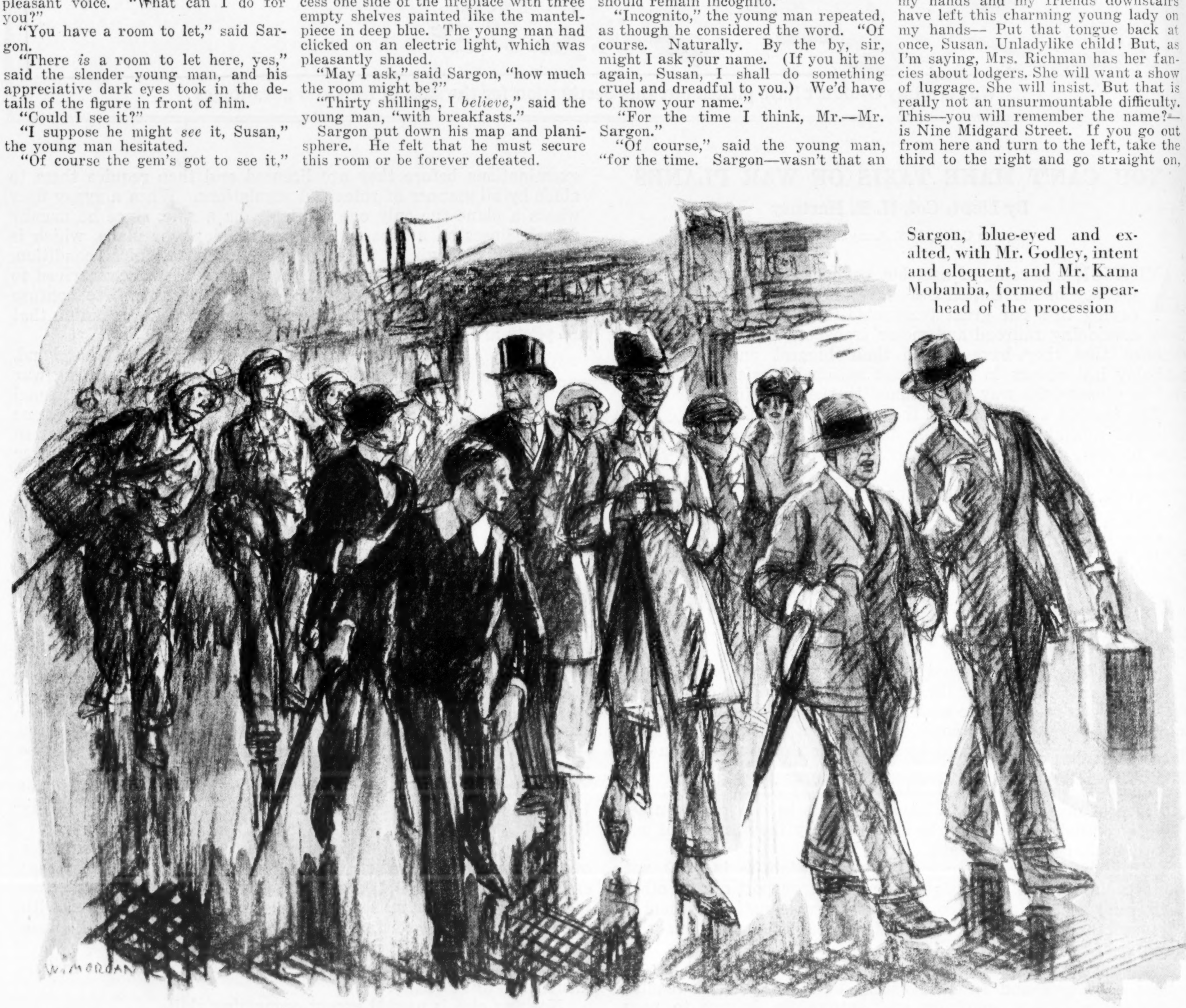
"Of course," said the young man, "for the time. Sargon—wasn't that an Assyrian king, or does my memory betray me?"

"It is not the Assyrian Sargon in this case; it is the Sumerian Sargon, his predecessor."

"Not a word more, sir—I understand. You must be fatigued after your long journey, and I should love—I should dearly love to let you the room. *Wow!* Susan, you go downstairs. Pinching I can't stand. Come along. You go down to your own proper room and let's have no nonsense about it. Come!"

Susan backed to the wall and prepared to resist tooth and nail. "I didn't *mean* to pinch, Bobby," she said. "I didn't mean to pinch. Troof and really! I was just feelin' your trousis. Oh, don't take me down, Bobby! Don't take me down. I *will* be good. I'll be awful good. I'll just stay here and look at the funny geman. If you take me down, Bobby—"

"Well, cease to exist, then, for all practical purposes, and I'll forgive you. What can the nice gentleman think of you, Susan? And you more than five! *Bah!* We were saying, Mr. Sargon—? Yes, of course, I was saying that you ought to take the room. Payment in advance will be accepted. *But*— There is that toothbrush. And other small—what shall I say?—realistic touches. I shouldn't mind personally, but I'm only an agent, so to speak. Properly I am a sort of writer. Properly I ought to be writing a novel now, but, as you see, Mrs. Richman has left the house on my hands and my friends downstairs have left this charming young lady on my hands— Put that tongue back at once, Susan. Unladylike child! But, as I'm saying, Mrs. Richman has her fancies about lodgers. She will want a show of luggage. She will insist. But that is really not an unsurmountable difficulty. This—you will remember the name?—is Nine Midgard Street. If you go out from here and turn to the left, take the third to the right and go straight on,



Sargon, blue-eyed and exalted, with Mr. Godley, intent and eloquent, and Mr. Kama Mobamba, formed the spearhead of the procession you will come to a main thoroughfare full of busses and trams and traffic and light and noise, and at the corner you will find a shop where they sell second-hand trunks and bags. Now, if you bought an old, battered, largish bag, and then went across the road to a chemist's shop and got those washing things you need—oh, and a reserve collar or so at the outfitter's next door—You *must* get such things. . . . You see the idea?"

"Your suggestion is really quite a helpful one," said Sargon, getting the thing into focus. "I shall adopt it."

"You won't lose the way back? Nine Midgard Street."

"I shall remember."

"Queer world it is," said the young man. "Isn't it? How did you leave the old folks in—Sumeria?"

"My people were happy," said Sargon.

"Exactly. I've been there since. *Quite* recently. But the weather wasn't good and I got knocked about by a shell and had a nasty time as a wounded prisoner. Hot. Crowded. No shelter. Nothing cool to drink. But in your time it was different."

"Very," said Sargon.

"And now—by Jove! That kettle is boiling over all this time, Susan. Come down to my room, such as it is, and have a cup of tea, sir. And then you can go out and make those little arrangements of yours and dig yourself in, so to speak, before Mrs. Richman comes back. No, Susan, we don't. You *walk* downstairs. Pinching is forgiven, but not forgotten. You can leave your map, sir—as visible sign of your occupation. No, Susan—on foot."

THE young man's room was bookish and rather untidy, and Susan had been killing toys on the carpet—a china-headed doll and something or other of yellow-painted wood appeared to be the chief victims. The doll had bled sawdust profusely. Dark curtains were drawn and a green-shaded electric light threw all the apartment into darkness except the floor. There was a gas fire with a gas ring on which a boiling kettle steamed like an excited volcano. There was a deal table on which was a big pile of letters addressed to "*Hunt Suzannah,*" c/o Editor of "Wilkins' Weekly;" there was a large untidy desk on which was another litter of letters evidently receiving attention, and in the midst of the desk a writing pad, on which reposed a squeezable tube of liquid glue and a half-mended toy. The glue oozed upon the face sheet of the writing pad beneath these words, written in beautifully neat handwriting:

Ups and Downs
A Pedestrian Novel
By Robert Roothing
Chapter the First
Which Introduces Our Hero

Beyond that the novel did not seem to have progressed.

With the dexterity of long-established usage, Bobby made tea and produced plum bread and butter. Meanwhile he kept a wary eye on Susan, who had sat down by the waste-paper basket and was tearing up paper, and attended to the remarks and attitudes of his remarkable visitor.

Sargon already liked this young man enormously. And it was nice and refreshing to have tea. A sort of gray insecurity, a threat of suppression that had come over his mind, vanished in this genial atmosphere. This young man—he seemed ready to believe anything. Sargon walked up and down with his hands behind his back as if in the profoundest meditation.

He would have muttered a few phrases in Sumerian, but for some reason he had quite forgotten that forgotten tongue.

"And so you write books?" he said regally.

"Not books," Bobby answered over his shoulder; he was now toasting a circle of plum bread. "Not books *yet.* But—it *is* ridiculous, isn't it?—I am a bit of a poet and all that sort of thing. And a journalist of sorts. Just answers to correspondents—laborious, but a living." He indicated the piles of letters on the deal table. "As for books—I have, as a matter of fact, *started* a novel—it's on that desk—but that's only in the last few days. And it's so difficult to get a lot of time to one's self to really let one's self go with it. There's always something one must do cropping up to prevent it."

"With me also."

"No doubt."

"That is why," said Sargon, "I am withdrawing into this solitude. To collect my forces. In Sumeria it was always the practice, before any great undertaking, to go out into the wilderness for a certain tale of days."

"If I go out into the wilderness, I get so lonely in the evenings," said Bobby. "*Ssh!* That was the front door."

He went out upon the staircase and stood listening.

"Mrs. Richman," Sargon heard him call.

"S'me," said a lady's voice.

"Here's a lodger for the second floor front."

"I bin to the pictures," said the voice outside. "Mary and Doug—a fair treat."

A corpulent lady in a black bonnet appeared, breathing heavily. She panted a few obvious questions and Bobby hovered helplessly at Sargon's elbow to prevent him making any mistakes. "He'll pay in advance," said Bobby.

"That's awright," said Mrs. Richman. "When will he move in?"

"He's getting his luggage right away," said Bobby.

"I s'pose it's all right," said Mrs. Richman.

"I know his people. At least I know about them. I've been in his part of the country. You can be quite sure he's all right," said Bobby.

"Well, if *you* say so," said Mrs. Richman. " 'Ope you'll be comfortable, Mr.—"

"Mr. Sargon."

"Mr. Sargon."

And after a few rather vague comments on the weather Mrs. Richman withdrew. "And now," said Bobby, "I'll just unload Susan on her and come with you for that bag. It's extraordinary how people lose their way in London at times."

"I'VE let the second floor front to a lunatic," said Bobby, breaking the news to his ground-floor friends, Mr. and Mrs. Malmesbury.

"Oh, *Bobby!* and with Susan about!" cried Mrs. Malmesbury reproachfully.

"I only said that for effect," said Bobby. "He's really morbidly sane. I wouldn't have let him go for anything. Some day when I really get to work on that novel I'll put him in. I must have material, Tessy. And he's wonderful."

He was preparing supper for the Malmesburys and himself. He was frying some sausages and potatoes over a gas ring. Previously Bobby had done most of the putting of Susan to bed, and he had sat and told her stories according to custom until she was fast asleep. Tessy Malmesbury was out of sorts; she had a neuralgic headache, Billy Malmesbury had taken her for a walk in Regent's Park and she had come home exhausted; things would have gone to pieces badly if Bobby had not taken them in hand.

Tessy was never very well nowadays; she was a slight and fragile little thing, and Susan had been a violent and aggressive child long before she was born. In the long lost days before the war, when Bobby had seen Tessy first, she had been the lightest, daintiest, most perfect thing imaginable; he had loved her tremendously. But it had seemed to him impossible to make love to so exquisite a being, and Billy Malmesbury, who was less scrupulous, had slipped in front of him and married her; she had not appreciated the delicacy of not making love to her. And then came the war and wounds and here they all were again, fagged and near the thirties, in a world where their small annuities brought them far less than they had promised to do. Billy was the junior partner of an architect and much encumbered with drawing boards. He was a large-framed young man with a big, round, good-looking, slightly astonished face, pleasantly dappled with freckles. He had a great protective affection for Bobby. He sat now and designed a new sort of labor-saving pantry and, with a sense of infinite protection, let Bobby get the meal.

"And now I can tell you," said Bobby when at last all three of them were sitting at table.

"It's a little dear of a lunatic," he said. "If it's a lunatic at all. You see, he thinks he's a certain Mesopotamian monarch called Sargon—I've heard of him because we had a little dust-up with the Turks round and about his stamping ground—he thinks he's this Sargon come again and come somehow—that bit's a little difficult—into the empire of the whole earth. It was Sargon, you know, who started all these Lions and Eagles in the world—practically. And so he proposes to take possession of the world, which he evidently thinks is in a frightful mess."

"Hear, hear!" said Billy.

"And put it in order."

"What more simple?" cried Tessy.

"Exactly. Why, haven't we *all* thought of that?" said Billy.

"But where does he come from?" asked Tessy.

"Not a sign. He might be a suburban nurseryman or a small draper or something of that sort. I can't place him. One or two phrases he used suggested a house agent. But he may have picked them up from advertisements. And his first proceeding—perfectly rational—was to buy a map of the world."

"Has he any money?"

"Enough to pay his way. He's got a small note case. That seems to be all right. After we'd got a bag for him—he hadn't any luggage, and I thought he'd better buy a bag to satisfy Mrs. Richman—we sat down upstairs and had a simple, straightforward talk about the world and what had to be done with it. The Distinction of Rich and Poor is to be Abolished Altogether. Women are to be Freed from all Disadvantages. There is to be No More War."

"But isn't the real question how to do it?" asked Tessy. "Aren't we all agreed about those things—in theory?"

"In theory, yes," said Bobby. "But not in reality. If everyone really wanted to abolish the difference of rich and poor, it would be as easy as pie to find a way. There's always a way to everything if you want to do it enough. But nobody really wants to do these things. Not as we want meals. All sorts of other things people want, but wanting to have no rich and poor any more isn't real wanting; it is just a matter of pious sentiment. And so it is about war. We don't want to be poor, and we don't want to be hurt or worried by war, but that's not wanting to end those things. *He* wants to end them."

"But how's he going to set about it?" said Billy.

"That is still a little vague. I think there is to be a sort of Proclamation. He's thinking that out upstairs now. He seems to think that he has to call up some sort of disciples. There are to be demonstrations—on a large dignified scale. The people have forgotten the ancient simple laws, he says. He himself had forgotten them. But he has remembered them now; they have come back to him, and presently everyone will remember them, all the great old things—justice, faith, obedience, mutual service. As it was in Ancient Sumeria. Dreamland Ancient Sumeria, you know. The dear old Golden Age. He has come to remind people of the true things in life—which everyone has forgotten. And when he has reminded them everyone will remember."

"It's rather wonderful," said Billy.

"He *is* rather wonderful. He sits up there and looks at you with his little, round, innocent face and tells you all these things. And, assuming he's Lord of the World, they're perfectly right and proper."

"And when's all this to begin?" asked Billy.

"ANY time. I don't think"—Bobby's expression became profoundly judicial—"I don't think he'll do anything for a day or so. I pointed out to him that he ought to consider his demonstrations very carefully before he makes them, and he seemed inclined to agree. Some mistake, he says, has occurred already—I couldn't find out what. Apparently to-morrow he is just going to look at London, quietly but firmly, from the Monument and from the Dome of St. Paul's. And also he wants to observe the manners of his subjects in the streets and railway stations, and wherever there is a concourse of people. He realizes how distressed and unsatisfactory everybody's life is—even when they don't know it's unsatisfactory. His own life was terribly unsatisfactory, he says, unreal and frustrated, until he awoke and realized the greatness of his destiny."

"And what was that life of his?" asked Tessy.

"I tried to get that. And he caught the eager note in my voice, I suppose, and shut up like an oyster."

"But, Bobby," cried Billy in the expostulatory tone of one who remonstrates with wild unreason, "he must come from *somewhere!*"

"Exactly," said Bobby. "And somewhere must be looking for him. But you can't always hurry these things. And meanwhile I take it it's our bounden duty to keep an eye on him and see that he doesn't bump himself too hard or fall into the wrong hands. . . . Until someone comes along. . . . Don't you get up, Tessy, you're tired."

And Bobby jumped to his feet and proceeded to change the plates and dishes while Billy fell into a profound meditation upon the problem of the new neighbor upstairs.

Presently he smiled and shook his head in kindly disapproval.

"This will suit Bobby all right," he said to Tessy. "Whenever he ought to be upstairs in his own room getting on

(*Continued on page 28*)

$1,000 FOR TEACHERS

In conjunction with the National Education Association, Collier's is conducting a contest for teachers. Ten life memberships in the N. E. A., valued at $100.00 each, are offered to the ten teachers who submit the best essays describing methods of using in the classroom the Moral Code compiled and published recently by Collier's. The contest closes on April 15th. The following conditions govern it:

1. **That participation shall be restricted to those actively engaged in teaching primary grades, grammar grades, high schools, rural schools, and teacher training schools.**
2. **That all manuscripts shall be typewritten, and sent to the National Education Association, Washington, D. C., with the words "Moral Code Contest" written on the envelope.**
3. **That no manuscript shall exceed five hundred words.**
4. **That the contest shall close on April 15th.**
5. **That the award of the judges shall be final.**

The judges are Mrs. A. H. Reeve, President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; Mr. Milton Bennion, of the University of Utah, Chairman of the Committee on Character Education of the National Education Association; and the Editor of Collier's. A copy of the Code may be secured by addressing Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City, enclosing a two-cent stamp.

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 27

with that novel of his he will be up on the second floor talking to—what is it? —Sargon."

"Accumulating material," corrected Bobby from the Welsh dresser where he was turning a tin of peaches out into a glass dish. "Accumulating material. . . . Not even a spider could spin a yarn out of an empty stomach. Tessy, have you just simply *lost* the cream or have you put it away in a new place very carefully for me to guess. Oh, right-o! I've got it!"

LET us be frank about it; Sargon had his doubts.

Not always. There were times when his fantasy was bravely alive and carried him high above any shadow of uncertainty and he was all that he could have ever wished to be. Then Mr. Preemby was almost forgotten. But there were moments, there were phases, when he became aware of a cold undertow of conviction that he was after all just Mr. Preemby, Mr. Preemby formerly of the Limpid Stream Laundry, making believe, carrying it off and perhaps presently failing to carry it off. He would debate the whole question, candidly, fairly.

He knew that Christina Alberta had not really believed. She had asked questions, tearing, rending questions, and she had said "Um." Well, anyhow, he was away from that for a bit. But to be away from doubt was not enough. The great discovery threatened to evaporate. He wanted the comfort of the disciple. He wanted help and reassurance.

Bobby had comforted him greatly. Perhaps he was to be the first of the reawakened adherents. Perhaps presently he would be recognizable as some faithful servant in that still so largely forgotten past, a trusted general, perhaps, or some intimate court official.

Yet even when Sargon doubted he believed. It is a very comprehensible paradox. He knew clearly that to be Sargon was to be real, was to signify and make all the world signify. Preemby's world was dust and dirt, a mud speck in infinite space, and there was no life on it but abjection. Preemby was death; Sargon was rebirth into a world of spacious things. Not very clearly did Sargon achieve these realizations, but he felt them throughout his being. Something had happened to him of inestimable value and truth; he had to cling to this gift and hold it and keep it or be forever fallen, Christina Alberta notwithstanding, the whole world notwithstanding.

So he walked up and down his little upper room in Midgard Street and elaborated his conception of his new rôle as lord and protector of the whole world. Twilight gave place to night, but he did not turn on the light.

He liked the friendly darkness. All visible things are limiting things, but the darkness goes out and beyond anything to God. "I must look," he said, "I must watch and observe. But not for too long. There is action. Action gives life. That fellow Preemby, poor soul, he could look at things, but dared he lift a finger? No! Everywhere suffering, everywhere injustice and disorder, the desert and the wilderness breaking back in on us and he did nothing. If one does not call and call loud, how can one expect an answer? In this world, vast, terrible—strikes—hoardings—adulteration—profiteers. . . . Nevertheless men who once lived bravely and did their duty. . . . Who may do it again. . . . Once they hear the call. Awake! Remember! The high path. Simple honor. Sargon calls you. . . . H'rrmp. . . ."

He came to a halt at his uncurtained window and looked out on the plain flat face of the opposite houses, pierced here and there by a lit window. Most had the blinds drawn, but just opposite a woman worked by lamplight at a table, sewing something, her needle hand flew out perpetually, and the book and one hand and the cuff of a reader came also into the picture, the rest of him hidden behind the curtain. At a bedroom window was a looking glass and a girl tried on a hat and looked at it this way and that; then suddenly she vanished and after a little interval the light went out.

"All their scattered lives," said Sargon, holding out his arms with a benevolent gesture, "knitted—drawn together by wisdom and love. A rudder put on the drifting world."

Came a knock at the door. "Come in," said Sargon.

Bobby appeared. "Getting on all right, sir?" he said in his engaging subaltern manner. He clicked on the electric light and came into the room. (Cadaverous and pleasant face he had; surely one would remember presently what he had been.) "Wondered if you were eating anything to-night?" he asked.

"I quite forgot eating," said Sargon. "Quite. My mind—troubled by many grave matters. I have much to think of, much to plan. The hour grows late. The time is near. I wonder if the serving woman here—?"

"Only breakfasts," said Bobby. "Here we are on bed and breakfast terms strictly. The rest is with ourselves. For an emergency like this there is nothing so good as the Rubicon Restaurant. The Grill Room keeps open quite late. They will do you a chop or a cutlet. Or ham and eggs. Very good ham and eggs—crisp ham. You go out from here, turn to the left at the second corner and go right down Hampshire Street until you come to it. You'll have no difficulty in finding it."

The word "crisp" had settled it.

"I will avail myself," said Sargon.

"And it's equally easy to find your way back," said Bobby, with a faint flavor of anxiety.

"Have no fear, young man," said Sargon in a tone of jolly reassurance. "Have no fear. I've found my way in many climes and under many conditions—the wild mountains—the trackless desert. Time and space."

"Of course," said Bobby. "I forgot that. Still— London is different."

THE next day at about half past four in the afternoon a small but heavily mustached figure with eyes full of blue determination emerged from St. Paul's Cathedral and stood at the top of the steps before the great doors, surveying the jostling traffic of Ludgate Hill and the Churchyard. London had been looked at from the top of the Monument and from the Cathedral dome on a crystal-clear October day, and it had betrayed an unusual loveliness and greatness under the golden sunshine. But it had shown itself too as a vast, dreamy multitudinousness in which none but those who are resolute and powerful in action can hope to escape being swallowed up. It had stretched away to wide sunlit stretches that seemed to be the horizon, and then up in the leaden blue other stretches had been visible of houses, of shipping, of distant hills. The vans and carts in the shadowed streets below had looked like toys; the people were hats and hurrying legs and feet curiously proportioned. And over all an immense dome of kindly cloud-flecked sky.

And now he had come down again from these high places and the time had come for him to gather together his disciples and ministers and inaugurate the New World.

It was with an extraordinary sense of power over men's destinies that he stood now upon St. Paul's steps and reflected that even now men and women might be passing by, among these busy men thronging the pavement, among the people in omnibuses, among the girls clattering away at their typewriters behind the upstairs windows, over whose busy, petty, undistinguished lives hung the challenge of his summons. "Soon now," he said, "very soon. Even now the sorting of the lots begins."

Yet a moment more he stood still and silent, a statuette of destiny. "And now," he whispered; "and now. . . ."

He was no longer troubled by his oblivion of the Sumerian tongue. In the night he had recovered the gift of tongues; he had muttered strange words in the darkness and understood.

"H'rrmp," he said, a word common to many tongues, clearing the way after five thousand years for the return of the forgotten sounds to a renewed use in the world of men.

"Dadendo fizzoggo grandioso magnificendodidodo—yes," he whispered. "The unveiling of the countenance. The first revelation. Then perhaps they will see."

Slowly he descended the steps, his eyes searching the convergent frontages of the Churchyard for some intimations of a barber's shop.

There are already wide differences of statement and opinion about the order and the details of the calling of the followers of Sargon. Happily we are in a position to give the circumstances with all the exactitude that may be necessary and with an authority that will anticipate vexatious criticism. It was about half past six that Sargon appeared in Cheapside, and the day's traffic was already ebbing in that busy city thoroughfare. His countenance was transformed and shone with that kind of luminosity that only the most thorough and exhaustive shaving can give. The facial mane, the vast mustache that had veiled it for so many years from mankind, was abandoned, a mess of clippings and lather now in a barber's basin. Now the face was flushed with a natural excitement as it went along Cheapside scrutinizing the faces of the foot passengers on a momentous and mystical search. The blue eyes beneath the brim of the distinguished-looking hat were alight. Was it to be this man? Was it to be this? The first to be called was a young man of Leytonstone named Godley, a young man with a large and excessively grave gray face and a deliberation of utterance amounting to an impediment. He was carrying a microscope in a wooden box. He was a student of biology with a cytological bias; naturally very polite and temperamentally disposed to be precise and deliberate in all he said and did. He stood poised on the pavement edge at a street corner waiting for two vans to pass, when his call came to him.

HE FOUND a very earnest bare-faced little man beside him whose blue eyes searched his countenance swiftly, and who then gripped his arm.

"I think," said Sargon, "that it is you."

Mr. Godley, who was not without a sense of humor, attempted to reply that it certainly was him, but that impediment of his, partly natural but greatly developed by affectation, arrested him about the word "certainly" and he was still sawing the air with his profile when Sargon spoke again.

"I have need of your help," said Sargon. "The great task is beginning."

He led his captive by the arm and explained, with helpful gestures of his free hand, the full significance of this call. "I do not know if you recognize me—your memory may still be imperfect—but I recall your face, chief among the wise men of our ancient court. Yes, indeed, chief among our wise men."

"N-no-no-not as-as-asure that I follow you aw-ow-ow-quite," said the young man. "My my-my aw-ow-ow-work issferr'll aw-ow-ow-known as yet."

"*I* know it," said Sargon boldly. "*I* know it. I have been seeking you. Do not be deceived by my plain incognito. Believe me, I have tremendous powers behind me. In a little while all men will understand. The age of confusion draws near its end; a new age begins. We are the first two particles, the very first, in a great crystallization—"

"Where aaare we g-g-g-oing agg-aggs-aggs-exactly?" asked the young man.

"Trust me," said Sargon bravely. "Keep with me."

The young man struggled with some complex question. But now three fresh individuals came under the magic attraction of the call and the young man's question fell in unheeded chunks. These new adherents were a little group of men standing at the curb about a small, almost inaudible hurdy-gurdy on which was a placard stating "We want Work, not Charity; but there is no Work for Us in this So-called Civilized State." They were clad in faded khaki and were all youths of less than five-and-twenty.

Sargon addressed himself to the man on the right of the organ grinder.

"All this is to be altered here and now," he said. "I have work for you to do."

"Oh!" said the ex-soldier in the accent of a fairly well-educated man. "What sort of work?"

"We're straight," said the organ

(*Continued on page 30*)

Just DOG

By
CHAS. F.
DRAKE

DODO is the most publicized non-pedigreed canine in Chicago or the Middle West. The scrapbook of her achievements might well be envied by politicians, members of the "beauty trust," social climbers or even débutantes.

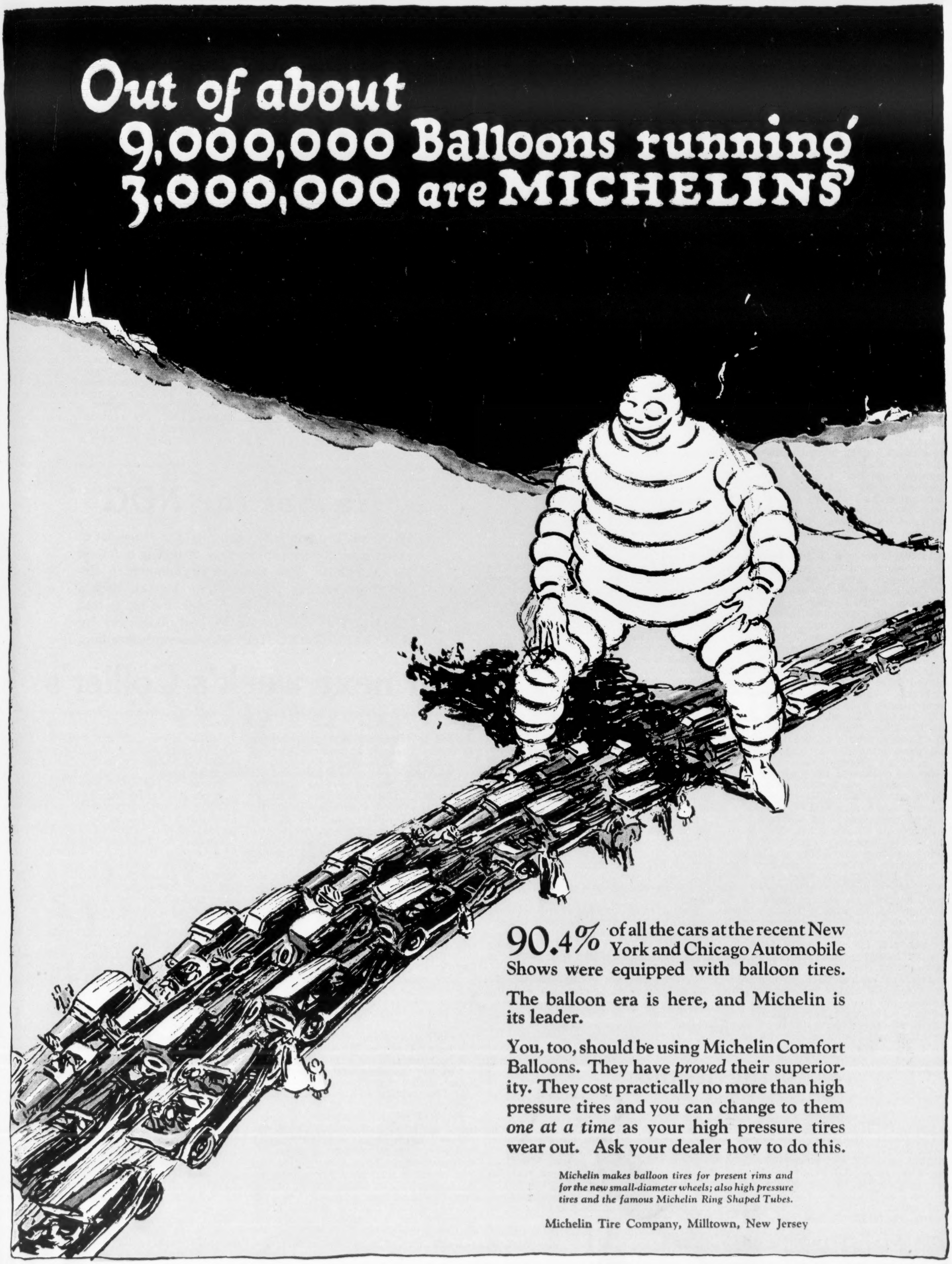
Yet she is—just a dog. A plain little brown-haired beast known to the large colony of Chicago's North Side swimmers as the "Weissmuller of the dog family." She's a marvelously speedy swimmer; but her chief bid to fame is diving. She holds a mark of fifty-seven seconds under water while endeavoring to bring a heavy object to the surface. Her highest dive was made from a twelve-foot stand.

In nearly every way Dodo emulates the human swimmer. On entering the water she plunges to "get wet" and then strikes out for a swim of from thirty to forty-five minutes. When diving for heavy objects she remains under water as long as possible, comes up, takes a few gulps of air and dives under again, repeating until she is successful in her quest.

No bathing season is officially opened in Chicago until Dodo makes her appearance on the beach. News photographers for several years have included her in the bathing season's opening pictures, and the morgues of practically every Chicago daily contain many "shots" of her.

Dodo is owned by S. A. Rohde

In Chicago they call her the "Weissmuller of the dog family"



90.4% of all the cars at the recent New York and Chicago Automobile Shows were equipped with balloon tires.

The balloon era is here, and Michelin is its leader.

You, too, should be using Michelin Comfort Balloons. They have *proved* their superiority. They cost practically no more than high pressure tires and you can change to them *one at a time* as your high pressure tires wear out. Ask your dealer how to do this.

Michelin makes balloon tires for present rims and for the new small-diameter wheels; also high pressure tires and the famous Michelin Ring Shaped Tubes.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, New Jersey

Sargon, King of Kings

Continued from page 28

grinder. "We'll take it. If it's work we can do. We ain't fakers. Wot work is it?"

"Shillin' an hour?" said the third.

"More than that. Much more than that. And very great and responsible work. A harvest! A splendid harvest! You shall be leaders of men. Follow after me."

"Far?" asked the man who had spoken first.

Sargon made a gesture that effectually concealed his own lack of a definite plan and led the way.

"Lead on, Macbeth," said the organ grinder and swung his hurdy-gurdy into its carrying position on his back. The two other ex-soldiers exchanged views that it was all right and that, anyhow, they'd see what was offered them. Mr. Godley, keeping abreast of his leader, began an immense and ultimately futile struggle with a fresh question.

The next disciple was not so much called as fell into the gathering body of Sargonites. He was a tall gentleman of a rich brown color with frizzy black hair and a vast, disarming smile. He was dressed in an almost luminous gray frock suit, a pink tie, buttoned shoes with bright yellow uppers, and a hat as distinguished as Sargon's own. He carried a gray alpaca umbrella. He held out a sheet of paper in a big mahogany hand and emitted in a rich, abundant voice the word "Escuse." The paper had printed on it at the head the words, 'Lean and Mackay, 329 Leadenhall Street. E. C.' and below written in ink, 'Mr. Kama Mobamba.'

SARGON regarded his interlocutor for a moment and then recognized him. "The Elamite King!" he said.

"Non spik English," said the black gentleman. "Portugaish!"

"No," said Sargon with a gesture that explained his intention. "Providence. Follow after me."

The colored man fell in trustfully.

"Look here," protested one of the ex-soldiers, "there ain't going to be colored labor on this job?"

"Peace!" said Sargon. "Very soon everything will be shown to you."

"I don't think you have any ub-ub-business to mislead ap-ap-people," said Mr. Godley, who was becoming more and more interested in and perplexed by Sargon's proceedings.

Sargon quickened his pace.

"This—this gentleman s-s-s-simply wa-wa-wanted tu-tu-tu-tu-to go to that address," said Mr. Godley.

In his eagerness to get the idea home to Sargon he became a little disregardful of his microscope box, which inflicted a sudden sharp blow on the knee of a passing gentleman, a business man in a silk hat. The victim cursed aloud with extraordinary vehemence and stood hopping on the pavement with his hand to his knee. Then he succumbed to a passionate impulse to tell Mr. Godley exactly what he thought of his conduct, his upbringing, and his type of human being. He joined the followers of Sargon at a brisk limp, occasionally saying "Hi!" in a breathless voice. A rather intoxicated man in deep mourning had witnessed the incident. He came hurrying, with a certain margin of error, to the side of the angry gentleman in the silk hat.

"'Sgraceful salt," he said. "'Sgraceful! F'want a witness, *I'm* your man!"

His general intention was to go forward at the side of the gentleman in the silk hat, but there were chemically emancipated factors in his being that drove him sideways. The resultant was a sinuous course that presently involved him with a display of oranges in a barrow at the pavement edge. It was not a serious nor a prolonged contact, but it involved a certain scattering of oranges in the gutter and added a new ingredient, a very angry costermonger's assistant, with a remonstrance and a claim for damages, to the gathering body of Sargon's followers.

The moral of a proverb depends entirely upon the image chosen, and though a rolling stone gathers no moss, a rolling snowball grows by what it rolls upon. A small hurrying group of people in a London street is a moving body of the snowball type; its physical pull is considerable; it appeals to curiosity and the increasing gregariousness of mankind. Sargon, blue-eyed and exalted, with Mr. Godley intent and eloquent upon his left hand and Mr. Kama Mobamba, tall, silent, smiling, with a shining confidence upon his ebony face that soon he would be led into the presence of Messrs. Lean & Mackay, formed the spearhead of the procession.

Behind came the three out-of-work ex-soldiers, who were now involved in obscure protests and explanations with the gentleman in the silk hat, and a smart but rather incomprehensible young newspaper reporter, who had acquired his native tongue in Oldham, and had just come up to London to push his fortunes and was anxious for something called a "scoop." He seemed to think that Sargon might be the "scoop" he sought. Two ambiguous-looking individuals in caps and neck-wraps had also fallen in, possibly for nefarious purposes; a vague-faced young woman of the streets, in a weather-worn magenta hat, was asking what was "*up*" and the intoxicated man in mourning was explaining as wittily and obscurely as possible. There was also a fringe of skirmishing juveniles. And an Eton boy. He was very, very young and fresh-faced, a scion of one of the oldest and best families in England and a convinced and fierce Communist. He had been on his way with a bosom friend to the celebrated model engine shop in Holborn when Sargon had swept past him and the inscription on the organ had caught his eye.

He was a boy of swift initiatives and with a highly developed dramatic sense.

"Sorry, old Fellow," he said to his friend. "But I feel the time has come. Unless I'm very much mistaken, that little bunch is the beginning of the Social Revolution and I must do my duty!"

He darted off, and his friend followed discreetly in a state between amusement and dismay and at such a distance as seemed to him to exonerate him from any personal complicity with the social revolution.

"Where are we going?" asked the young Etonian as he came up with the hindmost of the out-of-work soldiers.

"*He* knows," said the out-of-work ex-soldier, indicating Sargon.

(*To be continued next week*)

In the Rough

Continued from page 8

as mine." Which same it wasn't.

The second was 210 yards long and a par three. So it was hard enough without teasing it any more. The third was 415 yards. All Bobby did to that was to guard each side of the green with a small bunker. The fourth had that tricky roll to it that I told you about. So he didn't fool with that at all.

The fifth was 375 yards long and as plain as a sheet of paper. Bobby livened it up with a couple of little bunkers—one of them 125 yards from the tee and the other 275 yards from it.

The perfect drive, on the fifth, had to carry the first bunker and come to rest between the two. The sixth Bobby left plain, as a sort of breathing space. The seventh was already taken care of by the soupy lagoon.

But Bobby made up for this spell of loafing by doing all sorts of things to the eighth. There is where he built the marvelous elevated green. He cut all the sod from the green we already had there and saved it. Then he built a foundation platform, fifty by fifty, with stone sides. Inside the walls he piled the fill. He made a top dressing and banked sides out of soil from the plateau, and used the sod that was left over. He climaxed this work of art with a sand trap on every side of it. 'Twas a pretty thing!

That was all. But our course bloomed forth in a glory it never had known. It was the pride of our hearts. Bolton went wild over it. So did Kay. Thanks to the mine gang and a lot of other cheap native labor, the whole job was done in less time than you'd believe. In fact, it was finished six days before the tournament date.

BOBBY was the only one of us who wasn't in the seventh heaven. He was the first to make a round of it. You can figure what sort of showing a man would make who had learned on a cow-pasture course and was up against bunkers and an elevated green and all that form of torment for the first time in his life.

For a few days Bobby was the only unhappy member of the El Kanah foreign colony. Then, all at once, every one of us was unhappier than Bobby knew how to be.

It was on account of an official note from Ismail Pasha to the club governors which announced to us that he was obliged to terminate our ground lease at once. In fact, he named the very day of the tournament.

I told you Ismail was always keeping his ear to the ground to catch what was going on at Constantinople. Well, he had gotten word that the sultan was interested in flying and that he was planning to inaugurate an air branch of the Turkish army—which was true—and even an experiment in mail routes by air.

On top of this came news that the Pasha of Assad, next door to Bel-es-Diab, was starting an airdrome and an instruction school and had been dickering with an Italian army aviator to come across and take charge of the enterprise.

Not that the Pasha of Assad was any more interested in airships or in any other kind of progress than Ismail was. But such activities were due to make a big hit with the sultan, who was mulling over the same sort of thing. Get it?

Ismail was raving over this move of his natural rival. Nothing would do but he must squeeze a few more taxes out of the fellaheen and merchants of Bel-es-Diab and get ahead of the Assad crowd by starting up air activities right away.

First of all, he must have a flying field. He knew that much. There was not an unbuilt-on patch of flat ground within thirty miles, except only our club property. That was why Ismail was wasting no time in grabbing it. He had cabled to Cairo for an expert to run over as soon as possible to plan the flying field for him and to bring contracts for a couple of condemned British army planes.

When we were at our bluest and profanest that night Bobby Layne came forward with an idea that ought to have won him a breastful of decorations.

"Listen," he began, "I think we've still got a one-in-fifty chance. It's a scientific fact that the golf bug bites pretty near everyone who is exposed to it. No man or woman or child who is bitten—and bitten *right*—by it could give the word to destroy the only golf course in the country. I propose we infect Ismail Pasha with the golf virus."

Next morning old Titus Bolton waited on Ismail, supposedly about some obscure point in his company's mine concession. At first Ismail was cautious.

He was nervous too. You see, Bolton was a big gun at home. Besides, he had stopped at Constantinople on the way out, and he had even had an audience with the sultan. Ismail knew that, as he knew many things that went on in Stamboul. He was almost humble in his behavior to this man who might have the power to say a good word or a bad word about him to the sultan on the way back home. He hoped Bolton wouldn't bring up the subject of the golf course. Ismail would have to refuse him, and it might be hard to do it diplomatically enough.

Bolton did bring up the subject—not in appeal but in regret as at an inevitable loss. He went on to say carelessly that his illustrious majesty the sultan had plied him with a lot of eager questions about golf and had told Bolton in semi-secrecy that he yearned above all things to learn such a fascinating game.

He told of the sultan's fear lest such a typically Occidental game as golf might meet with disfavor from the less progressive of his subjects if it was introduced openly into Stamboul before his agents had time to prepare the public mind for it. In the meantime he was eager to glean any and all information as to the sport. His Majesty had said that a game which could delight such dignitaries as the President of the United States and the President of France and the King of England and other potentates must truly be a royal and enthralling pursuit.

Ismail listened. Ismail swallowed. Ismail began to think. For Bolton had acted his hard-rehearsed rôle with genius.

THAT evening Bobby Layne called at the palace. He came to report to the pasha as to an imaginary labor fall-off at the mine. Ismail listened with courtesy. Then, when the report had been made, he began with elaborate carelessness to question Bobby as to certain general details of the mystic game of golf. Bobby answered with a childish enthusiasm that whetted further the pasha's interest. Ismail unbent so far as to express polite regret that the needs of state should deprive the foreign residents of their beloved recreation, and he even suggested that they make use of a certain semi-perpendicular hillside for the constructing of a new course.

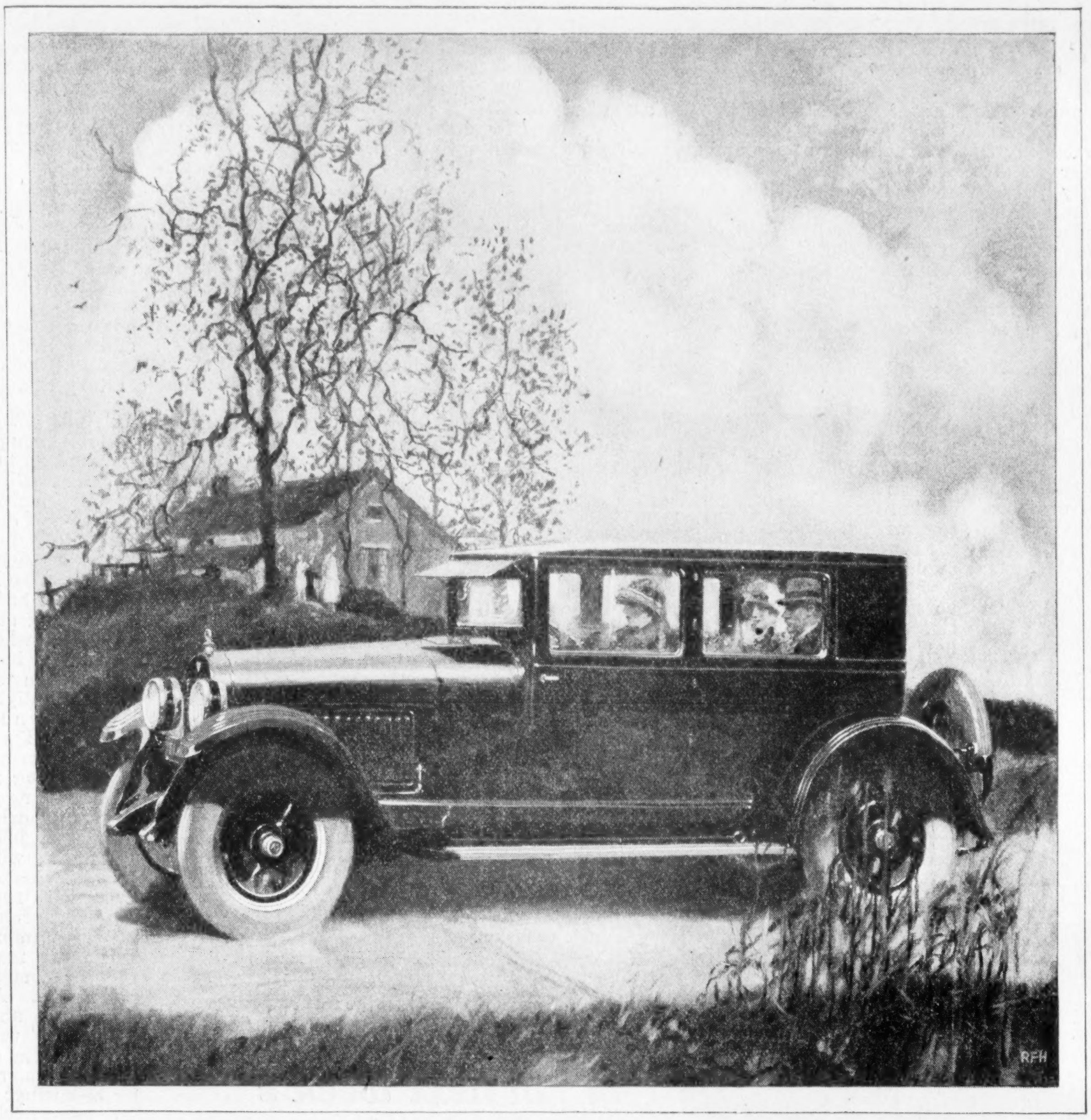
This suggestion seemed to appeal strongly to Bobby. He thanked the pasha for making it. Then, on boyish

(*Continued on page 32*)

No Eel for NOG

Can you imagine, after spearing the usual lot of sand dabs for supper, the joys of finding a fat eel in your bill? This was the beginning of a tremendous evening for old Nog. He was only a heron but the story of his fight in the air as told by HENRY WILLIAMSON and illustrated by CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL is exciting reading.

in next week's Collier's



"World's Greatest Buy"

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

HUDSON COACH
$1345

5 PASSENGER
SEDAN
$1795

7 PASSENGER
SEDAN
$1895
Freight and Tax Extra

Hudson is not called "the World's Greatest Buy" for today alone. That is acknowledgment of ten years' constant refinement of a great car around the famous patented Super-Six principle.

The reasons for that position affect all motor car buying. They cannot be ignored.

A supreme and exclusive motor principle, adding power, smoothness, performance, without added weight, cylinders or cost.

The largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars in the world—and the value advantages of that position.

Actual proof of greatest value—which is SALES.

And now the greatest price advantage with the finest quality Hudson ever offered.

It is only as you find the real comparisons for Hudson qualities among the costliest cars that the enormous difference in price is so astonishing.

All now know that higher price can buy no smoother performance than Hudson's. It cannot buy more brilliant results in pick-up, power or speed. It cannot buy greater reliability or endurance.

And with all this capacity and flexibility Hudson keeps the economy, simplicity and easy maintenance of the "Six."

Hudsons are noted for high resale value. They remain sound mechanically for years. Old models are not made obsolete by sweeping chassis or body changes. After ten years no advancement has been found to displace Super-Six leadership based on its patented, exclusive principle.

At today's prices need you own a lesser car? Can a costlier car satisfy you more?

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT MICHIGAN

In the Rough

Continued from page 30

impulse, young Layne continued: "We are having a sort of informal farewell dinner at the club to-morrow night; a few of us. Before dinner we are going to have a little fancy putting and that sort of thing. It is a rather interesting sight. I—I wonder if your Excellency would care to dine with us, and perhaps to ride out an hour or two early with me and watch the playing. If your Excellency will forgive the informality of the invitation and will consent to come in mufti—"

His Excellency accepted before the invitation was fairly out of Bobby's mouth. His Excellency had dreams, born of his talk with Bolton. This invitation came as a godsend and in the very nick of time.

Next afternoon, at a little before five, Bobby drove up to the clubhouse in his rattly motor car. At his side—almost squeezing him off the seat—lolled the huge pasha. In the extra seat at the rear of the little old-fashioned car sat Ismail's gloriously liveried kavass.

Every foreigner of note was on the veranda to lavish a respectfully cordial greeting upon the honored guest.

Bobby, with modest deference, described to his guest the rudimentary idea of the game.

Bolton threw in another casual reference to the sultan's eagerness to learn golf. Kay Bolton took up the tale of golf's delights.

Ismail leered roguishly at her. Bobby wanted to kick him. Then after ten minutes more of rehearsed preparation Bolton put all to the test by saying:

"Your Excellency would grasp the idea better in one minute of actual play than in a year of explanations. Here, Bobby, let his Excellency have that club you're twiddling. Hagan, build a tee for him. If your Excellency would consent—"

But Ismail hung back. He had no mind to show his inferiority at any accomplishment in the presence of these foreign men and women. Kay Bolton unslung her camera.

"Oh, do, your Excellency!" she begged. "I'd so love to have a snapshot of you swinging at a ball."

"Wait, Kay!" admonished her father. "Remember my promise to show his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, on our way home, all photographs we may take in his dominions. Perhaps his Excellency would not like the sultan to see a picture of him in the act of playing a mere game. His dignity might—"

Into the piglike eyes of Ismail Pasha rushed a great radiance. Almost rudely he snatched from Bobby Layne the proffered club. The thing was done.

His Excellency listened impatiently, yet carefully, to one or two simple instructions and he observed the object lesson offered by Titus Bolton of the position he must assume and the swing his body must take with the swing of the club. Then he strode to the tee—whereon he bulked like a meal sack on a pebble.

THE driver Bobby had given him was a "dreadnaught"—an oversized wooden club—a type that was introduced a dozen years or more back and went out of favor as quickly as it came in.

The pasha swung with a vim that wheeled his monstrous body clean about and almost to a fall. The ball was unwounded.

"Practice swing!" commented Bolton with a heap of approval in his voice as Ismail glared around in angry search for laughter.

Every face was grave. Many heads nodded in mute approval. Ismail Pasha turned with renewed zest to his task. Putting all his bulk and strength into the swipe, he smote again. This time he hit the ball and hit it clean.

Such things happen, you know. There was only a certain amount of atmosphere down near the ground. The ball was filling part of that atmosphere. The club caught it and caught it right.

Through the outraged ether whizzed the stricken ball. High and far and fast it flew. It lodged, with a ragged "plop," clean in the bunker.

From the veranda and from all sides went up a gasp of admiring amaze more flattering than the wildest applause. That gasp had been well rehearsed. It had been planned for use if Ismail should give the ball the merest dribble of momentum. Now, at this astonishing drive, there was tenfold power to it.

THE most suspicious man on earth couldn't have doubted the genuineness of that sound nor the wonder on the faces about him. The least vain man alive couldn't have failed to get a kick out of it. Ismail purpled with delight. But Titus Bolton was looking at him strangely.

"Pardon, your Excellency," said Bolton, with a kind of stiff offendedness. "It is your privilege to play a good joke on us. But if you had told us you were a veteran golf player we wouldn't have bored you with all those stupid instructions. As it is, I compliment you on the best drive I have had the luck to see on this course. I'm sorry we didn't know long ago you were a player. We should have asked you out here at once."

Testing Our Gibraltar

On April 15th the joint Army and Navy maneuvers in the Pacific. Oahu, our Pacific Gibraltar, will be subjected to an attack stronger than any foreign power is believed able to make.

Brigadier General LeRoy Eltinge, who will be the Senior Umpire, land side, has written an article, telling why the maneuvers are being held and what important questions they are expected to answer.

in next week's

Collier's

"I never have played golf before," said Ismail, trying to look modest and looking more like a frog that's swelled to bursting. "If I have chanced to strike well, it is only because I am deft at all manly accomplishments. I—"

"I have no choice but to accept your Excellency's word," answered Bolton, looking as if he didn't do anything of the sort. "And, if it pleases you to have us do so, we'll continue on the assumption you are a beginner. Shall we follow the ball?"

As they went, Ismail's ears were strained for the muttered comments of the gallery that trailed after Bolton and himself.

"He's no beginner!" he heard Spurling grumble sourly to Bobby Layne. "That shot couldn't have been made by any mortal man who hadn't practiced for years. I tell you he's a professional. One of the best of them, at that."

Thrilled, Ismail heard Bobby's low-pitched but far-carrying answer: "Oh, I don't know. Why should he lie about it? Once in a century a man is born who has a natural genius for golf and who plays better at the start than any ordinary man plays in a lifetime. I've read of such cases. I never hoped to see one. Lord, but I envy him, when the sultan takes up golf! Ismail will be sent for, to Stamboul, in a rush."

"Be quiet!" entreated Kay Bolton. "He'll hear you. A man who can drive like that may have abnormal hearing too."

Which, as a matter of fact, Ismail Pasha had; as all El Kanah knew.

Bolton meanwhile was digging the ball out of the soft bunker earth and carrying it over for Ismail. On the far side he teed it for him; and all of us stood well aside to watch the second shot. Still clinging to the lucky club, Ismail took two vehement "practice swings." Bolton nodded approval of them both.

The third wild swat topped the ball, making it hop along viciously. If the ball had been hit square, it would have sailed into the next province. As it was, it had just enough traveling power to trickle onto the green, with a bare twelve feet to go. There Bobby handed his disciple a putter. Ismail holed like a veteran. He was a crack croquet player. That was his only outdoor sport, as it had been his father's and as it is many another Oriental's.

There's no use dragging out the rest of the round. Except on the putts, Ismail's beginner luck only stuck to him in spots. He had a fearsome time in the trap, till Bolton invented a rule that a ball can be lifted out by hand after the fourth sandstorm. And he lost seven of Bobby's choicest balls in the lagoon. Of course he couldn't get the ball on that elevated green, to save his soul, till Bolton came to the rescue with still another new rule.

At the end of the course it was discovered, after consulting fussily the handwritten book of records, that the newcomer had come within just two of tying the club's record and within three of the world record.

I don't need to tell you the gallery worked its head off throughout the round. At the end it was as tired and hot and thirsty as Ismail himself.

But the work was done. Bobby Layne's scheme had scored a 100 per cent success. Ismail Pasha was bitten and devoured by the golf bug.

Never in all his days had the pasha been so overjoyed with himself.

THEN came dinner: with much commendable food for an exercise-hungry man, and also comforting drinks. Life was perfect. Toward the end of the meal Bobby Layne was minded to make an impromptu speech.

"I have a motion to offer," he declared, rising with much solemnity. "Though the El Kanah Country Club has but two more days of existence, yet its annals should not be allowed to close without making some slight recognition of a performance we were privileged to witness this afternoon. Therefore I move we suspend our regular rules and, by acclamation, elect his Excellency Ismail Pasha an honorary member of this club! All in favor—"

His words were drowned in a tumultuous "AYE! ! !"

Before the president could get on his feet, Ismail had lurched up to something like a standing posture. His saddle-colored face was glowing like a desert sunset that's seen through a glass of crabapple jelly.

His exploit of the afternoon had started him. The food and the drinks had speeded him up. Now, to find he was elected by acclamation to an exclusive country club, such as he had read about in the dime novels he loved—that completed it. Words gushed from his heart and from his fat lips, like soda from a siphon.

"My friends!" he burbled in his near-perfect English, as he beamed about on us. "My friends! My own dear friends! My *brothers!* For this honor I have no words to thank you, nor for your royal hospitality. In accepting membership here, I beg leave to correct one statement from my young friend and proposer. Mr. Layne has said this club has but two more days of life. With apologies, I tell him he is mistaken. This club has many more years of life. Yes, and in this clubhouse and on these grounds. I swear it. I, Ismail Pasha. I—"

He got no further for nearly five minutes. The crowd went delirious. Solemn old codgers—like me, for one—got on the table and waved napkins and yowled and yipped and pounded one another on the back and threw ecstasy fits.

IT WASN'T only that we'd saved our club—though Allah knows how much that meant to us white men in a land like Bel-es-Diab. It wasn't only that we'd won the right to keep on with the single form of outdoor exercise open to us. Most of all, it was that our six hours of strenuous acting had been a sure-fire success. We had scored the hit of our lives. We had Ismail floundering gayly in the golf stream.

Yes, we whooped and clapped and behaved like boozy undergrads, we men. The women weren't so much behind us in the ballyhoo either. Kay Bolton looked like a kid at her first circus, and she acted like it too. Ismail stood bowing and grinning and smirking. He was basking for the first time in the bliss of being a popular hero.

Then Spurling started singing, "Our pasha's a jolly good fellow!" We all joined in, with a roar and a swing. Ismail looked as if he was about to pass away with rapture. Of course the old song was brand-new to him. He thought we were improvising it in his honor. Out there many a beggar has grown rich by composing songs in praise of potentates. And now a roomful of Americans and English were chanting a hymn of praise to him. It was the crown of the evening.

Bobby Layne carried out the hoopla by bellowing: "*He's* all right!" Spurling came back with the highly original query: "*Who's* all right?" And everyone yelled in unison: "ISMAIL PASHA!"

Bolton was the first to notice that the beamingly rapturous old heathen was still on his feet. He shouted: "Speech!" We all echoed it. Then we sat down and surveyed our happy victim in smug expectation. Ismail cleared his throat and began to harangue. His voice was wabbly with heavenly emotion. Tears were trickling down his fat nose and over his greasy, billygoat beard.

"My blood brethren, one and all!" he blithered lovingly. "My heart goes out to you as the heart of Daoud of old to the son of Saul the Emir! You have brought pride and a profound gladness to my very heart this night. May one and all of you lie where rose leaves shall fall upon your tombs! May the bulbul (as yet unhatched) warble madrigals thereon! May your wives remain ever faithful and fair! May our Lord the Prophet (*Muhammad sa-idnah rasoul Allah*—on whom be the Ages of the Ages and the peace of Allah the Compassionate!) prepare your couches in the Seventh Paradise! May the houris bedeck them with garlands from the choicest gardens of Es Semme! *Saar issar sa-id!*"

Drink and flaming gratified vanity were doing queer things to his stately English. He seemed to realize this, for he pulled up and went on with his speech more sanely:

"I repeat, you—I mean to say *we*—shall enjoy for all time this club home and the golf garden around it. Here shall we feast, always as now. Here shall we play the heaven-begotten game of the golf. Here, if Allah wills it, I shall continue to excel in that noble play; until the fame of my playing shall assail the ears of the Saadat-el-Pasha, the Padishah of all Believers.

"It is my purpose to make a flying field, as I have told some of you. I had planned to make it on this site. I see now I should thus have destroyed not

(*Continued on page 34*)

"My real trouble was chronic constipation, which had caused pimples, acne and frequent headaches . . . Skeptical, I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. Then—after a little over a month—the miracle became an established fact: pimples gone, headaches gone, acne fast going, and no more constipation."

E. H. Howard, Santa Fe, N. M.

The PRICE *of* HEALTH

For a few cents a day thousands have found again the freshness, the vigor of youth

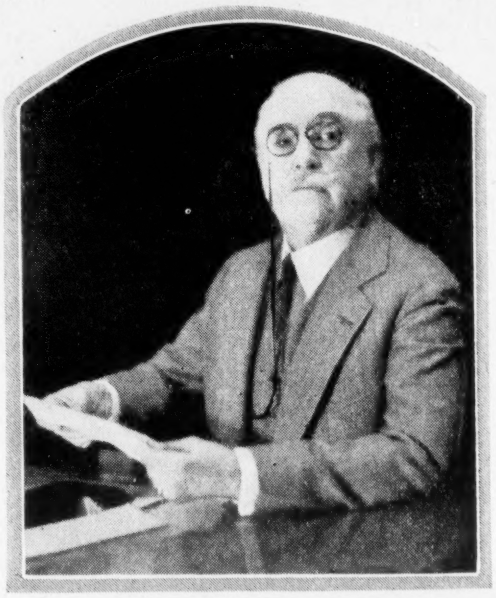
Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain.

For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. E-15, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington Street, New York.



(BELOW)

"As a speaker for my party in 1920, I rushed heedlessly from state to state until an outraged nature exacted retribution . . . I sought out a famous specialist for some magic. Here it was! '*Fleischmann's Yeast; three cakes a day*.' In two weeks my appetite had returned; in six, I dared to face my mirror again with clear eyes. I no longer know what anemia and skin troubles mean. My daily cake of yeast has become a rite and a symbol of a more vital existence."

Miss Alma B. Sasse, Brunswick, Mo.

(LEFT)

"After years of suffering from a disfigured face, due to chronic acne, and after prolonged treatment, I was persuaded to use Fleischmann's Yeast. I started with two cakes every day. To my great joy there was an immediate improvement. Continued daily use of yeast overcame the unsightly condition of my face and it is now clear of blemishes."

Miss Helen W. Young,
Philadelphia, Pa.

(RIGHT)

"I am a professional man, and suffered many years from indigestion. I could eat only certain foods and had constant pain in my stomach. Three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for three weeks, brought such incredible improvement that I persisted in the practice. At the present time my digestion is perfect and I am in as perfect health as any man of my age in New Haven."

Irving J. Keyes,
New Haven, Conn.

(BELOW)

"For years I fought a chronic constipation. I began eating Yeast merely to satisfy a friend. At the end of two weeks, my chronic constipation and dull headaches had begun to disappear. In one month I was feeling better than I had for ten years. Now I am absolutely normal. As supervising nurse in the health department of a large utility company I find constipation one of the most common ailments. I consider yeast the best remedy I can advise for it."

Miss Gayle Pond, R. N., Chicago, Ill.

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders.

In the Rough

Continued from page 32

only your pleasure but my own. Accept the amends of an old man who loves you all. I shall not abandon my plan. But this place shall be sacred.

"Instead I shall raze the village of Mejdel-es-Shems, two miles beyond. It is the one other spot that is level. I shall make it a flying field. Its huts are of no value. Wherever its inhabitants move to, they must still pay taxes, as before; in addition to the 'removal tax.' Thus there will be no loss to the serai, nor to anyone who is worth considering. My brethren, the thing is as good as done. I, your fellow member, swear it. Again, from a full heart, Ismail Pasha thanks you!"

He sat down. The crowd went daffy again; but this time more from a sense of duty than from enthusiasm. I heard Kay Bolton whisper to Spurling: "I wish he hadn't said that, about evicting the villagers. It's a tang of quinine in a fudge sundae. He—"

"Oh, the natives are used to it!" Spurling said, in that airy way a tenderfoot talks when he's discussing the East.

"They aren't used to it!" contradicted Bobby Layne glumly. "It's rotten of the old blackguard."

But this was only a minority report. The crowd was jubilant as we broke up. Just as we were leaving, Ismail Pasha was moved to make another speech. A short one this time.

"My brother members of this club!" he declaimed, after he had gone into the silences for a few minutes of rough-and-tumble thought. "I ask a favor of you. You have told me the tournament of your—of *our*—club will begin at eight on the morning of Monday, with a golf battle for a silver jar, between Mr. Layne and Mr. Spurling. The favor I ask is this: I ask that all of you come out here together on that morning, with me. We can come as a procession. We can meet in the serai square and drive out here. I ask it."

We looked at one another in a kind of puzzled way. Titus Bolton said, "Why, certainly." But he said it so wonderingly that Ismail explained:

"I have a gift I wish to bestow upon this club and thus on every fellow member of mine. It is a gift which will perhaps make you happier that you have done me this honor. It is a gift that will prove Ismail Pasha is grateful. I ask all of you to come out here together, with me, on that morning, so I may have the joy of presenting it then and of enjoying your pleasure in it."

Politely we cheered. Civilly we sang "Our pasha's a jolly good fellow," all over again. Secretly everyone of us was wondering what hideous lump of Vienna bric-à-brac from his treasure-rooms the old cuss was going to thrust upon us for the disfigurement of our clubhouse.

AT SEVEN-THIRTY on Monday morning our silly, self-conscious procession of second-hand cars started out from the serai square, with half the population of El Kanah goggling at us and with Ismail in the first car with Titus Bolton and Kay and Spurling. I followed next with Bobby Layne in his heart-diseased motor car. The rest trailed after us.

All at once he blurted out, "Say, Hagan, you're lots older than I am. Is it true a woman has no use for a loser?"

"I don't know, lad," said I, stalling, so as not to seem to understand his drift. "Win or lose, women have never had any special use for *me*."

"What I'm getting at is this," he breaks in. "You know what the case is. I guess everyone does. Though I feel like a wall-eyed fool to be gassing about it even to an old stick-in-the-mud like you. I get a notion, sometimes, that maybe she cares. Then the next minute I know she doesn't. I'd have backed my chances with her, anyhow, if it wasn't for this hell-selected tournament to-day.

"I guess it's true that a woman has no use for a loser," he goes on miserably. "I read it once in a book. I'm due to get the thrashing of my life out there on the links to-day, and with everybody looking on. She'll see me get licked. And she'll know everybody else is seeing me get licked. Spurling will show me up for a second-rater and make a monkey of me. I'll be the day's boob. If a woman has no use for a loser, she's got still less for a man who is made ridiculous. Sweet prospect, isn't it?"

"You brought it on yourself," I said, just to cheer him along. "If you hadn't made the course what it is Spurling wouldn't have had a look-in. Over the flat you used to make him look like a national calamity. If you'd had the sense to leave the course as it was you'd have rolled your way to glory while he was still swearing over that trick slope in the fourth. It'd be a walkover for you."

"It would," he agrees sulkily. "But it won't. That's the difference. So—"

He stopped. The first car had just swung around the sharp bend between the rock walls. It had come out into the open, about fifty yards from the clubhouse. Thanks to the hill shoulder and the cliffs on each side of the ragtime road, this was the first place where a view of the course could be had.

Kay Bolton was driving the front car. She stopped it so sudden that it skidded halfway around. Bobby and I came out in the open space just then, and Bobby pretty near had to ditch his motor car to dodge a collision. He blinked at Kay to find out why she had done such a weird thing.

BUT she wasn't looking at him. She was looking at the course. So was Bolton. So was Spurling. So was Ismail. The first three had expressions like boiled sheep's heads. But Ismail looked the way Santa Claus might when he brought the first Christmas tree to a bunch of orphan asylum kids.

Then Bobby and I looked. After that, for a spell, we just sat gaping.

There lay the course. But it was the course of three years earlier, only a little worse.

Not a bunker was left. Not a sand trap was left. The elevated green was gone. The lagoon was filled nicely, to the level of the rest of the plain.

You could have played billiards on our wonderful golf course. Or, rather, you could have played pool on it, using the holes for pockets.

Nobody spoke. There weren't any words. We just sat and stared, and waited to wake up. Out of the awful stillness boomed Ismail Pasha's fuzzy voice. The old catamaran was making another speech. Standing up in the car, he addressed the dumb audience.

"My fellow members!" he orated, chuckling happily. "There is my gift! The thought came to me from heaven, as I sat listening to your beautiful hymn in my praise the other night. I thought: May Allah the All Wise tell me how to show my gratitude to these loved friends. And at once I saw."

He beamed at us, in merry anticipation of our delight. Then he went on:

"I knew you were without great wealth. You had done what you could to make your golf field smooth and easy to play on. But you were hampered by those ridges and those pits of sand and that pool of water. Costly balls were lost in the pool. Wonderful shots—like my own first shot—were stopped by those vile mounds and ridges. Balls fell into the sand holes and could not be gotten out except by much needless toil and dirtiness. You had done your best. But these things made your course imperfect. I resolved to make you a gift of a perfect course."

Still we sat, with jaws ajar. He prattled on:

"At dusk last night six thousand men came here at my orders. *Corvée* laborers; convicts from the prison; soldiers from the barracks. Till dawn they toiled, under the kurbash. By sunrise the thing was done. Behold a perfect golfing course—the gift of Ismail Pasha to the men he is proud to call his friends!"

A hush. Then, through the chunks of the silence boomed a horrible voice. It was the voice of Titus Bolton. It sounded more like the animals at feeding time.

I think Bolton must have talked for the best part of five minutes. He didn't repeat himself once. At his first sentence Kay got down from the car and fled out of earshot. So did the other women who were in range.

We men stayed where we were. It was a liberal education to the toughest of us.

Why, Bolton used words I never even knew there were! He said things that made me wish our car was farther off from his, in case a thunderbolt should drop on him. It would have taken a massé shot from on high to hit him without scorching the rest of us.

And speaking of scorching! I've heard of "words that burn." But I had never heard of words that *fry*. Titus Bolton sure spoke them. And Ismail Pasha was the man they fried. They fried him in his own fat.

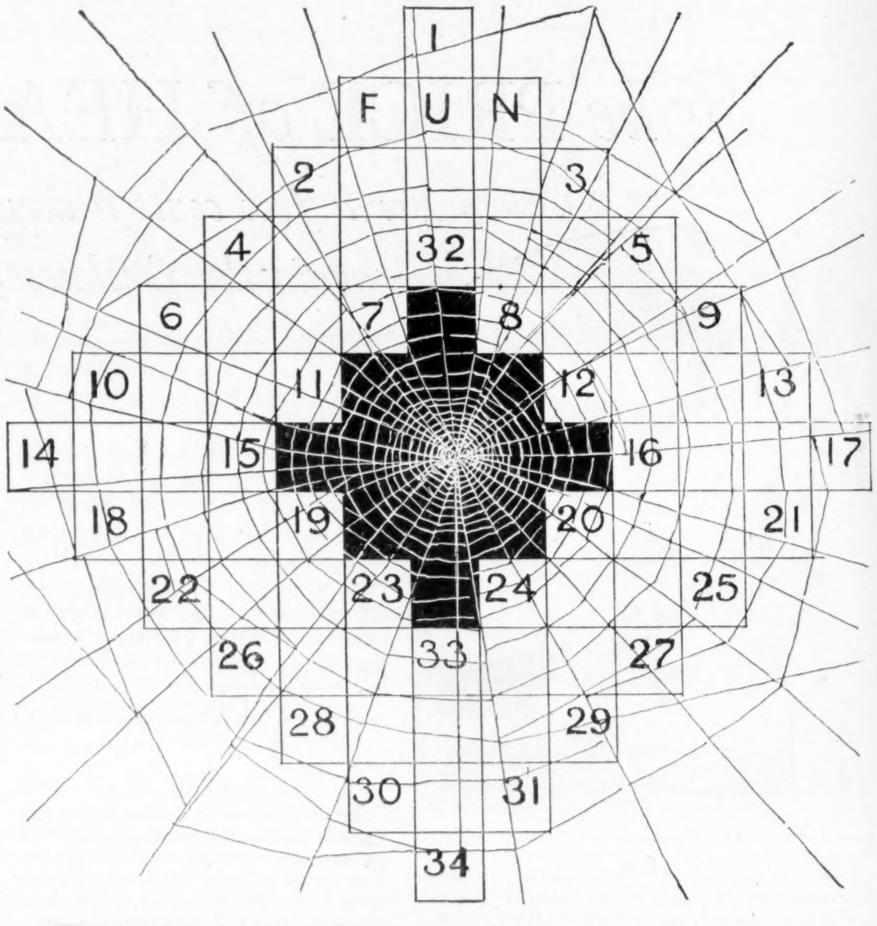
That old scoundrel learned more luridly illustrated truths about himself in five minutes than he had heard before in all his sixty-one years. Bolton might have been talking yet if Ismail hadn't walked out on him.

That's why the village of Mejdel-es-Shems was never razed. That's why our ground lease was canceled twenty-four hours later. That's why Titus Bolton was asked by the local government to go back to America by the next boat—the boat that took Bobby Layne home.

BUT we had our tournament. We were sporting enough for that. The thirty-six-hole medal match was to be started at eight. As young Layne was getting out of his car Kay Bolton drifted past, and he joined her. As they wandered out of earshot I could hear her saying, like an excited kid:

"It's your own old course, Bobby! It's your own good old 'rolling' course! Step in and run them right up to the pin! But oh, I wish Dad hadn't said such horrid things to Ismail Pasha! Ismail's really a splendid fellow—in spots. He's done loads of good too—sometimes!"

Here's the DADDY *of them all*



BEHOLD the original crossword sin. Created in seclusion, this, the ancestor of all crossword puzzles, was published in an obscure corner of the New York "Sunday World" on December 21, 1913. A great war came and a great war went, peace treaties were signed and scuttled, statesmen arose and collapsed, new planets were discovered and lost, and an eclipse arrived and passed—but the crossword progeny increased and multiplied and took possession of the land. John O'Hara Cosgrave was the editor who first gave space to the puzzle. Now we know where the blame belongs.

HORIZONTAL	
2-3.	What bargain hunters enjoy.
4-5.	A written acknowledgment.
6-7.	Such and nothing more.
10-11.	A bird.
14-15.	A greater quantity.
18-19.	What this puzzle is.
22-23.	An animal of prey.
26-27.	The close of a day.
28-29.	To elude.
30-31.	The plural of is.
8-9.	To cultivate.
12-13.	A bar of wood or iron.
16-17.	What artists learn to do.
20-21.	Fastened.
24-25.	Found on the seashore.

VERTICAL	
10-18.	The fiber of the gomuti palm.
6-22.	What we all should be.
4-26.	A day dream.
2-11.	A talon.
19-28.	A pigeon.
F-7.	Part of your head.
23-30.	A river in Russia.
1-32.	To govern.
33-34.	An aromatic plant.
N-8.	A fist.
24-31.	To agree with.
3-12.	Part of a ship.
20-29.	One.
5-27.	Exchanging.
9-25.	To sink in mud.
13-21.	A boy.

(Answer on page 48)

better paper ~ better printing

He knows where they could have done better

Every time one of Lucifer Yourstuck's friends buys something, Lucifer tells him where he could have bought the same thing much cheaper

IF you don't know Lucifer Yourstuck, you know someone just like him.

If your wife buys a rug or an ice-box, or if you buy a suit-case or a bundle of shade trees, Lucifer will examine, mildly admire, and then tell you where you could have bought it for much less money.

He has a noisy contempt for your favorite department store. He has seen the kitchen of your pet restaurant, and he knows enough about your garage man to send him to jail. Your vacuum cleaner, your heating system, your roofing paint and your typewriter are all the wrong kind.

No matter what you buy, his mission in life is to make you wish you hadn't.

Can you blame the advertiser?

If now and then you get a letter from a manufacturer or a merchant telling you about his goods or sending you a booklet, remember why he does it.

He knows that his customers are beset by friends who will constantly try to persuade them to go somewhere else and buy something different. So merchants and manufacturers employ good printers and use good printing—booklets, folders, letters and package inserts—to keep you advised how to buy intelligently, and, having bought, how to use your purchase so as to get the greatest value out of it.

Give a fair share of your attention to this advertising that comes to you in your mail. It is intended as constructive help and is worth more to you than all the jeers and criticism ever uttered by the Lucifer Yourstucks of this world.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

The proper use of good printing in the production of direct advertising has been the subject of study and experiment by S. D. Warren Company for a number of years.

Booklets and brochures on various angles of this subject have been prepared with thought and care. A special series of these books issued during the current year as well as some others previously issued may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to us.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

S. D. Warren Company
101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Motorists on Their Honor

Continued from page 21

not ask a heavenly state of affairs where every driver acts in an ideal manner. We do not ask the impossible. We *do* ask that the indifference of the general public give way to a real interest, that apathy be replaced by action. And when these things are done, and public opinion is aroused against the automobile criminal just as it is against the dope peddler, then and not until then will the number of deaths and the wanton destruction of property be reduced to a minimum."

As proof of the contention that nearly all accidents are avoidable, the Highway Safety Club submits the following table which has been compiled from figures of the police department of one of the large cities of the Northwest, covering the period of one year:

	Number of Accidents	*Percentage of Total*
Carelessness	11,218	66.47
Failure to give right of way	2,772	16.42
Skidding	539	3.19
Cutting corners	819	4.85
Failure to give signal	353	2.09
Driving while intoxicated	182	1.08
Reckless driving	251	1.49
Jaywalking	87	.52
Driving on left side of street	123	.72
Double parking	26	.15
No lights on parked car	20	.13
Passing to left of street car	52	.31
Speeding	66	.39
Passing double at intersection	107	.63
Reverse turn in middle of block	41	.24
Passing street car discharging passengers	23	.15
Defective brakes	33	.20
Bright lights	15	.09
Inexperienced drivers	24	.15
Jockeying on bridges	28	.16
Miscellaneous causes	97	.57
	16,876	100.00

Sixty-six per cent "carelessness!" Sixteen per cent "failure to give right of way!" Nearly five per cent "cutting corners!" It doesn't take an efficiency man to discover that over ninety per cent of these accidents would never have taken place if the drivers had all been members of the same club! But it took an efficiency man to make a discovery which may prove the best thing that has happened to automobiling since the invention of the pneumatic tire:

That there is honor among motorists!

Gunning with a News Camera

Continued from page 19

so good to him that he and a monkey pet of his posed for six or seven pictures. The day after they were published, with a story proving that his princely title was fictitious, the "Prince" left town.

Back in 1915 Victor Holt, the man who shot J. Pierpont Morgan, led the photographers a merry chase until they started snapping him from all sides. He was almost as difficult to photograph as the man he shot. Holt's picture was a valuable one to the newspapers because of the fact that he had shot one of the world's princes of finance. He was finally forced to pose by a county sheriff. He afterwards killed himself in jail.

But there are exceptions to the rule that criminals are shy of the camera. Almost invariably when women are arrested for murder or for some crime that will send them to prison for a long period they will submit to any kind of pose that a newspaper photographer demands. This is partly because they are under the advice of their lawyer and partly because of their own intuition. They see that a picture of themselves gazing from between prison bars has a good chance of predisposing prospective sentimental jurors to disregard the facts of their crime.

In the years that I have spent photographing people in the day's news I have found out that everybody who is not "in bad" likes to have his picture taken at least once for the newspapers; that the bigger the man or woman, the easier the subject is to photograph; and that men before the camera show themselves more vain than women. The two most self-conscious men I ever photographed are Edward, Prince of Wales, and our General John Pershing.

In December, 1918, I was ordered to get some pictures of King George and Queen Mary in Buckingham Palace. I had very little trouble and later in the day I photographed the king and a party of his friends at a railroad station.

I have told you how obliging was Albert, King of the Belgians. This may partly be explained by the fact that his own Queen Elizabeth is an enthusiastic picture fan, who takes many pictures with her own camera.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy I found most willing to pose for his pictures. When I asked his permission to photograph him and a group of his friends the king himself took the pains to arrange the group. But later, when I caught him in a petulant mood, he said, "Photography is not a profession. It's a damned disease."

Colonel Roosevelt, of whom I made hundreds of pictures, was not averse to being photographed but hated to pose. He did not care how he looked in a picture if it showed him in action. Woodrow Wilson detested pictures but bowed to their inevitability. He, like Roosevelt, insisted that the pictures show him in action.

Hetty Green, one of the oddest and most striking women of her time, hated photographers but was forbidden by her dignity to try and dodge them. I made many pictures of her.

The John Pierpont Morgans, father and son, both hated the camera. Mr. Morgan still follows the custom, originated by his father, of having a strong-arm man accompany him to keep the photographers away.

The John D. Rockefellers are now both willing victims to the camera, but years ago John D., Sr., hated it. I once got several pictures of him as he was leaving the Standard Oil Building. Mr. Rockefeller now takes being photographed philosophically—as one of the many annoyances of modern times.

The "Prince Louis de Bourbon" gladly posed to get publicity

John Jacob Astor, who went down with the Titanic, was always obliging to newspaper men, greeting them with a kind word and posing for his picture. And Enrico Caruso would do almost anything for photographers, provided all the photographers got the picture. He played no favorites.

After his long illness at the Vanderbilt Hotel he was asked to pose for his picture, and to make sure that every newspaper got a copy he had Mrs. Caruso take the picture with her own camera and send a copy to every paper in New York.

One of the best pictures in my scrapbook is one I made on the Hindenburg Line in France. It shows how the American soldier looked in battle.

I saw him first coming from the line. He was Clifford Howard, a private in the 27th Division. A buddy was leading him from the front back to a first-aid station. His leg was half torn off and his left hand had been badly smashed by high explosive shell fire. And I'll never forget the smile that was on his face as he came creeping down that shell-torn road.

One of the most interesting photographs I ever made and, I believe, one of the most famous in history, was taken at President Wilson's White House in Paris at the time of the Peace Conference. It shows the Big Four—Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando—"acting" for the moving picture camera. Lloyd George and Orlando, the Italian premier, played up splendidly as the camera man started to grind. But Clemenceau, "The Tiger," was suddenly seized with stage fright and "went dead" on us. President Wilson, who disliked moving pictures, turned his face away from the camera and laughed at the "acting" of his distinguished confreres.

While Lloyd George was attending the Peace Conference I was ordered to get a good head-and-shoulders picture of him. It was six weeks before I could get the premier in a place to snap him.

He was walking in a park in Paris. I drove by him in my automobile and, jumping out in front, ran toward him, my camera at ready to snap the picture. Lloyd George halted and stepped back of his bodyguard and I saw in a flash that he took me for an assassin. I held my camera high and called out that I only wanted a picture. He told me to go ahead and take two and mail him one. I mailed him two, one of which he autographed and gave to me.

The life of a camera man, on the whole, is interesting; but there are times when it is filled with embarrassing moments. One of these was the time I murdered the canary.

The canary was the pet of a woman who had had it for ten years. I went up to get the picture. It took two hours of steady talk to coax her into letting me do it. The room was dark and I had to talk some more to get her permission to take the flashlight. At the roar of the flash, the bird stiffened and died.

About a year ago Peter Robano, assistant to Joseph Palmer, head of the Eastern District, U. S. Secret Service, called me on the telephone and informed me that he had thirty-five of the worst counterfeiters in the country. On my arrival with my camera I found the whole gang lined up.

As I was focusing my camera, I noticed that one of the prisoners was eying me with a peculiar look. His face was vaguely familiar and I tried to remember where I had seen him before. On my second look I recognized him as one of the members of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace who had accompanied President Wilson in Paris. I was just about to greet him but the look he gave me made me think better of it.

Out in the hall I asked Pete Robano what the man was doing with the counterfeiters and he told me that this former peace commissioner, as a detective, had lived with the gang until he brought about their capture.

When my paper first started I was assigned the task of finding and photographing the most polite person in the city each day. When he or she was found I had $50 to give as a reward.

At 53d Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, I came upon a policeman directing traffic. As I reached him, an old lady, driving an automobile with a New Jersey license plate, stopped her car and asked the policeman for directions.

When he attempted to give them to her, it developed that she was deaf. After several unsuccessful attempts, he motioned her to pull her car out of the traffic into 53d Street. He left his post, took out his directory and after five minutes of loud talking he finally got her started on her way.

It was snowing very hard and the policeman's politeness so impressed me that I complimented him. He told me it was all in the day's work, and when I told him the act was worth $50 he glared at me and wondered audibly if I wanted to go to Bellevue Hospital. It took fifteen minutes for me to persuade him that I was sane and that the money was his.

Next day his picture was in the paper.

There's Only One Bobby Jones

Continued from page 20

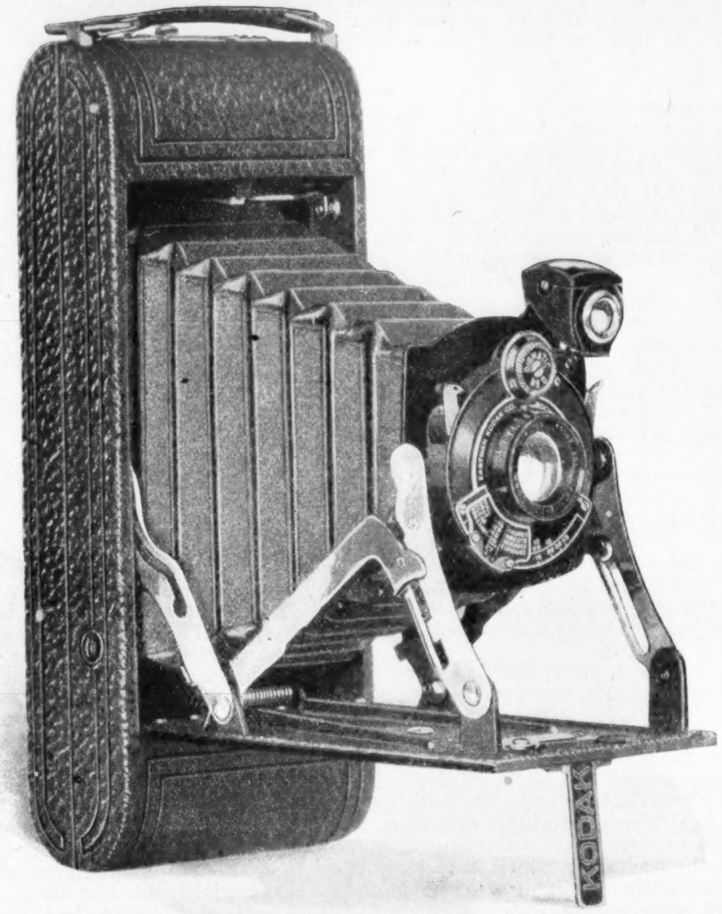
came for Fate to relent. These six defeats failed to discourage him in any way. He continued to hit the ball without wavering or weakening until his day arrived.

Jones proved his kinship to golfing humanity last year at Oakland Hills, where one hole cost him the crown he had won the year before. This was the tenth hole, a narrow drive and a high pitch to an elevated, well-trapped green. He played this hole badly in three practice rounds and never overcame its spell. The hole, a par 4, cost him three 6's and a 5, 7 strokes lost to par. They are all mortal when golf waves its conquering wand.

In the last three years Jones has finished 3-1-2 in the United States Open. Last fall, after a working summer, he came north to play again in the amateur championship at Merion, where he had started his career eight years before at the age of fourteen. He had played little golf when he landed in New York, and his first round at Garden City was around 84. It was easy to see that he was thoroughly out of practice. Yet of such value is the right habit and the right concentration that within a few days he was again near his best game. And when he came to the championship test at Merion he was hitting the ball as well as he had ever hit it at the end of a golfing summer. All he needed was to get his timing back, to renew the smoothness of his rhythm, and get once more the old touch.

He had married and entered business with full determination to succeed. The "boy wonder" had passed. One isn't very old at twenty-two or twenty-three, but there is a wide gap between the day of play and the day of work.

In the last year Jones has worked hard and has given to his job what he formerly gave to studies and to golf. He has played but little golf. When he comes in June to Worcester for the Open Championship and later to Oakmont for the Amateur, it will be doubly interesting to see how quickly he can again build upon correct form and determined concentration, whether he can again hit his old slashing stride. Business is much the more important detail. Yet something of importance would be lost to art and beauty of motion if a business career broke up one of the closest things we have to perfect rhythm in the land of sport. For there are many, many great business men. But there is the golfing swing, the lyrical smoothness, of only one Bobby Jones.



It's all here:–

In the new
No. 1A Series II

Pocket
KODAK

LENS—Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7.

A SHUTTER, the Diomatic, that chops the seconds into fractions with accuracy, from 1/10th to 1/100th. Time exposures, too, of course.

A FRONT that snaps, of itself, into place when you want it —instantly.

A STOP AND SPEED CONTROL that at the same time tells you how—instantly.

FOCUS at your finger tips—instantly.

AUTOGRAPHIC, of course. You can date and title the negative at the time you make the exposure—instantly.

CONVENIENCE—constantly.

PICTURES, 2½x4¼. Price $26.00.

At your dealer's

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

The Pinch of Something

Continued from page 16

as short as everybody says?” asked Pinky.

The Corrupt Press said he was shorter. Mabel, however, was but mildly interested. Even Professor Timmy had known that it was difficult to get at Figlione. He had told her not to be discouraged if she waited two weeks. Yet here she sat beside a slim, exhausted-looking young man who drew letters from Figlione out of his inside pocket, as if he arranged interviews every morning.

AS SHE gave Herbie, the next day, a sixteen-page sketch of that evening's dreamlike events, she passed quickly over “The Whirlpool.” It was not a play that he would have liked. The heroine's dresses were pretty, but the fact that she and the hero were married had not made it any easier for Mabel to sit through their conversation. She was aware, after the second act, that Lorillard Morgan was studying her.

“Think you can stick it out?” he asked. She thought it extraordinary of him to have read her thoughts so completely.

“Well,” she said, “I don't have to think about it just because it's going on before me.”

The young man laughed, and said he would tell that to the authors for their encouragement.

“What are you thinking about?” he asked. She wondered if she dared be truthful.

“I was thinking about Figlione. I want to sing for him. How—is it easy—” she stumbled.

The Corrupt Press lifted his eyebrows.

“He's sailing at noon to-morrow,” he told her. “Won't be back until April. If I'd known, I could have got that hour for you instead of Rose.”

She was horribly disappointed. “I'm to be here only six months,” she told him. “I'd hoped so much to study with him.”

She did not tell all of this to Herbie just as it occurred, nor that the young man's eyes, when they were not looking amused or satiric, could look very kind.

She wrote that after the play they had gone to the studio of the Princess Sochoff, the great pianist, who had played for her, while she sang, “Si mes vers avaient des ailes,” and the aria from “Butterfly.” The Princess had played much faster than Professor Timmy. She had said that Mabel must work with her great friend Pietro Cenci. She would arrange an audition very soon.

Concerning Lorillard Morgan she wrote that she thought he was a manager of the New York “Menace.” He had told her that Figlione was going to Europe for the winter.

“So that's that,” she ended. “In the spring, when he comes back, perhaps I shall be all the better for waiting.”

She told Herbie that she missed him.

“There are so many things here that are different,” she wrote. “I wish we could talk about them. Writing is so hard.”

ONE of the things she would have liked to talk about was Rose Stanley. She doubted if Rose were the kind of woman Herbie would admire. That might be overlooked in one who was Artiste. What Mabel had disliked most had been that Miss Stanley had not praised her singing. Margie had gasped. Pinky had said, “Great work, Kid!”

Even Lorillard Morgan had told her, without a suggestion of laughter in his eyes, that while anyone could see her as she sang, it was difficult to remember that he should listen rather than look.

“Will you sing some time again,” he asked, “while I shut my eyes?”

She did not tell Herbie that, nor that Rose Stanley had not said one complimentary word. After “Si mes vers,” she had even said, “You must learn French.”

After the aria, she had said, “You must work with my friend Pietro Cenci. He may know how to do.”

After that she had not paid any more attention to Mabel, until, well after one in the morning, the group said good night.

It had been so clear a case of ignoble jealousy that Mabel was glad, afterward, that her letter had ignored it. She was able to let Herbie know, in a few days, that the audition with Pietro Cenci had passed off gloriously, and that she was an accepted pupil, rate twenty dollars an hour, paid in advance. Cenci had been more than kind. He had told her that he was a builder of voices, and would add three half tones to her upper register inside three months. Professor Timmy's methods had been totally inadequate and in fact erroneous. The tone was neither thrown forward against the teeth nor felt against the eyebrows. The maestro threw a few of his own tones against his teeth and eyebrows, and Mabel realized that no sounds ever made by Professor Timmy had resembled these sounds. As an eminent exponent of bel canto, he spoke to her of timbre and tonal beauty as no one had ever spoken.

The revealing half hour was cut short all too soon by the entry of an advanced pupil.

MABEL left the studio treading on air. She had told him that she wished to make her début at the Metropolitan in six months, and he had told her, as he bowed her out in his polite, foreign manner, to leave all to him.

As she walked down the street toward the elevated, however, she thought somewhat seriously of the French and Italian lessons that could be had at three dollars an hour, with a tutor whom he could place at her disposal.

The sum total was rather staggering. It made her decide upon sharing Margie's drawing-room apartment, that had, on her first night, seemed rather crowded and cluttered. Margie and Pinky were paying a hundred dollars a month for it, a colossal bargain for New York. Yet, unless a third partner could share it, they were considering letting it go, and taking some mere hole in the wall for seventy-five or eighty.

Perhaps, she told herself, she would better thank the girls for the chance to hang her clothes in their closet. Even then the monthly hole in her sixty-five hundred dollars would be impressive. She thanked them that evening as they heated a can of vegetable soup over the three-burner gas plate. They were having potato chips and sliced ham from the delicatessen around the corner, topping off with a French pastry apiece. It was a good way of beating off old H. C. of L., whose advances they had encouraged by the initiation banquet in Carrie's Cellar.

“Millionaires like you,” said Margie, “don't have to think of these things. But the poor working girl learns to watch her step very closely.”

She and Pinky got thirty dollars a week apiece for valued clerical services. And Margie had all sorts of ideas for little plays that would coin royalties, when she got them written. Pinky had her eye on bond salesmanship, one of the most lucrative lines open, these days, to women. Meanwhile, they welcomed Mabel's thirty-three dollars a month as well as her society. Her piano too would give the drawing-room the air of a regular studio.

“She's our Millionaire Boarder,” they told the friends who drifted in for an evening by the fireplace.

“She has money in the bank,” was Margie's favorite introduction. “And she's going on at the Metropolitan most any time.”

It was six weeks before she began to add, “Besides, she's the best cook in New York.”

Much as it annoyed Mabel to be pursued by this reputation, she had invited pursuit. The cold lash of rain struck her cheek as she stepped off the bus, on her return from her fifth half hour with Pietro Cenci. She was healthily hungry and yet out of the mood for the porcelain glitter of an automat, or Childs', or the decaying candle light of those Garrets, Cellars, Red Horses, Tea Shoppes and Grottoes in which the three of them had snatched food out of the mouths of the battling pack since she became the Millionaire Boarder. Unwashed dimness, wholesale cleanliness alike palled on her. She felt that, for this one night, she could not endure the sight of anyone with an enormous future, looked at in the midst of a crowd wolfing canned spaghetti. Her own need for something clean and fresh and savory, eaten in a quiet room, was the inspiration of the purchases with which she was laden, as she struggled with her bundles and her umbrella.

“Let me help,” said Lorillard Morgan's voice. In her six weeks in New York she realized that few voices had made this request. New York had too much on its mind to stop for the trivialities of wind-blown umbrellas and bundle-burdened women. She smiled at her rescuer.

“I suppose I must tip you,” she said.

“Won't you ask me to dinner?” he begged. “Do my eyes deceive me or is that eggplant?”

It was a homelike scene on which Margie made her gasping entrance an hour later. The kitchen table before the blazing hearth stood ready for the food whose odors came from the three-burner gas plate. Lorillard Morgan was beating potatoes, adding cream and butter at Mabel's direction. She was attending to something in a casserole and the proper seasoning of a thick little steak. By the time Pinky had come everything was ready. The something in the casserole turned out to be the eggplant that Lorillard Morgan had indeed seen.

“Real meat!” gasped Margie over the steak later. “And what did you put in that casserole?”

“Just a pinch of something,” said Mabel. Everything was exactly right. The eggplant was not merely eggplant. The potatoes were not, Lorillard Morgan told her, pommes de terre, but pommes de ciel. The little rolls were hot clear through. The dish of autumn fruits in the center of the table, and the clear amber of Mabel's after-dinner coffee, made the perfect dessert. In deep content the four gorged and relaxed, grew warm and happy. A faint pink stole into Margie's fatigue-hollowed little face. Pinky became almost feminine. Lorillard Morgan lost ten years, and looked to Mabel hardly a day over thirty. As for herself, she enjoyed the certainty that everything was clean, that nothing had come from a can; that, by a slight stretch of the imagination, the fifty-cent bunch of kindling wood in the fireplace could be made to look and sound like branches of an old apple tree. Outside the wind drove spiteful flurries of rain against the windows, and the loud drip sounded from the eaves of the brick building that was their rear view.

“Sing to us!” begged Margie. Mabel sat down at the rented piano. First she gave them one or two of the new French group on which Pietro Cenci had launched her. Then, with a sense of homecoming, she sang the aria from “Butterfly,” then “The Rosary,” followed by “The Land of the Laughing Water.”

“You didn't close your eyes,” she reproached Lorillard Morgan.

“How could I?” he asked.

HIS eyes persisted in obtruding themselves between her and the letter she wrote to Herbie the next morning. It was a letter telling him that, instead of a Metropolitan début, this year, Pietro Cenci advised a concert début in Lorelei Hall. She would make her individual impression upon the critics. Musical New York would be present, instead of the society rabble.

His reply came, just after Pietro Cenci had more fully outlined the details of the Lorelei Hall début. It could be managed, he had said, for about twelve hundred dollars. Mabel had heard him, appalled. And yet that night, at the dinner to which Lorillard Morgan had asked her, he told her that it was not too much.

“Fame,” he said, pushing aside the pink-shaded candlestick, that they might talk more directly across their little table, “is a calculating jade. Of course, in the end, all the money in the world doesn't accomplish anything, if the essential ingredient isn't there.”

“What is that?” she asked.

“Excellence,” he said briefly. “Nerve gets you a long way. Money gets you a long way. But if you arrive, you can be pretty sure you're good.”

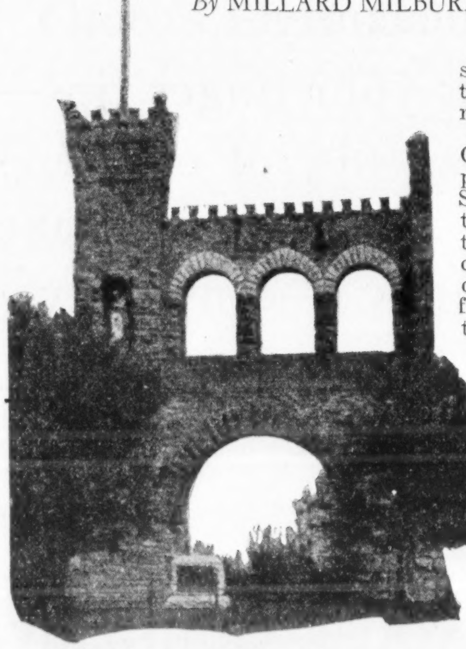
The waiter brought them something steaming and savory.

“This soup,” he told her, “is more

(*Continued on page 40*)

An Unusual MEMORIAL

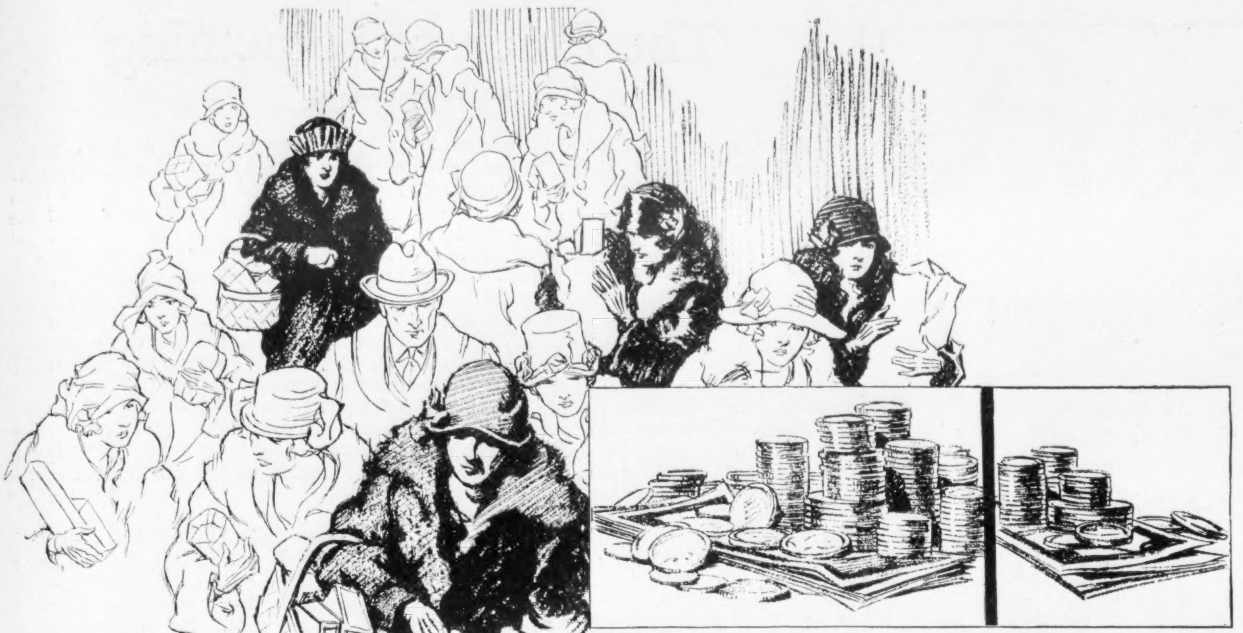
By MILLARD MILBURN RICE



ON THE crest of sleepy South Mountain, near Gapland, Md., stands a great stone arch of limestone. Except for its well-kept masonry, it might be mistaken for the last remaining battlement of some great medieval castle. It is the War Correspondents' Memorial Arch.

After the Civil War the late George Alfred Townsend, a newspaper correspondent, settled on South Mountain, a part of the battlefield of Antietam. Just across the road from his mansion, and in constant view from his study windows, he erected a memorial to his fellow correspondents. Chiseled in the face of the limestone arch are the names of the men who had no small share in recording the events of the Civil War, and upon whose accounts are based much of present-day history.

In 1904 Mr. Townsend offered and conveyed to the United States the land upon which the monument is located. The memorial is, therefore, now the property of the United States, and is maintained as one of the battle monuments of Antietam Battlefield. According to the War Department, it is the only memorial of its kind—either to correspondents of the Civil War or any other war—of which the department has knowledge.



The profits from 85 to 90 per cent of the average retailer's volume go to pay his cost of doing business

It's only from the last 10 or 15 per cent that he begins to get a net profit. A few more good customers make a big difference here

The customers who make your retail business pay

A proved way to bring more of them into your store

Among all the people who come into your store day after day, week after week, a certain number *stand out.*

Perhaps you have never thought of it in this way, but they are the customers who make your business pay.

Successful merchants know that it is really the last ten or fifteen per cent of volume that gives them a net profit at the end of the year. And that these outstanding customers are the ones who bring in this ten or fifteen per cent.

You know the kind of people we mean

They are not rich necessarily, but their incomes are above the average. They buy your best grades of merchandise. They pay their bills promptly. And they buy steadily.

You know from experience that it costs no more to serve these customers than the casual, small-quantity buyers. It would cost you no more to serve *more* of them. Yet it would make a real difference in your profits.

Progressive retailers everywhere have taken hold of a sure and simple way to get more of this profitable trade. It is a way that "brings in volume sales," says Remley's Market, of St. Louis, "and produces quick turnover and steady, sure profits."

It has taken years to create this opportunity

We have spent years in *seeking out* the kind of people we have spoken of.

In your town, in your neighborhood our men have been calling upon them personally. In this way we have secured 2,000,000 families as readers of the Woman's Home Companion. They form, these readers of ours, one of the most important groups of buyers in America.

If you inquired at the better homes in your neighborhood, you would undoubtedly find a Woman's Home Companion in every fourth or fifth home you called upon.

Right around your store are enough of these *above average* families to give you a nice increase in volume and profit—if you could get their trade.

How manufacturers are helping you to get it

The men who make the goods you sell know the value of these families as customers for you.

So, month after month, they advertise in the Woman's Home Companion to bring them into your store.

They also supply you with display materials with which you can easily *tie-up* with their Woman's Home Companion advertising.

Men who have made outstanding successes in the retail field know that this is a profit-building combination hard to beat. They know that the advertising which manufacturers put into the Woman's Home Companion is the best kind of *local* advertising for them.

For example, scores of women in *your* neighborhood read this advertising with more than ordinary interest. They rely upon the Companion's advertising pages, just as they look to the Woman's Home Companion itself for advice and suggestions in matters of the home.

So, thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise is sold in your trade area every month as a direct result of this advertising in the Woman's Home Companion. Because, as William Ganter, a successful Philadelphia merchant, has put it, "*Goods advertised in the Woman's Home Companion are sure to be sold.*"

How others are building bigger business

The Farmer's Store, of Hackensack, Minn., is located in a small town of only 200 people. Yet, by tying up with the manufacturer's national advertising, this store increased its sales of an advertised product from two or three cases a month to twenty cases—*and, during the month following, sold thirty cases.*

This is but one of hundreds of examples that might be cited. Sales of other nationally advertised products have responded equally well to the right kind of tie-up on the part of retail merchants. The steps in this tie-up are simple:

FIRST: Carry the merchandise advertised in the Woman's Home Companion.

SECOND: *Feature* this merchandise—*let people know* that you carry these Companion advertised products.

The April issue, which appeared on the 20th of March, is being read in your neighborhood *now.* The advertisements in this issue have already influenced dozens of women in your vicinity to buy.

The products advertised in the April Woman's Home Companion are included in the list at the right. Why not start now to make your store known as the place where these products can be bought? Why not begin this week to use display material manufacturers have sent you, and to build up a clientele of steady-buying, profitable Woman's Home Companion customers?

Tear out the list of Companion-advertised products, check those in your line, and start featuring them tomorrow. Representatives of these lines will be glad to give you suggestions.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Two million circulation

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Tie to these products advertised in the Woman's Home Companion

AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY
Dodge Automobile
Franklin Automobile

BUILDING MATERIALS
American Face Brick
American Walnut
Church Sani White Toilet Seats
Niagara Blue Ribbon Wall Paper
Standard Plumbing Fixtures
Truscon Home Building Products
Upson Processed Board
Wall Paper Manufacturers' Assn.

CLOTHING & DRY GOODS
Bon Ton Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corsets
Bucilla Embroidery Cottons
Carter's Knit Underwear
Clark's O-N-T Spool Cotton
Deltor Patterns
Denton Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments
E. Z. Waist Union Suit
Forest Mills Underwear
Glover's Brighton Carlsbad Sleepingwear
Gordon Hosiery
Gossard Corsets
Holeproof Hosiery
Kotex
Modart Corset
Munsingwear Hosiery and Underwear
Nu Bone Corsets
Pepperell Sheeting and Pillow Tubing
Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases
Pictorial Review Patterns
P. N. Practical Front Corsets
Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits
Rubens Infant Shirts
Treo Elastic Girdle
Utica Sheets and Pillow Cases
Warner's Corsets

CONFECTIONERY & SOFT DRINKS
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale
Coca Cola
Wrigley's Gum

DRUGS & TOILET GOODS
Absorbine Jr.
Albright Tooth Brush
Ajax Combs
Armand Cold Cream Powder
Blue-Jay Corn Plaster
Boncilla Preparations
Brownatone
Chesebrough Vaseline Products
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream
Cutex Manicure Preparations
Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream
Del-A-Tone
Eastman Kodak
Eno's Fruit Salt
Forhan's For the Gums
Frostilla Fragrant Lotion
Glostora
Glyco-Thymoline
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
Hopper, Edna Wallace, Beauty Preparations
Hygeia Nursing Bottle
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Ipana Tooth Paste
Ivory Soap
Jergens Lotion
Johnson's Baby Powder
Kleenex The Sanitary Cold Cream Remover
Kolynos Dental Cream
Lablache Face Powder
Lifebuoy
Liquid Arvon
Listerine
Lysol Disinfectant
May Breath Tablets
Mennen Borated Talcum Powder
Mum Preparations
Nonspi Deodorant
Norida Vanitie Case
Nujol
Odorono Preparations
Packer's Liquid Tar Soap Shampoo
Palmolive Soap
Pepsodent Dentifrice
Ed. Pinaud's Hair Tonic
Pompeian Cream
Ponds Cream
Primrose House Preparations
Princess Pat Preparations
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush
Resinol Soap
Roger & Gallet Products
Squibb's Products
Tycos Thermometer
Vantine's Temple Incense
Vauv
Watkins' Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo
Woodbury's Facial Preparations
Yardley s Old English Lavender Soap

FOODS AND FOOD BEVERAGES
Armour's Star Products
Beech-Nut Products
Blue Label Tomato Ketchup
B. & M. Fish Flakes
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
Campbell's Soups
Certo
Cream of Wheat
Crisco
Del Monte Products
Diamond Crystal Salt
Dromedary Dates
Ferry's Purebred Seeds
Fleischmann's Yeast
French's Cream Salad Mustard
Gold Medal Flour
Grape Nuts
Hawaiian Pineapple
Heinz 57 Varieties
Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour
Jell-O
Knox Sparkling Gelatine
Libby's Products
Maxwell House Coffee
Mazola Salad and Cooking Oil
Mellin's Food
Minute Tapioca
Morton's Salt
None Such Mince Meat
Nucoa
Pillsbury Pancake Flour
Post Toasties
Postum
Premier Salad Dressing
Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extract
Quaker Oats
Quaker Puffed Rice
Quaker Puffed Wheat
Royal Baking Powder
Snowdrift
Sun-Maid Raisins
Sunkist Oranges and Lemons
Sunshine Biscuits
Swift's Premium Brand Products
Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
G. Washington Coffee
Wessen Oil
Wheatena

FURNITURE & FURNISHINGS
Armstrong's Linoleum
Bee-Vac Standard Electric Cleaner
Berkey & Gay Furniture
Bissell Carpet Sweeper
Blabon Art Linoleums
Chambers Fireless Gas Range
Davenport Bed
Dupont Tontine
Everhot Electric Cooker
G. E. Electrical Supplies
Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle
Gold Seal Congoleum Art Rugs
Griswold Kitchen Ware
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Hoover Electric Suction Sweeper, The
Hotpoint Irons
Imperial Tables
Karnak Rugs
Kirsch Flat Curtain Rods
Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting
Kroehler Living Room Furniture
Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator
Lloyd Loom Baby Carriage and Furniture
Lorain Oven Heat Regulator
Marsden Kold-or-Hot Utility Glass
Masland Argonne Rugs
Mirro Aluminum Ware
Nairn Inlaid Linoleum
Niagara Refrigerator
Orinoka Draperies and Upholsteries
Ozite Rug Cushion
Premier Duplex Electric Vacuum Cleaner
Standard Hood Seal
Stevens Bed Spreads
Universal Cutlery
Whittall Rugs

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE
Community Plate
Heirloom Plate Silverware
Holmes & Edwards Silver
Sessions Clock
Seth Thomas Clocks
Wallace Silver

MUSICAL
Brunswick Phonographs—Records—Radiolas
Victrola—Victor Records

PAINTS & HARDWARE
Acme Quality Paints
Alabastine
Kyanize Varnish Enamels
Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes
Valentine's Valspar Varnish

SHOES & SHOE FURNISHINGS
2-in-1 Shoe Polish
Arch Preserver Shoe, The
Bixby's Liquid Polish
Cantilever Shoe
Jung's, The Original Arch Braces
Queen Quality Shoes

SOAPS & HOUSEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES
A. P. W. Toilet Papers
Bon Ami
Chipso
Colgate's Fab
Fairbanks Gold Dust Washing Powder
Fels-Naptha Soap
Ivory Soap Flakes
Johnson's Liquid Wax
LaFrance for Washing
Lux
O-Cedar Polish
Old Dutch Cleanser
Old English Wax
P & G the White Naphtha Soap
Rinso
Rit Fast Dyes and Tints
Sani-Flush
Sapolio

STATIONERY & BOOKS
American Boy, The
Dennison Paper Novelties
Eaton's Highland Linen Stationery
LePage's Glue
Wahl Co. Products—Eversharp and Wahl Pen

THE GENERAL

After your Generals have run 10,000 miles

Users seem to take an unusual pride in the long mileage they get from their Generals. And in every community the exclusive General distributor is the type of tire merchant who realizes that user satisfaction is his true merchandise.

More thoughtfulness on the part of owners toward their tires and an interest beyond the sale on the part of the General distributor is a combination that makes for the success of one and the greater satisfaction of the other.

So, after your Generals have run 10,000 miles drive to the General distributor. By giving the proper attention to the nicks and small injuries that result from big mileage he can add many months of service to the further mileage that is left in the tires.

Even if you trade in your car each year, the extra mileage in the General Cords is not lost, because tires in good condition add more to the trade-in value of your car.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

Longer car life, more motor power, less gasoline and longer tire wear are the four biggest economies to be found in tires.

The GENERAL CORD

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER CO.

The Pinch of Something

Continued from page 38

or less famous for that very reason."

Mabel tasted it. "It seems to me," she said, "that it needs just a pinch of something."

"There are thousands of tragedies in this town," he went on. "Young people come on here with an infinite belief in themselves—and an infinite ignorance. They think they will make their flight to the stars in about fifteen minutes. Thousands of them go under. Some of them starve. They don't all have a bank account behind them, as you have. You can afford to wait."

She thought that the eyes searching her had in them something of warning. But she was to learn much before the waiter brought back the silver remaining from the ten-dollar bill that Lorillard Morgan laid upon his plate. She learned, for instance, that he wrote other things than interviews with the P. of W. Like fully half the residents of Manhattan, he had written a few plays.

"When will they be put on?" she asked, breathless, almost, as Margie herself.

"Probably never," was his blithe reply. She told him she couldn't believe that, when he knew so many people: Figlione, for instance. Editors. Amazingly he asserted that knowing people helped very little. Managers did not produce plays out of friendship. All their friends had little plays, like daggers, ready to pull out of their boots any time the lights went off. A play, he told her, like a prima donna, had to be good.

"Excellence," he said again. "That's the magic."

HER own hour made its winged approach. Before it came she had sat many times in her student seat at the Metropolitan, had seen the curtains swing back upon Elsa and Mimi. She had taken standing room at symphonies and gallery seats for recitals. She had seen, one after another, the beginners drop their little pebble into this vast pool. Then, at the end of March, she saw a line in the musical announcements for the ensuing week to the effect that Mabel Innis would be heard in recital at Lorelei Hall at three o'clock on Friday afternoon. Fourteen other recitals were scheduled for that week. She had tickets for all of them. Margie, gasping over the wonder and splendor of the event, had accepted her package. Pietro Cenci's pupils and their friends would have a representation. The critics would tiptoe in and out. Herbie and Isabel Allison, scheduled to arrive on Wednesday, would be her guests. The right costume, the sympathetic accompanist, were provided. The groups of songs, Italian and French and German, the aria, the English ballads, all were in rehearsal.

Herbie, blond, magnificent and possessive, came on schedule time, ready for dinner and a show that very night. She fended him off, sorry for the disappointment in his eyes. Wouldn't he take Isabel? After Friday she would be free to lark about. Until then she begged forgiveness.

"It's not much of a welcome," he told her, mutinously.

"I know, Herbie!" she pleaded. "I'm dreadfully sorry. But Friday is the all-important thing, you know. Everything depends on it."

Herbie shrugged ever so slightly and said he would be glad when the all-important thing was past, and the unimportant things like himself could have an inning.

Distinctly, she realized, he was in revolt. Yet what could she do?

Lorillard Morgan had been different. He had telephoned that he had got the critic on the "Menace" to agree to stay through whichever half of her program she would rather have him hear. And was there any little other thing he could do?

"Yes," she said into the telephone. "When it is over you can tell me what you think of my singing. You know, you never have."

There was a silence at the other end of the wire. Then, "If you really wish me to," he said slowly.

"And you're to shut your eyes while you listen," she told him.

As she hung up her receiver, she knew that, with Rose Stanley's silence, on her first night in New York, Lorillard Morgan's silence had been more vocal than all spoken comments on her voice. Rose Stanley's silence, she felt, had the needed knowledge behind it. She had suspected ignoble jealousy, in October. Back of Lorillard Morgan's silence, however, she was sure there lay not only knowledge, but the friendliest good will.

SHE saw him slip into a seat at the rear of Lorelei Hall just as she began the first note of "Caro mio bene," which opened her program. It was not hard to see him. He was one of perhaps a hundred and fifty listeners, sprinkled among the thousand seats of the hall. Herbie was there, handsome and conspicuously ruddy among the city faces. Beside him was Isabel Allison, slim and smart in her new New York outfit. Margie was there, and Pinky, their friends, Pietro's pupils, and the critics, languidly leafing over her program.

After the second song of her Italian group, Majors of the "Union-News" drooped outward, looking at his watch. She had seen him make a note on his program. After the French group, Hartwell of the "Clarion" and Smith of the "Review" went out together. Before the aria, Wayland of the "Record" slipped into a seat beside Lorillard Morgan. And she saw the critic of the "Menace" standing beside the rear exit.

Afterward, in the spacious reception-room behind the stage, she was kissed and gasped over. Pietro Cenci brought up a critic or two.

"Very creditable," said Wayland of the "Record."

"Mabel darling!" cried Isabel Allison, holding both her hands in both her own. "I never was so proud! Wasn't that a high C? There!" she turned to Herbie in triumph. "I told you it was a high C!"

"Well, that's over!" said Herbie, looking down at her. "Do Isabel and I have to eat alone to-night?"

She and Pinky and Margie had dinner with them, and went later to see "Witching Winnie," the musical comedy hit of the season. Herbie was amazed to learn that a musician like Mabel had let "Witching Winnie" go by.

"I suppose it isn't classical enough for you," he said, with a side glance at Isabel. "But lowbrows like Isabel and me like to hear something with a tune once in a while."

Isabel tactfully remembered that she must shop the next day. Herbie, astounded that Mabel had not yet gone up the Woolworth tower, arranged to show her some of the sights of the city in which, to his mind, she had wasted much time in the last six months.

"Before you go back," he told her, "you'd better at least look at the place."

THE next morning she let Margie and Pinky get away, keeping her head under the bedclothes, to establish the impression that she was still asleep. When they had gone she got feverishly into her street clothes and went out to buy all the papers. She put them down beside her as she sat on the edge of her cot.

Her face did not change its expression as she read them. In the "Clarion" she found that Mabel Innis, a Western singer of pleasing personality, had given an ambitious program yesterday afternoon. Smith of the "Review" gave her a line to the effect that Miss Innis gave promise of becoming a pleasant exponent of lyrics. Wayland of the "Record" said she had personal charm, but had not as yet perfected the bel canto. Majors gave her a scathing dismissal. She lacked beauty of voice, and should not have challenged criticism by the familiar difficulties of the aria upon her program. She had been off key at least once, and in its upper register her voice was forced. She turned to the "Menace." There Lorillard Morgan's friend had recorded that a friendly audience had warmly applauded Miss Innis' program. He thought English ballads were her especial métier, and granted the wisdom which selected as her first encore "By the Land of the Laughing Water," and as her second the overworked and sentimental "Rosary." Much as he deplored the appearance of these numbers on any program, he recognized her especial gift in the rendering of intimate lyrics, and encouraged her to pursue this obvious line.

The telephone shrilled. That would be Herbie. She had Herbie, healthy and ardent, Herbie, and the eight-room house, with three baths. The telephone shrilled again.

"No!" she said to it. "Not that."

The third time it spoke she reached for the receiver.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"It's a gorgeous morning," said Lorillard Morgan.

"Is it?" she found somewhere a voice that was not her own.

"I've just got another play back," he went on. "Do you feel like celebrating with me?"

Mabel, who a moment before had seen her own dead face at the bottom of a deep green pool, with seaweed floating back and forth over it, suddenly laughed.

"Aren't you a darling?" she said to the telephone.

"Will you confirm that?" The telephone, in replying, did not speak in a tone either of mockery or lightness.

"Yes," said Mabel.

The intimacies of an automat found them, at ten o'clock, still oblivious of time and space. As nearly as Mabel could remember, there had been coffee and rolls. Mainly there had been her confirming of her telephonic statement and Lorillard Morgan's admission that his eyes had never been enigmatic.

"But what had I to give you?" he asked. "I'm just a failure."

"You've promised to give me the truth about my singing," she said.

"It is the singing of the most beautiful and beloved of persons in the whole world," he answered. "And that is the truth."

"No," she smiled, ridiculously happy. "You must tell it all."

ALL about them the down-and-outs were breakfasting, the thin clerks, the stenographers, the errand girls, the homeless apartment dwellers, the defeated, the invisible people who do the hard work of the world. Lorillard Morgan, whose play had just come back, and Mabel Innis, whose friends had applauded her yesterday at Lorelei Hall, smiled at each other, in the solitude of their complete understanding.

"I've hoped I was wrong," he told her, "that you mightn't have to be disappointed. And I've been glad you had money. You can go on trying. Life is whatever you make of it."

She shook her head at him.

"No," she said. And she told him about the twenty-seven hundred dollars. "It's all over. But I've a wonderful idea."

"Don't say that it's over," he begged. "Figlione's back. He'll listen to you."

"Figlione!" She covered her eyes with her hand. "I never want to hear his name."

As they walked back to Margie's apartment she sketched her idea. She would open a dining-room. It should not be a grotto, nor a cellar. It should be clean and quiet. There should be a fireplace and polished brass. She would serve only as many people as the place would hold. There should be no pushing. There should be much white paint. She had her mother's linen and old silver and a houseful of quaint old black walnut. There should be enough light. There should be nothing canned. Things should be flavored. A dinner that would nourish two should not swallow the greater fraction of a ten-dollar bill. She had always known she could cook. She had always been ashamed of it until to-day.

"I shall call it," she told him, "The Little White House."

They were at the door of Margie's apartment. In the foyer there was Herbie. She looked from him to Lorillard Morgan.

"Oh!" she truthfully told him. "I'm so sorry, Herbie! I forgot."

Afterward, as she looked at his outraged back, going through the door, she knew that Isabel could give him what she had never had to give. Never, she was thinking, had she looked at Herbie as Isabel had looked at him, only yesterday. She wondered as she saw him shouldering his way rapidly across the street, whether she would ever see him again. Were he and the great Figlione alike part of the buried dream?

She saw them all. The Little White House took its immensely successful stride from the beginning. In six months it had a reputation, and she had almost her sixty-five hundred dollars in the bank. She had added a second white room, and only those who telephoned a day ahead saw the inside of the Little White House. She kept always a place for Margie and Pinky, and many a lean genius fattened his legs under her old walnut. She gave Herbie and Isabel Allison a special dinner there, when they came honeymooning to New York. As she looked into Herbie's ruddy countenance, and saw the radiance of Isabel, she knew that Herbie had at least forgiven if not forgotten her.

AND the next night she saw the great Figlione. She saw at first merely a little man who came in late with Lorillard Morgan, fat and panting, with puffy circles under his eyes. She did not know him, but she knew from the stir among the other late diners that this was someone of importance.

As always, when she saw Lorillard Morgan's face, she searched it for the great news that she had told him it would some day have to tell. To-night, as she looked at him, she read its uncommon message. He and the fat little man had dined luxuriously for an hour before she had a moment's leisure. Then she heard the voice at her elbow that always made her pulses race.

"Are you free for a moment?" it asked. She turned.

"They've taken your play!" she charged.

"Yes," he admitted. "I've something to offer you now besides homage. And I've a favor to ask." She looked at him.

"Anything," she said.

"Would you mind very much meeting Figlione? He's very anxious."

"Figlione!" The old bruise, forgotten, ached afresh. The dead face, deep in the pool, showed dimly once again before her eyes.

"Why, of course!" she said. And Lorillard Morgan went to fetch him. The fat little man stood before her, panting and bowing. Never, she heard him say, had he, in his many sojourns in America, dined as he had dined tonight in the Little White House. It had been, he said, no mere dining. Rather, a rite, a sacrament.

"The casserole," he told her, "was worthy of the Rue Lafayette. It had that which cannot be taught, the soupçon—how you say it, the—pinch of something." The gesture his eloquent hands made in the air was of delicate measurements between thumb and finger. "My congratulations!" he pursued. "I am, as you know, an artist. And I salute your so great art."

Art! For a moment the anguish of that old ache submerged her. Then her eyes met the eyes of Lorillard Morgan, never again to find them enigmatic.

"Art!" she repeated, as the great Figlione kissed her cheek.

"It is the salute," he told her, "of one artist to another."

"Artist!" she repeated after him. What was it that Lorillard Morgan had said that morning, at the automat, about life being whatever you made of it? Her eyes surveyed the softly lighted rooms of the Little White House.

"Ah, well," she sighed happily, smiling upon them both the smile that portrait painters were later to make famous, "why not?"

Prest-O-Lite

Capable energy! Dependable!

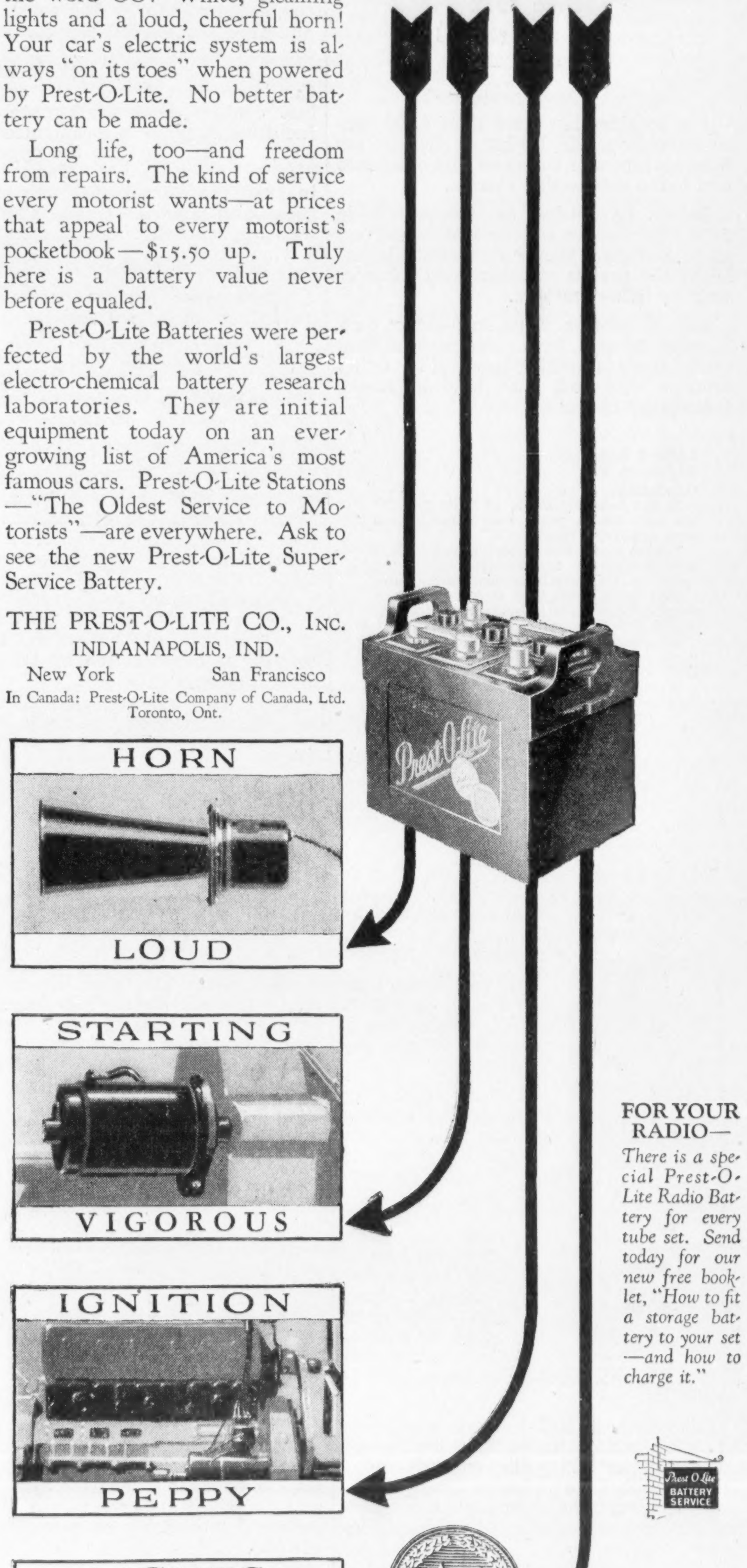
At a remarkable price

INSTANT starting!—seems as if the engine had just been waiting for the word GO! White, gleaming lights and a loud, cheerful horn! Your car's electric system is always "on its toes" when powered by Prest-O-Lite. No better battery can be made.

Long life, too—and freedom from repairs. The kind of service every motorist wants—at prices that appeal to every motorist's pocketbook—$15.50 up. Truly here is a battery value never before equaled.

Prest-O-Lite Batteries were perfected by the world's largest electro-chemical battery research laboratories. They are initial equipment today on an ever-growing list of America's most famous cars. Prest-O-Lite Stations —"The Oldest Service to Motorists"—are everywhere. Ask to see the new Prest-O-Lite Super-Service Battery.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
New York San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.


Prest-O-Lite
HORN
LOUD
STARTING
VIGOROUS
IGNITION
PEPPY
LIGHTS
BRIGHT
Prest-O-Lite BATTERY SERVICE
Prest-O-Lite PRODUCT
WORLDS LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ACETYLENE "THE GAS OF A THOUSAND USES" BATTERIES FOR AUTOMOBILES, FARM LIGHTING, RAILWAY SIGNALS AND RADIO

FOR YOUR RADIO—

There is a special Prest-O-Lite Radio Battery for every tube set. Send today for our new free booklet, "How to fit a storage battery to your set—and how to charge it."

How many products have you stuck to for twelve years?

A gentleman in Georgia has smoked one pipe tobacco since 1912

For considerably more than 4,000 consecutive days, Mr. Fuchs, of Atlanta, has filled his pipe with the same kind of tobacco and found satisfaction therein.

Before he settled on Edgeworth, in 1912, this veteran smoker had "tried 'em all." And since then he undoubtedly has heard the praises of other good tobaccos sung by fellow smokers.

But Mr. Fuchs stays sold—stays put. Because, he says, for a cool, pleasant, long smoke there is nothing to equal it. Other smokers who seek that kind of smoke should read his letter.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

It has been my desire to write you for the past twelve years, ever since I have been smoking "Edgeworth."

I used every well known brand until I tried Edgeworth and have stayed in the ranks of Edgeworth smokers ever since. I have during that time mustered quite a number of recruits into the army of real pipe joy.

Edgeworth is truly the *aristocrat* of smoking tobacco. For a cool, pleasant, long smoke, there is nothing to equal Edgeworth.

Wishing you further success, I remain,
Yours very truly,
Eugene A. Fuchs

To make every pipe smoker a member of the Edgeworth Club eventually is not our "big idea." That would be against common sense, for everyone does not like Edgeworth—we know that.

But for men like Mr. Fuchs who do enjoy it, we keep Edgeworth uniform year in and year out. That's probably why the Edgeworth Club has so many life members.

If you haven't as yet formed an opinion of Edgeworth, now is as good a time as any to do so.

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5-D South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Government and the Railroads

Continued from page 6

which had cost the country $38,000,000, a subsidy of $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land. In spite of these bounties, the government had later to come forward with heavy loans because, as an official of the day explained: "Politically, the existence of the government depended upon its completion, but the higher consideration was that the expenditure was so vast and ramified and the liabilities incurred so great that suspension would have produced a financial crisis such as Canada had never seen, and one which it was the duty of any government to avert." The Canadian Pacific Railway was finally completed to the Pacific coast in 1885, and this portion of the confederation compact was completed.

So rapid was the settlement of the Canadian west toward the end of the last century that inadequate railway facilities became a pronounced public issue. Quick to grasp the opportunity, Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann launched in 1896 the Canadian Northern enterprise, and later the Grand Trunk Railway approached the government with a view to the construction of a new transcontinental road.

These were private enterprises, to be helped by the Dominion, but the government had already for a long time been in the railway business. The Canadian Government Railways—the Intercolonial Railway with the Prince Edward Island Railway—were both state owned and operated. The Intercolonial Railway had been built in fulfillment of the terms under which the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia entered the confederation, and the Transcontinental was a legacy which fell to the government as a result of the refusal of the Grand Trunk Railway Company to operate that line in accordance with the provisions of an agreement, on the ground that the cost of its construction by the government had been excessive.

During the summer of 1905 the first sod was turned on the prairie section of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. Three months later the Canadian Northern Railway reached Edmonton and served written notices on the promoters of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway that it possessed the necessary charter powers and intended to extend its system easterly through Ontario and Quebec, and westerly to the Pacific Ocean. The fact that this meant three transcontinental railways aroused no concern at that optimistic period. Canadians generally saw no reason to doubt the ability of the Dominion to provide traffic sufficient for three transcontinentals. However, the financial resources of both the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern railways were quite inadequate for such an ambitious program. Competitive construction added greatly to the cost of labor, materials and supplies, and in a very few years the situation had involved the national credit and was making serious inroads on the public treasury. Then in 1914 the war broke out. The eastern section of the Grand Trunk, known as the Transcontinental, which the government was building and which had been estimated to cost $61,000,000, had cost by that time $150,000,000. The western half of the road, which the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway was constructing, had required much more than bond guaranties. Because of difficulties growing out of the guaranties, the government had been obliged to absorb bonds aggregating $33,000,000, and in addition had thrice extended cash aid amounting to a total of $31,000,000. The Canadian Northern Railway, and the roads absorbed in that system, had received cash subsidies amounting to $32,000,000. In 1913 the government had acquired 70,000 shares of Canadian Northern common stock in consideration of certain of these subsidies, and, in 1914, had acquired 330,000 additional shares in consideration of a $45,000,000 bond guaranty. In this way the government became heavily involved in both enterprises.

During the next two years the financial situation of these railways grew worse, and in 1916 an inquiry into the whole railway situation was made on behalf of the government, out of which has developed a policy which has resulted in practically all the steam railways, not owned or controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing under the control of the government. That is how Canada happens to be so heavily involved in state ownership.

Take the British situation. The government is half in and half out of public operation—not of ownership. When war was declared the British Government took over the railways, guaranteeing, as compensation, the same net earnings as the roads earned in 1913, the first full year prior to the war. Depreciation was provided for. All government traffic during the war, both in men and munitions, was carried by the railway companies free, which not only facilitated movement but avoided much expense in the keeping of accounts. The direction of the railways was left in the hands of a Railway Executive Committee composed of the general managers of the twelve principal companies, and each general manager was left to conduct the details of his own railway in his own way, without interference. At the conclusion of control the railways were returned to their proprietors and the companies were paid a lump sum for any claims which had not been met by the original arrangement. This protected the thousands upon thousands of investors, but, what is more important, enabled the railway companies immediately to play their full part in the rehabilitation of industrial conditions.

But at once arose a question of rates and fares. Some steps had to be taken

(*Continued on page 43*)

HOLLYWOOD'S *Old Clothes Bag*

By
HELEN KLUMPH

If she got her dress from the movies, she's an exception. Very few can turn the trick

"WHAT do you do with your costumes after finishing a motion picture?" thousands of women have written to ask motion-picture stars. They try repeatedly—and in the face of certain failure—to beg or borrow or buy the lovely frocks they see on the screen, little suspecting that they rarely belong to the girls who wear them.

Usually the costumes worn in a picture are the property of the producing company. Occasionally when a player takes a fancy to one of her costumes she is permitted to buy it at half cost when the picture is finished. Often that is more than it is worth, for the strong lights under which pictures are made eat fabrics. Sometimes the movie clothes are sold to a costumer who afterward rents them out to be used in mob scenes, but more often the costumes are turned over to the studio wardrobe department—a colossal old-clothes bag from which many beautiful creations can be salvaged.

One studio in Hollywood which has the most ingenious staff of costume designers employs one hundred and twenty-five seamstresses who can remodel as many as three hundred dresses in a week in addition to making sixty new ones.

The screen history of a dress is just the opposite of that of a player. Instead of starting as an extra and working up to a position of importance, the gown that goes into the movies starts out on a star. Then, slightly remodeled, it is worn by someone playing a small part. Changed again with the addition of fur trimming or lace, it appears only for a brief instant on the screen and after that, changed each time it is worn, it is used only in mob scenes.

Sometimes a gown stages a comeback when it is quite worn out. Give a star a slum rôle and the costumer goes to the rag bag for her materials.

A few players control the companies that make their pictures. They own their own costumes and such stars usually give their cast-off clothes to girls who are struggling to get a start in pictures. It is vital to them to be able to put up a good front. No correspondent can hope to touch the heart of a motion-picture star with a piteous plea for one of her beautiful gowns. Nothing anyone can tell her can be more heartrending than the spectacle she sees at her casting director's office every day.

A costume like this won't last long in the movies. The strong lights spoil fabrics quickly

Government and the Railroads

Continued from page 42

to effect a reduction but that reduction could not be allowed to bankrupt the railways. The principle was accepted that the gross revenues of the railways of England should be maintained at a level which would preserve to the railways as a whole, given efficient administration, substantially the same net earnings as they had in 1913. The accomplishment of such a result with the one hundred and fifty-odd separate companies which existed in England was obviously impossible, and so the conclusion was ultimately reached that if the railway companies of England were amalgamated into four great systems, not only would it be possible to arrive at a proper basis of rates and fares, but also in time economies of administration and operation would permit the gradual lowering of charges. It is significant that the Labor party indorsed this proposal because in its judgment it was a necessary and inevitable step toward nationalization. Whether this will come about or not remains to be seen; but this is certain, if the present arrangement does not function satisfactorily, the only other step is state ownership; for to return the roads to their proprietorship of pre-amalgamation days is impossible.

In the United States dissatisfaction with the railways seems to have increased in volume from about 1890 onwards. The railways of their own volition were struggling to relieve themselves of rebates and various other irregularities, but the governments—federal and state—took a hand, and one law succeeded another until the railways now find themselves asked to reduce rates, raise wages, provide more facilities and at the same time obey many conflicting laws and pay heavy taxes. Excepting in the United States, the theory holds that cheap railway transportation is economically of such transcendent importance that, if necessary, it will be subsidized by the state. In the United States, where railways are of higher economic importance than in any country other than Canada, the roads are asked not merely to give low rates, but also to pay more in taxes than in dividends. Instead of being supported by the state, they are obliged to help support it. One of the questions which has not been squarely met is whether it is to the best interest of the community to have the roads pay no taxes and lower their tariffs or to pay taxes and, of course, add them to their tariffs.

Administration Would Be Difficult

THE old theory of preserving competition among the railways is also halting in an effort both to have the taxes paid and to have the rates lowered and the credit bettered. Out of this has grown the proposal that the railways of the United States should be amalgamated into a number of large groups, something after the fashion of the United Kingdom. Personally I question, from an administrative point of view, the wisdom of enlarging any of the great railway systems of the United States, such as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, because I doubt the ability of any railway president effectively to administer a larger mileage—having in mind their density of traffic. It is true the Canadian National Railway System comprises more than twenty-one thousand miles of line, but over a large portion of the property traffic is relatively light. Even at that, for the executive to cover the territory and keep in touch with various local and national interests is a difficult task. The late E. H. Harriman said that in his judgment about fifteen thousand miles of line, given reasonable density of traffic, was all one president could look after. He based this conclusion largely on the mileage he could travel in three hundred working days of the year, allowing sufficient time in the office properly to look after the affairs of the system.

There is also to be considered the maintenance of personal contact and acquaintance between the head of a large railway system and subordinate officers and men. The larger the system, the more difficult it is to maintain such a relationship, and to the degree in which it is diminished so will diminish loyalty, enthusiasm and efficiency. Railway consolidation in the United States, in my judgment, should extend merely to the mopping up of smaller lines in the immediate territory of each large trunk line—where the welfare of the community will be served by so doing. The formation of systems so large as to pass beyond the administrative scope of the head of the system holds many dangers.

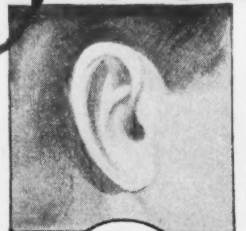
A Development Proposition

THE fact that the Canadian National Railways do not pay their way has been used as an argument against the state ownership of railways. As a matter of fact, the financial position of the Canadian National Railways is not in any sense due to state control; if anything, what unfavorable conditions there may be in the financial situation are the inheritance of private administration. The railway system does not earn its fixed charges, but what railway system of such magnitude would earn its fixed charges if built to open the country in advance of development and settlement? The Canadian National Railway System is a development proposition, and was built for that purpose. Its problems are precisely the problems which confronted every railway in the western half of North America in its initial stages. It is the problem which will always confront every railway which is constructed in advance of traffic, and the history of the Canadian National Railways will be similar to that of the Canadian Pacific, the Southern Pacific, the Great Northern, and all of those great enterprises which have reflected so much credit upon their projectors and subsequent administrators. It is fair to say, however, that the Canadian National Railway System has fully demonstrated that in so far as service and courtesy are concerned the officers and men of a state-owned railway are just as loyal, alert and enthusiastic as those of any privately owned railway which has fallen under my observation. That is because politics has not been allowed to enter into even the smallest detail of the administration. State ownership is only practicable with an enlightened and intelligent population which insists upon the complete divorce of the property from any influences which do not have as an objective the economic welfare of the community.

The railways of the United States have passed the development-of-the-country stage and they are not influenced by military requirements. That is, the largest two reasons for state control are absent. The tariffs on United States and Canadian roads are the lowest in the world and most of the managers are committed to the public interest. Under state ownership the tariffs might be cut still more, but probably not to a point beyond the saving brought about by the fact that government property could not be taxed. Therefore, at the best, government ownership could do no more than subtract from the payments which the people now make to the railways an amount which the railways now pay to the people through taxes. And too low rates would undoubtedly tend to centralize industry in an objectionable way. All of this is assuming that state control can be as efficient as private—and I think it can be. Therefore, with the highest possible type of public ownership, it would seem that the United States could not do more than make some shifts in the incidence of taxation. That is, there is nothing to gain and perhaps a good deal to lose—which is not even a gambling chance.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF INDUSTRY

Tycos Temperature Control



The
SIX SENSES
Seeing ~
Feeling ~
✓Hearing ~
Smelling
Tasting
and ~ ~
Tycos
Temperature
Control

THE re-creation of the world's most famous musical artists in your home is made possible only when tough elastic substances are compounded and blended accurately. These blended substances are then made into a "blank" record which in turn is pressed onto the master record. It is then ready to satisfy your musical tastes. Thruout the various processes of making the victrola record temperature assumes the role of importance. It is in the mastery and control of this factor that the "Sixth Sense of Industry," namely, *Tycos* Temperature Instruments are required. They reach into each process and take temperatures or control them with accuracy. That is why manufacturers of many products who know what this "Sixth Sense of Industry" will do for them specify *Tycos*.

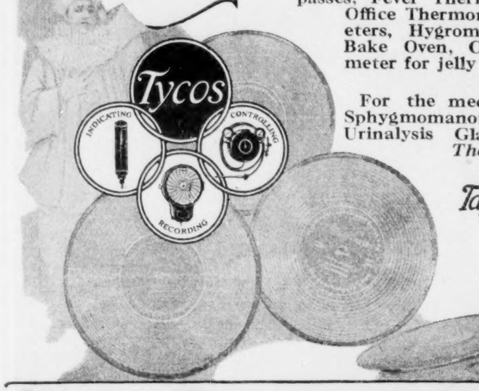
MANUFACTURERS: Let us know what your product is and we will send you literature of value to you. *Tycos* engineers will help you to solve your problems. Write.

We also make: Wall Thermometers, Quality Compasses, Fever Thermometers, Bath Thermometers, Office Thermometers, Stormoguides and Barometers, Hygrometers; Home Set, consisting of Bake Oven, Candy Thermometers and Sugarmeter for jelly makers.

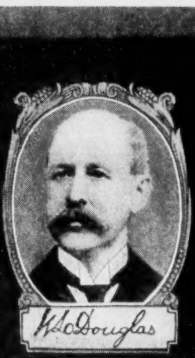
For the medical profession we make *Tycos* Sphygmomanometers, Office and Pocket Types, Urinalysis Glassware, Fever Thermometers. *There is a Tycos or Taylor Temperature Instrument for every purpose.*

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Canadian Plant:
Tycos Building
Toronto, Canada



Tycos Temperature Instruments
INDICATING · RECORDING · CONTROLLING



If it's a NEW STYLE—
Douglas has it

That's why our shoes are so popular.
Any man is sure to find his style,
in the leather he prefers, in a
W. L. Douglas Shoe.
He always finds the name and retail
price stamped plainly on the sole.
He knows that the shoes are true
value for the price.—

The next time you need shoes buy a
pair of W. L. Douglas shoes.

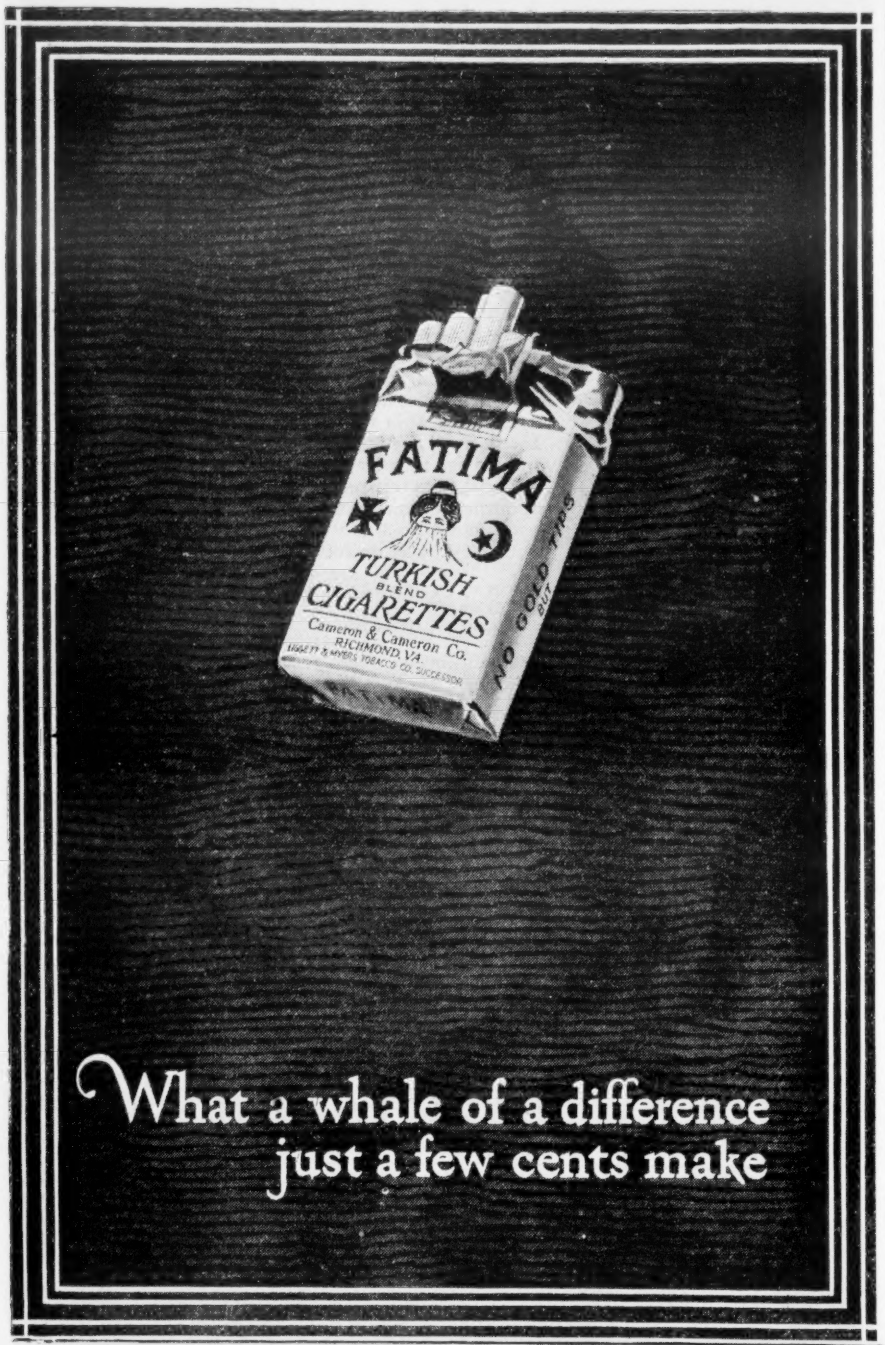
$6.00 $7.00 $7.50

Boys require sturdy
substantial shoes.
We have them at
$4.00 and $5.00

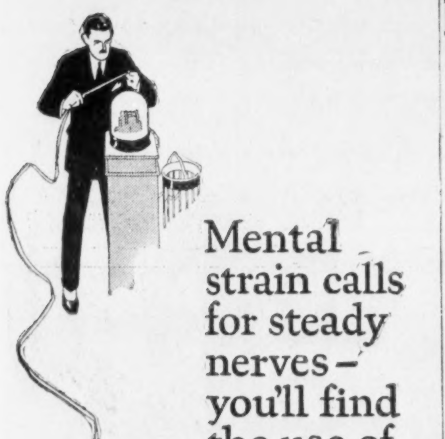
Our Spring Styles for
women are beauties.
Many Patterns and
leathers from which
to choose.

W. L. Douglas Shoe Co, Brockton, Mass.

One of our many
popular Young Mens
models in Black Velour
and light Russia Calf



FATIMA
TURKISH BLEND CIGARETTES
Cameron & Cameron Co. RICHMOND, VA.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR
NO GOLD TIPS
What a whale of a difference just a few cents make



Mental strain calls for steady nerves—you'll find the use of Beeman's "a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

You Can Play a Hohner Harmonica!

This FREE Instruction Book Will Teach You How

How to Play The HOHNER HARMONICA
"That Musical Pal of Mine"

Millions of happy people of all ages are now playing Hohner Harmonicas for entertainment, education and popularity. Anyone can quickly learn to play a Hohner with the aid of the Free Instruction Book.

This interesting and instructive book contains a series of easy lessons, charts and pictures which will enable you to quickly master the harmonica and play operatic, classical and jazz selections.

Even though you have had no previous musical training, you can learn to play a Hohner Harmonica. And when you do learn, you will have mastered the first principles of a musical education.

Don't hum or whistle—play it on a Hohner. Ask your dealer for the Free Book today. If he can't supply you, write to M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 192, New York City.

Leading dealers everywhere sell Hohner Harmonicas—50¢ up.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Truly Remarkable

THE really wonderful thing in radio is the little old crystal which appears almost miraculous to the lay mind in its ability to translate the invisible radio wave into audible sounds of amazing purity and clarity. No one knows the reason why it operates as it does.

The Radio Cure

MRS. PAUL M. SWAN of Appleton, Wis., sends this one along: "A woman unfamiliar with radio attended one of our Ladies' Aid meetings. During the course of the afternoon, radio was discussed. 'I heard,' began the woman, endeavoring to display her knowledge of radio, 'that Mrs. So-and-so had been cured of cancer by radio. And do you know, I've noticed an improvement in my health since we had ours installed last week.' "

station C-O-I-N speaking!

Penny-Wise

"THE other evening a friend dropped in to listen to a concert from KSD in which he was particularly interested. I wanted the reception to be perfect, so I went over the connections carefully. Unfortunately I broke one of the lugs on the small condenser which I must use across the aërial and ground in order to get KSD's high wave length. We were both greatly disappointed. I rammed my hands into my pockets and I felt a few coins jingle. I removed some of the pennies and took oil paper from the bread box, and alternating several of the pennies and oil paper, and connecting the alternating pennies with some pieces of wire, I built up a temporary condenser of sufficient capacity to bring in KSD.

"We listened in to KSD all right, and my friend took me for another Steinmetz. Naturally I tried to play the part with a few more pet tricks."

I have to thank Clyde E. Volkers of Terre Haute, Ind., for the above.

Kick Him Out

THE old army game has invaded radio. Beware of the man who comes to your home and tells you he has been sent from the store where you purchased your radio set, to inspect it. He will look it over and then suggest that he take it back to the store to fix some internal part. Make him show his credentials. If he has none don't let him get his fingers on your equipment.

A Great Chance

AMERICAN manufacturers now have a wonderful opportunity to develop their resources by entering the British market. The two-year embargo against foreign apparatus which was placed on radio materials by the British Government was lifted on the first day of the present year. British statistics show that public interest in radio is phenomenal and of very substantial dimensions. There is at least one American receiving system that is considerably superior to any of the British types, and it fully complies with the rigid local laws regarding radiation. Manufacturers should, however, study the peculiarities of the British market and the characteristics of the British buyer before attempting to flood the country with their products.

He is Short on Waves

A "NUT" friend of mine, who likes to be up to the minute in radio, had a "professor of ethereal waves" build a short wave receiver for him which, by means of variations in hook-up, is calculated to work on five to twenty-five, twenty-five to forty, or forty to one hundred meter wave lengths. On tests all he can get is code which he can't translate!

Better stick to the big ripples, old top!

Looks Do Not Count

RUSSELL HARP of Wadsworth, Ohio, says he and a fan friend bought parts for a well-known five-tube set. His friend, who knows the technicalities of radio, made a beautiful-looking job when he had completed his assembly. Russell admits that his was a joke to look at, but he got results including KGO, KHJ and WFAA, while his friend got nothing to brag about. Maybe Russell's friend made one little mistake in placing his wires when hooking up the set, or perhaps his aërial is in a bad location, in addition to being of incorrect length.

A Rare Trouble

AN ACQUAINTANCE of mine had a most unusual experience recently. He purchased a nationally known three-tube set, took it home, put batteries inside its cabinet, but it refused to work. He took it to the factory without the batteries. There it worked fine. At home it again refused to perform. He took it to a friend's house. There it worked excellently. At home it again refused to behave. The friend then began an investigation along systematic lines. He found that one of the "B" batteries had the terminals reversed, an error that had been made in the factory. This is the first time I ever heard of such an occurrence.

"aw, nix, ma, them wires is my aerial!"
?

She's Tired of Bedsprings

WE AGREE with Miss Maude Tweedy that too many fans write us about trick aërials. She suggests that perhaps the waves arrive in some localities all fagged out after their long trip and welcome a chance to rest.

Yes, Maude, hereafter we will give the poor bedsprings a rest.

Place Your Order Now

SEND 25¢ in stamps for Collier's new radio map. It shows all broadcast stations, call signals, wave lengths, power, kind of service, standard time divisions, radio districts and gives a distance finder. Address Collier's Radio Map Dept., 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

The prize winners in our contest on what part of the United States you like best are to be announced in next week's issue

Hickory Pete

Continued from page 12

Prime halted and snapped around, facing them. "You, Grimble! Lay off that girl!"

Hickory Pete grinned carelessly, but he was on the qui vive, alert to every glance and movement of the three men. Della Marceau gazed at Prime and went white to the lips at the menace she saw.

"What's the matter?" asked Pete. "Can't I talk to her?"

"No!" barked Jacko. "She's going over to the hotel to work for me, and I told her mother I'd see she lay off bums! This feller's a rummy, Della!"

Pete had been thinking fast, and he had come to a decision. He laughed, staring straight into the polished buttons under the brows of Jacko Prime, and spoke with malice aforethought.

"You're a liar, Jacko! And if this girl goes to the Broken Finger she'll never see her mother again!"

One of the long, low-hanging arms of Prime swung and pushed the girl backward into the snow. With the same movement he went forward at Grimble; and Pete, balancing himself nicely, met him a little more than halfway. He bet everything upon the first blow. His fist sank wrist-deep into the jacket of Prime, exactly in the middle of his somewhat protruding stomach. The grim mouth of Jacko fell open, and his face purpled as he went down upon the snow, a lumpy and inert mass.

Here it was borne in upon Hickory Pete Grimble that a good cause does not make easy fighting. He had known that Garlow and Fessette would take up the battle, but he had not suspected the quality of Johnny Fessette. He was an artist of a fighter, and he loved war for its own sake. Before the fallen Prime had quite settled to rest Johnny had leaped over him and landed a staggering kick against the chest of Hickory Pete.

Pete knew then, as he tried to seize that leg and failed, that the odds were smotheringly against him. He saw, out of the corner of his eye, the lean form of Tink Garlow circling like a wolf. There was no chance for him to disengage. An instant's hesitancy and Fessette would have him down.

"Run, Della!" cried Pete, and then he saved his breath for what was ahead of him.

Fortunately it was in that hour for Hickory Pete that he was rightly named, and that his skull was of good thickness. Tink Garlow struck from behind, with a club, but a half dozen blows had thudded upon Pete's woolen cap before he felt his knees buckling under him. Short of murder they would do what they pleased to him. He knew that, and he swung around recklessly and caught the unprepared Garlow with his last blow. There was satisfaction in that even as he fell with Fessette upon his shoulders.

DURING the age-long time while they still kicked and struck at him Hickory Pete locked his teeth and set his wavering consciousness on the moment when it would end and give him rest. Sometime their feet would tire: sometime the club would break. He sank into a black pit and jerked himself upward time and again; until finally he was at equilibrium in a gray and silent misery. Numb and helpless and with just sufficient hold upon consciousness to know that he was helpless. Not caring. At last he moved his fingers. His mittens were still on; his hands would not freeze. The cartilage of a bruised ear began to ache. Then his cap must be on, or his ears would have frozen long since.

Pain rose with the returning tide of consciousness. After a long time he moved, with shrieking muscles. He forced himself up to a sitting position. Darkness. He pulled off his mittens and found with relief that his swollen eyes had merely frozen shut. He thawed them with the palms of his hands. The lids opened far enough for him to see with reasonable distinctness.

"Licked!" he muttered thickly, through lips that felt like pillows. Then he flared with rage at himself. "Not unless you give up, you blame' fool!"

He stood up, swaying. The pads and bands of muscle upon his body seemed to creak; he was like a rusty and twisted machine. But his arms and legs moved; his ribs were solid. And that splendidly hard head of his was not dented anywhere. He began to search the snow for tracks.

Della had run back along the road a full half mile before they caught her. He saw the spots where little heels had dug in, and little feet dragged. Then her tracks went unevenly between larger ones on each side. Crying, probably, and scared half to death. His fists clenched within the sheepskin-lined mittens.

Grimble squinted at the shadows. He would be able to make the Broken Finger about dark. So much the better. His legs began to limber as he walked; he swung his arms to keep them from stiffening: He was a little hungry, and very thirsty. He put a handful of snow into his mouth and went steadily onward.

AT DUSK Pete reached the clearing where the roadhouse stood upon the shore of Lake Champlain. It was still light enough so that he could see a handful of shanties built upon the frozen surface of the lake, where men were fishing through holes cut in the ice. Lamplight gleamed from some of the small windows. At any of them he could have food and drink and a bunk for the asking. He speculated upon the possibility of getting help. No, if Buffalo Hall wouldn't go with him, then nobody else would. After all, he had started it and it was up to him to finish it.

Pete started toward the rambling building with the intention of looking in through uncurtained windows. He would go a little more slowly this time and perhaps he could get Della out by stealth. He edged among the outbuildings, dodged someone who was doing chores, and got up to the house safely. It was a big night at the Broken Finger, by the sounds. Through a smashed pane whoops and the noise of stamping feet roared out.

Grimble looked in cautiously through a kitchen window. He saw Della. She had an apron on now, and as she stood at the stove over a cooking supper tears gathered and ran down her cheeks. That much he saw in the lamplight, and then all that he saw vanished in a crackle of sparks. He fell like a stumbling child, but not before he realized that he had been struck from behind.

When Hickory Pete Grimble came to himself again he was lying upon his back. There were voices. He opened his eyes a crack and saw yellow lantern light striking against the time-darkened boards of a shed. There was an argument going on, and the voice of Jacko Prime was raised at the moment.

"We got to do it," Prime was saying. "He's one of them fellers that never lets up. If he can't get us one way, he will another, and if the sheriff ever come out here to look for the girl on account of Grimble squealing, then they wouldn't be no more Broken Finger! And we can't let the girl go home! She'd talk too much."

"Sure! Keel heem!" spat Fessette. "T'row heem in where dey cut ice today. Float around all winter."

"It'll mean worse trouble if you do throw him in!" growled Garlow. "Lookut at what I'm going to tell you! He's one of them fellers you can't stop even if you do croak 'em! The dam' stiff'll come right back where you throwed it in, or something! I seen fellers like him before! Croaking 'em don't do no good at all! They keep on till they ditch you some way!"

"Oh, hell!" snorted Prime. "They's a current offshore here! He'll be twenty miles south by daylight!"

"Sure!" agreed Fessette. "Dead mans can't make not'ing!"

(Continued on page 46)

Americans will not wait

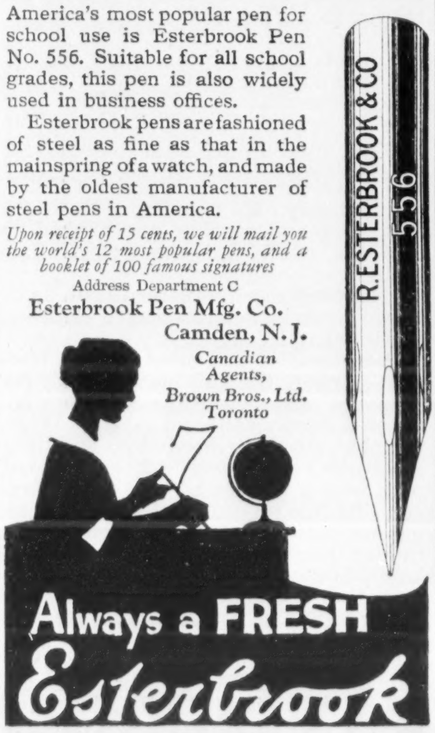
Accustomed to instant communication by telephone and telegraph, our military authorities realized in the late war that the American Expeditionary Forces could not depend on the communication services of Europe.

The necessary plans, materials and engineers were sent over in ship loads. A world record was made by the Signal Corps in establishing lines of communication indispensable to every branch of the army. In a surprisingly short time, every American general in France had at his disposal the communication facilities to which, in America, he had been accustomed.

Europe was sometimes startled by the amazing methods of the telephone workers from overseas. The American-trained Signal Corps units invariably sought the shortest way, overcoming all natural obstacles to extend the needed means of communication.

The Americans were not content to wait. They expected and demanded the same ever-ready telephone connections which they had at home. The Bell System has set a world standard for prompt attention and continuous service.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service



The School Favorite

America's most popular pen for school use is Esterbrook Pen No. 556. Suitable for all school grades, this pen is also widely used in business offices.

Esterbrook pens are fashioned of steel as fine as that in the mainspring of a watch, and made by the oldest manufacturer of steel pens in America.

Upon receipt of 15 cents, we will mail you the world's 12 most popular pens, and a booklet of 100 famous signatures

Address Department C
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
Camden, N. J.
Canadian Agents,
Brown Bros., Ltd.
Toronto

Always a FRESH
Esterbrook

INVENTORS Write for free guide book "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch for *Inspection* and Instructions Free.
RANDOLPH & CO. Dept. 156 Washington, D. C.

How Springy the Bristles Feel!

The best painters are — WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES.

Get a *good* brush — one that will last and give years of satisfactory service. WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES give the kind of service you want.

WHITING-ADAMS
BRUSHES

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 116 Years and the Largest in the World

Hickory Pete

Continued from page 45

"Catch holt of his feet!" commanded Jacko. "And hurry up or he'll come to again! I never see a man with a head like his'n!"

Hickory Pete was lifted, and he closed his eyes tightly in order that there might be no suspicion that he had come to if they looked closely at him. For the first time since the beginning of his quest he heard the rustling of the garments of death. There was but a very remote chance of breaking away from his captors between the shed and the lake, and another fight with the three of them would have been madness. Yet he resolved to die fighting if there was no other way. He visioned mentally the blue white ice of the lake, the frozen stillness of the water where ice had been taken out, and as he did so hope came to him.

When he heard the crunching of shell ice and knew that he was being carried out upon the lake Grimble was almost cheerful again. He had seen death reaching for him, and now the lean hand seemed to be wavering. He remained inert in the hands of the two who bore him, but mentally he gathered himself for a supreme effort, to be made the instant he struck the water. The heave of the walking stopped.

"He's as solid as pig iron," grunted Jacko. "Now!"

Once, twice they swung him, and at the third swing they let go. Pete felt like grinning as he half turned in the air, catlike, and drew his legs up to strike out the instant he splashed. That instant was a vast and soul-shaking surprise. He was seized as though in the grip of invisible hands and hurried away—whisked along just under the surface of the water by a current against which he was powerless to swim, weighted by clothing as he was. By the time he came up he was under the ice, whirling like a bit of wood.

Instinctively Hickory Pete had taken in a great breath of air as they swung him out. Between him and suffocation there was that one filling of the lungs; and if by some miracle he were to have air he knew that death would come from the cold within an incredibly short time. For a fraction of a second Hickory Pete Grimble recognized the end and saluted it. Then he defied death itself.

"I will live!" he shouted to himself, in the chambers of his mind. "I will!"

HE REALIZED the presence of faint light above him at the moment when an upflung hand stopped against a wall of ice. He braced himself against the current. Another hand; he wanted to pray and swear at the same time as he clung, treading water, pushing against the current, and trying to get his hands higher.

A superhuman effort and he did it. His hands slid over the upper edge of the ice and fastened there with a grip which even death would not have been able to break. He pulled himself up into air and light, gathered himself for a final heave, and found arms helping him up through the hole under a fisherman's shanty. He rolled upon the board floor, limp and gasping, and blinked up into the bewildered face of Buffalo Hall.

"Heavenly day!" breathed Hall, as he began to strip Pete of soaked clothing. "Look what I caught!"

Pete fumbled and tried to help himself. Grimly the two men worked, for a minute might make the difference between a deadly chill and safety. When Grimble stood stripped by the little sheet-iron stove and rubbed himself pink with a blanket he was out of danger. Buffalo turned into him the steaming-hot contents of a pint dipper. Pete tingled happily, inside and out. He began to put on the change of clothing that Hall gave him. He executed a jig step as he set his shoepacks up back of the stove to dry.

"How come an old-timer like you fell in?" asked Buffalo, as he found time to light his pipe and talk. "And who put your face in a sausage grinder?"

"I didn't fall," Pete told him. "I was dropped in. Jacko and his buddies figured it would be the best way to get rid of the corpse."

"What did I tell you, you bonehead!" cried Hall. "Now maybe you'll lay off them crooks!"

"No, I'll be going back as soon as I dry out, Buffalo. I haven't got the girl yet."

WHEN Hickory Pete Grimble approached the Broken Finger for the second time that night he moved with an elaboration of caution which had been absent from his first visit. If they had another chance to kill him, they might succeed. So he settled to his task with a doggedness that admitted no defeat.

The noise from the roadhouse had increased. The windows blazed with light. As Grimble watched there was a tinkle of broken glass and a bottle came soaring out, to drop into the snow. A man staggered forth and collapsed. Through the doorway Pete saw the flurry of a brief and casual fight. Like an overtone came the maudlin and persistent howling of someone far gone in his cups.

A sore spot upon the clean, white face of the world; an offense beneath the star-dotted heavens! Hickory Pete guessed shrewdly that after the excitement of putting him out of the way Prime and his two followers had taken the lid off. It would be a night of nights at the Broken Finger. A new and inclusive kind of anger filled Pete. Like most tenacious men, he was slow to rise to wrath, but when he did he made a thorough job of it.

Pete went around the house slowly, looking for opportunities to get in at one of the upper windows. There was neither tree nor shed roof to help him. He found a hatchway leading down into the cellar. The flat doors lifted when he tried them, and his feet discovered steps in the darkness.

Something clinked at the touch of his shoepack and he found a section of log chain, four or five feet long, lying upon the stairs. It might be well to have a weapon, although he hoped to get Della out unseen. He doubled the chain and held it carefully to prevent noise.

There was another door at the bottom of the stairs. Grimble found himself in the cellar, and a lighted match showed him other stairs leading up to a trap door. He mounted, still carrying the chain, and at the top pushed gently upward with one arm. The trap door lifted an inch. Dim light, and sound faint and far.

Pete opened the door silently and went up into a kind of summer kitchen, used now as a storeroom. Light came from a window cut through into the winter kitchen, where he had seen Della. Now he saw a man there, very drunk, staggering about the stove as he tried to rebuild the fire. No one else.

Grimble knew the house in a general way, from his few visits. He wanted to get upstairs, but beyond that he had no plan. He discovered that one of the doors in the room where he stood opened upon a back stairway. Slowly he mounted, alert for sounds from above. He reached a hall, lighted by a bracket lamp and filled with a roar of sound from the lower part of the house.

Suddenly he heard racing steps coming up the main stairway at the opposite end of the hall. His hand was upon a door knob, to flee, when over the edge of the top stair appeared the face of Della Marceau. White and terrified, she rose into his line of vision. He stepped forward. She halted, with her hands flung up in defense, until she recognized his battered face for that of the man on the road. Then she came running to him like a child.

"Prime!" she gasped. "Oh . . . get me away from here!"

"I'll get you out!" he promised grimly. "That's what I'm here for—"

"Who's up there?" came in a thick bellow from the foot of the back stairs.

(*Continued on page 47*)

STERILIZED
STAR
SET IN RUBBER
STAR
SET IN RUBBER
The best shaving brush ever made for $1

Other Models from 35¢ to $10.00

Made by the men who invented the safety razor ~ ~

STAR SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BROOKLYN N.Y.

LAW **STUDY AT HOME**

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win the highest positions and biggest success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL. B. conferred. LaSalle students practicing law in every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 440-L Chicago

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Old Money Wanted Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head (not Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you.

NUMISMATIC BANK, Dept. B, Fort Worth, Texas

New-Better-Simple Lawnmower

direct from factory

Trims Close to Walls, Trees, Shrubs

MONTAMOWER

Neater lawn, less work. Saves hand trimming. Cuts tall as well as short grass, dandelions, weeds. Only 7½ lbs. Quiet running. Great for terraces. Thousands of satisfied users. Strong, guaranteed mechanically perfect. Costs less than ordinary heavy lawnmower. Send coupon.

10 day reduction coupon

MONTAGUE MFG. CO.
148-154 Louis St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Without obligation send pictures and description of MontaMower and 10 day reduced price offer.

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

We've mapped the air for Radio explorers!

Get your copy of this great new map to-day.

TWIST the dials until you catch a faint hum. Nurse it carefully and it becomes a murmur of distant music. Then a moment of silence. "This is station KFAF, Denver,"—and you add another station to your list.

But how far away was it? What sort of country did the message flash over? You want to visualize your exploit and mark it for future reference.

You can—with the New Collier Radio Map of the United States and Canada.

Instantly you can tell how many miles away a station is. Cut out the scale of miles provided and paste it on cardboard. Put a pin through one end at the point where you are located. Swing the other end across the country until you reach the station you are after.

There's a lot of satisfaction in radio exploring with this great new map. And it costs only a quarter.

Collier's up-to-date radio map of the United States shows all broadcasting stations, call signals, wave length, power, and kind of service. Also shows standard time divisions, radio districts with their numbers and boundaries, and provides a distance finder. Printed in three colors. Size 28 x 34 inches, folded to 4½ x 9½ inches.

Get your copy at your newsstand, bookstore or radio dealer's *tonight*. Or just mail 25 cents in coin or stamps with your name and address to us direct.

Address: Dept. R. M. 3197, 250 Park Avenue

P. F. Collier & Son Co., New York

DELCREO
DOG REMEDIES

Recommended by the leading breeders and fanciers.

Free Kennel Manual

How to care for your dog.

Dept. 34, The Delson Chemical Co.
42 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today. **ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B-5, 3900 Sheridan Road, Chicago.**

CHICKS ON LOW TERMS

Baby chicks shipped parcel post prepaid and guaranteed. 20 kinds to select from. Order early and get special prices. Big illustrated catalog and poultry guide free.

Colonial Poultry Farms Box 813 Pleasant Hill, Mo.

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Price $2.00 per yd., postage paid. Patterns free.

NEWALL 152 STORNOWAY SCOTLAND

NIAGARA
BLUE RIBBON

IS your bedroom restful—your living-room cheerful—your dining-room hospitable? You can be sure they are if you re-decorate with Niagara Wall-papers. High in quality—popular in price.

Style Book

Send 10 cents for this new book—full of decorators' secrets and samples of the latest patterns, with their historical origin.

Niagara Wall Paper Company
34 Walnut Avenue
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WALL PAPER

Hickory Pete

Continued from page 46

"Come on down here, or I'll fill you full of buckshot!"

The thump of a heavy foot upon the stairs. Retreat was cut off. One man could not bar the way, but a shotgun could. Hickory Pete leaped to the door nearest at hand and flung it open. A dark and empty room. He pushed the girl inside.

"Get out of a window and drop into the snow!" he commanded. "Then run!"

"You?" Her fingers pulled at his sleeve.

"I'll come!" he said, shaking her off. "Hurry! Or . . . or I'll spank you!"

He shut the door and drew a long breath. From the back stairs, now halfway up, came another roar.

"I'm coming, and I'm coming a-shooting!"

Hickory Pete Grimble faced the reality of the situation. He did not want to die, but the girl must have a chance. With a little delay before they began to hunt for her she could make it. He took a fresh grip upon the doubled chain. This time they wouldn't trust to the lake; but before they finished him he promised himself that two or three, at least, would bear him company out beyond the stars.

HE RAN to the head of the front stairway to get out of range of that armed enemy in the rear. For the rest he might as well take it easy, and make his wind go as far as it would. He began to move down the stairs with deliberation, sweeping the way ahead with an alert glance. The chain swung evenly. Clink! Clink-clink!

Jacko Prime dashed into the lower hall, like a hound upon a fresh trail. He glanced right and left, and evidently decided that Della had fled to the upper part of the house. His feet were upon the stairs before he looked up and saw the figure of Hickory Pete.

For a long moment Jacko Prime remained poised and motionless, his thick hand upon the stair rail and his bright eyes staring fixedly upward. Slowly his mouth dropped open. Grimble neither hastened nor slackened his pace. The chain clinked in his hand but his shoepacks took the treads noiselessly.

Jacko Prime began to back away, feeling against the wall for support. His steps adjusted themselves to those of the slow descent of Grimble. The men were no more than six or eight feet apart now. Prime backed through a doorway and never for an instant did he take his eyes from the bruised and livid face of Hickory Pete.

Pete understood now that he was one come back from the dead. He had not thought of that before. Of course, he was dead to them. No one had ever been known before to go under Lake Champlain ice, apparently unconscious, at night, and come out alive. He was a ghost.

The big living-room of the house, with a rude bar made of boards laid across two barrels, burst upon Pete with a blaze and blare. Jacko Prime backed into that uproar, deaf to it. Grimble followed steadily. There must be still more time for the girl.

As troubled waters grow still, so quiet settled upon the room. Tink Garlow stood at the bar with a tumbler of steaming alcohol raised in his hand. He saw what Jacko saw, and the glass dropped to the floor with a crash. Johnny Fessette followed the gaze of Tink and his swarthy face blanched to the color of old paper. He flattened himself against the wall.

The contagion of fear spread—nameless but none the less real to those others blurred by their carouse. Pete knew that his face, cut and puffed and blackened, was not a pleasant sight. He swung the chain. Clink-clink through the new stillness! Before the first spell upon them could break an agonized whisper cut the silence from the lips of Tink Garlow:

"My God! He's dead! I saw him die!"

Jacko Prime backed against a window. The touch of the sill against his back, stopping him, roused him to a frenzy of terror. He whirled in his tracks and plunged through sash and glass.

That was the signal. They spewed themselves out of windows and doors. A man, very drunk, crawled into one of the barrels that supported the bar. Fessette followed Jacko. Garlow, trying to push through a doorway at the rear of the room, caromed spinning from a man who came staggering with a coal oil can in his hand. It was he whom Pete had seen in the kitchen trying to build a fire.

"Whassa matter?" he demanded, of the maddened room. "Got the fire built."

His words were drowned in a thundering roar. The doorway behind him filled with a sheet of flame and he was driven forward, reeling in circles. A fragment of iron hurtled across the living-room. Smoke, lighted with a red glow, belched from the kitchen.

HICKORY PETE leaped for the front door. His rôle of ghost was ended. He flung himself toward the roadway, but he had not gone twenty feet before a small form was running at his side. He slackened and stopped. Della Marceau clung to him.

"You—you're all right?" she panted.

He hurried her into the woods and drew her behind some young pines while the white night cleared of scurrying forms.

"I told you to go home!" he said. He stripped off his jacket and made her put it on. The feel of her arms was round and firm! He was happier than he had ever been before in his life.

"I wouldn't leave you," she said softly. "I couldn't!"

"She's worth it," muttered Hickory Pete, as he watched sharp flames stabbing the night above the Broken Finger, "but it's a mighty good thing I'm tough!"

The Spotlight Finds Coolidge

Continued from page 10

outwardly exactly the same figure that he entered, but by some inner appeal, some spiritual touch not of the material world, men come to recognize in him dependable qualities, profound spiritual agreements which beget first mere confidence, then blind enthusiasm. And finally, because on the face of it the Coolidge enthusiasm seems absurd, his followers have to build up the super-Coolidge myth to meet the minus-Coolidge myth which his enemies created.

So the noble, brave, unerring super-Coolidge goes out and fights with the dull, timid, nonentity guided by the devilish imp of the Coolidge luck.

Coolidge has always been too gentle to laugh at his enemies and too serious to laugh at himself. Probably if he began laughing at himself he would shatter the structure of his career. For no other career in modern American politics has been erected upon such fine strands, hanging by such delicate cables as that eerie structure which supports the Coolidge career.

In 1919, by the grace of fortune and the help of Frank Sterns, together with his own mysterious potence as a vote getter, Calvin Coolidge was elected governor of Massachusetts. He still stopped at the Adams House, brought Mrs. Coolidge there when she was needed but still held his home in the semi-detached house on Massasoit Street, where Mrs. Coolidge did her own housework, looked after her own family, did her own part in the women's work of Northampton and became a splendid symbol of the best type of middle-class American woman.

(Continued on page 48)

After the third lightless night, the business men took matters into their own hands. "If the city won't pay for the lights, we will," they told the city council.

Where was Lima when the lights went out?

As part of an economy program, Lima, Ohio, tried turning out the street lights. The trial lasted three nights.

One newspaper summarized the result as "the probability of a crime wave, increase in the number of traffic accidents, and the loss to Lima business houses of a gigantic sum during the holiday season."

MAZDA is the Mark of a Research Service. It is the mark which assures the user of the lamp that the manufacturer had advantage of the most recent findings of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. Invention moves from the ideal to the real. So the researches of men trained to investigate and experiment make impressive contributions to human progress.

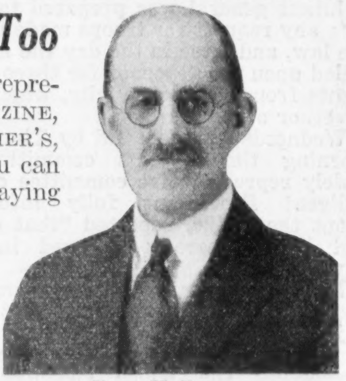
GENERAL ELECTRIC

He Made Good—You Can, Too

AS ONE of the special subscription representatives of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, COLLIER'S, MENTOR, and FARM AND FIRESIDE, you can quickly build up a permanent, well-paying business of your own.

Mr. Fred K. Parker of Massachusetts recently wrote:

I'm winding up fourteen years of magazine work, and they have surely been very happy years. The total paid-in-advance subs this year is 7,618.



FRED K. PARKER

Liberal commissions, bonuses, and cash prize profits are paid for this pleasant work. You can earn

$2.00 to $5.00 Your First Day

depending upon the amount of time you can devote to the work. Renewals each year mean permanent profits for you. Get full particulars, without obligation, by using this coupon to-day

THIS COUPON MEANS MONEY FOR YOU

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C1, The Crowell Publishing Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

I am interested in your offer. Please send me, without obligation, full details.

Name.................................... *Address*....................................

City.................................... *State*....................................

The Spotlight Finds Coolidge

Continued from page 47

And how Back Bay in Boston scorned it all, all that the Coolidges stood for, the Adams House, the $27 home, the frugal ways, the day coach from Boston to Northampton, the solitary stogy, the parsimony of language, the whole resurrection of the Puritan type upon which 300 years ago Back Bay was founded and from which it sprang.

It was as though Coolidge was the reincarnated poor relation of Back Bay, forever appearing to mock and humiliate it. He was a peace governor, elected when the reaction from war was beginning. There again the crossword puzzle of Coolidge's character fitted into the squares griddled upon the American heart. The people were cautious; the people were voiceless; the people were eager for industry; the people were conscientiously trying to find some meaning from the peace, to make some poor salvage from the war, chiefly of material gain since the spiritual profit seemed to have vanished.

Coolidge made a good governor, but he did not change the curve of his life. He was a good state housekeeper, never a brilliant statesman. He revealed himself as a mild progressive, in the declining days of the progressive cult and then loomed into national prominence through the Boston police strike.

The Boston police strike was called not upon the question of wages, but upon the question of the rights of men to join a union in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. Technically, the strike was called because nineteen police officers were tried by a non-partisan city committee and found guilty of agitating for the union in opposition to the explicit orders of the police commissioner. The police commissioner was a state official—not a city official. Mayor Peters of Boston felt that a large number of police officers would go out in the threatened strike. The police commissioner, who was appointed by Coolidge's predecessor in office and who, to a certain extent, was under state supervision if not control in his administration of the Boston police affairs, felt that very few officers would go out, and so reported to the governor.

On Tuesday evening, September 9, 1919, more than 1,000 policemen left their posts. Rioting began near midnight and continued until morning when the mayor called out the militia within the city of Boston, a power which he exercised legally. The police commissioner under the state government informed the mayor that conditions justified the mayor's action. Those two were in agreement.

The governor sent word that the adjutant general was prepared to execute any request for troops made under the law, and later in the day the mayor called upon the governor for three regiments from outside the city, which the governor sent.

Wednesday passed and by Thursday morning the mayor's committee, a widely representative committee of intelligent Bostonians fully informed about the strike, reported "that order had been generally restored in the city."

But the governor by no means relaxed his attention. He kept the adjutant general with him day and night. He made it clear that he was supporting the police commissioner, who was the only official actually connected with the state administration under the law.

A delegation of labor leaders representing men working upon the important industries in the city of Boston and the adjoining towns—public utilities affecting food and transportation by land and water—called upon the governor and threatened a general strike in eastern Massachusetts.

The governor heard them. The governor told them that he would support the police commissioner, a cryptic statement, and then stood dumbly before the delegation in a long silence until the labor leaders had left the room.

Later, when told that labor unions all over eastern Massachusetts were voting almost unanimously for a general strike, he paused and said, undramatically:

"We will meet that situation when we have to."

He did not act. He was as parsimonious of action as he was of words.

Two days had passed in which Boston was clamoring for action. A general strike, if it had occurred, would have precipitated anarchy. Governor Coolidge stood before that threat as he walked before the whizzing cars in the Tremont Street traffic—unperturbed. Coolidge viewed the impending calamity, issuing no statement, making no motion which would indicate what was in his mind. Then Thursday night he called out the whole state guard. It was typically Coolidgesque, undramatic almost to the point of unimportance. He was justified by history undoubtedly in his long delay. If one would accuse Coolidge of not acting in any situation until he had to act, he would reply, "Well, why should I?"

"Hello, Chatterbox," said General Edwards to Coolidge one fine day in Washington.

"Well," Coolidge drawled, "what I don't say doesn't get me into as much trouble as what you do say."

This is the golden rule to Coolidge: economy—economy of words, economy of action, which never by any chance may be called laziness and is not the result of economy of thought. It is old New England, cautious, conservative, still courageous but not excited about its courage; a throwback into another century; a queer apparition in the modern world. And this decent, orderly, well-considered action, thoroughly dedramatized by a man who never made a pose in his life, threw Calvin Coolidge upon the national stage, a national figure as he had come up from Northampton to Boston a state figure.

He must have known that he was a national figure from the days of the Boston police strike. He couldn't have read the papers the week after the settlement of the strike without seeing his name mentioned for the Presidency. The day he called out the full state militia Boston would have crowned him king, yet he went to his inside room in the Adams House, one of the cheaper rooms around the place, and closeted himself there that night invisible to reporters, studying some state problem.

An old friend wrote him a joyous letter of congratulation. He answered:

> DEAR NEWT:
> I am glad you liked what I did about the police strike. I thought you would. Yours truly,
> CAL.

Mr. White's fourth article, "The Great Test," will appear in the April 18th issue.

Solution to Puzzle on page 34

						R						
					F	U	N					
				S	A	L	E	S				
			R	E	C	E	I	P	T			
		M	E	R	E	■	F	A	R	M		
	D	O	V	E	■	■	■	R	A	I	L	
M	O	R	E	■	■	■	■	■	D	R	A	W
	H	A	R	D	■	■	■	T	I	E	D	
		L	I	O	N	■	S	A	N	D		
			E	V	E	N	I	N	G			
				E	V	A	D	E				
					A	R	E					
						D						

HAVE YOU READ—?

By GRANT OVERTON

THERE have been three great naturalists in our time—fellows who knew how to tell what they found out in a fascinating way. Fabre the Frenchman is dead. W. H. Hudson the Englishman is dead. But William Beebe the American is right with us.

Beebe's new book, ready this spring, is called "My Jungle." It tells of a patch of ground in British Guiana which he studied year after year. This one little patch was a cross-section of all that part of South America. Sooner or later, all the forms of animal and insect and plant life came to that patch.

Beebe is off now exploring the Sargasso Sea, the place where the Ancient Mariner had his worst troubles. He is going to take an acre of this lifeless part of the Atlantic and study it from top to bottom in the same way.

If you don't know Beebe, you needn't begin with "My Jungle." His "Galápagos: World's End" with its giant lizards and his "Jungle Peace" which T. R. was so enthusiastic about are wonderful adventures to anyone reading them for the first time.

Pie à la Mode

MY WIFE reviews the new cook books for me. She reports that "Everybody's Cook Book," compiled by Isabel Ely Lord, is the completest to date. It has over 900 pages, is printed in large type, and you'll have to let it lie open, flat, on the table or shelf of the kitchen cabinet. The pictures are bunched in one place. The distinctive thing seems to be the great number of variations for each recipe. You get, after the recipe for chicken salad or some kind of pie, four, six, eight and sometimes ten and twelve possible variations or substitutions.

There are two recipes for mincemeat and some variations, but the book sort of confesses failure. Miss Lord writes a little essay, the burden of which is "season to taste."

French terms are explained, but not the way they use 'em on the bills of fare. Personally, knowing that pie à la mode is pie with ice cream on top, I have never been able to understand why beef à la mode is not beef with ice cream at the summit.

He Touches Your Heart

THE splendid articles by Philip Gibbs which appeared in Collier's are portions of his new book, "Ten Years After." This is the best account of world doings since 1914 I have read. It is a brilliant and perfect picture; and Gibbs has a way of reaching into your heart as he writes. He is possibly the world's best reporter, because he makes you see and he makes you feel. But you've tasted "Ten Years After" and I do not need to tell you about it.

H. G. Wells has a new book out, "A Year of Prophesying," but this seems to me not so good. It consists of fifty-five articles written between September, 1923, and September, 1924, about everything from the League of Nations to "An Outbreak of Auto-Obituary"—a bit at the end which is rather good. Wells says he believes there is a better life for the race. Apparently he means right here on earth. "I am against the clothes we wear and the food we eat, the houses we live in, the schools we have, our amusements, our money, our ways of trading, our ways of making, our compromises and agreements and laws, our articles of political association, the British Empire, the American Constitution."

This seems to make it unanimous with H. G. He explains:

"I think most of the clothes ugly and dirty, most of the food bad, the houses wretched, the schools starved and feeble, the amusements dull, the monetary methods silly, our ways of trading base and wasteful, our methods of production piecemeal and wasteful, our political arrangements solemnly idiotic. Most of my activities have been to get my soul and something of my body out of the customs, outlook, boredoms and contaminations of the current phase of life."

I'll bet he's feeling better already.

The Best of the Lot

SOME writers can be careless and get away with it. J. S. Fletcher is one. He has written about two dozen mystery-detective novels. In at least half of them he has left something unexplained or unaccounted for at the end. But you always go for the new Fletcher yarn. His plots are so varied, so ingenious; his people are so interesting; his stories are laid in such quaint old towns. His inns are comfortable and his happenings are the sort that hold your attention. His new tale, "The Wolves and the Lamb," is free from carelessness. It's a good conspiracy story and there are no loose threads in the wind-up. But keep away from his "The Mill of Many Windows." That's no good.

And while we are waiting for the great American novel of 1925 you may want to have a look at Harry (alias H. C.) Witwer's books. Witwer is popular with a lot of readers of Collier's who may not know about his stories in book form. "Love and Learn," the latest, is the story of a telephone girl who loved not too well but wisely. She was Mary Johnson of Bountiful, Utah, until she became Gladys Murgatroyd of the Hotel St. Moe, New York. "Fighting Blood" is about Gale Galen, who forgot he was only a soda clerk and laid down his bar-rag to knock out the second best welterweight in the game. Judy Wilcox had something to do with his education, also. The twelve rounds, or chapters, of "The Leather Pushers" appeared first in Collier's. That was going on five years ago; they read just as well now as they did then.

I've saved the best book for the last. At least, in a way, "The Romance of Forgotten Towns," by John T. Faris, is the best of this lot. In forty-two chapters, some only two or three pages long, Mr. Faris outlines the strange history of such places as Kaskaskia, the Illinois town that is covered by the Mississippi River; Loretto and Gallitzin, Pennsylvania, two towns founded by a Russian prince; and Rough And Ready, the city of the Forty-Niners in California. Do you know about the Trans-Oconee Republic? Did you ever see the old state capitol at Corydon, Ind., and do you know the story of New Harmony? Did you ever hear the history of the Kingdom of Beaver Island, Mich., and can you tell what became of King Strang after he had ruled for six years?

Here is American history you never knew about, from Jamestown, Va., to the New Salem where Lincoln lived and the Oregon that Whitman visited and the West that Buffalo Bill romped around in. It's great.

"My Jungle." By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"Everybody's Cook Book." Compiled by Isabel Ely Lord. Henry Holt & Company. $5.00.

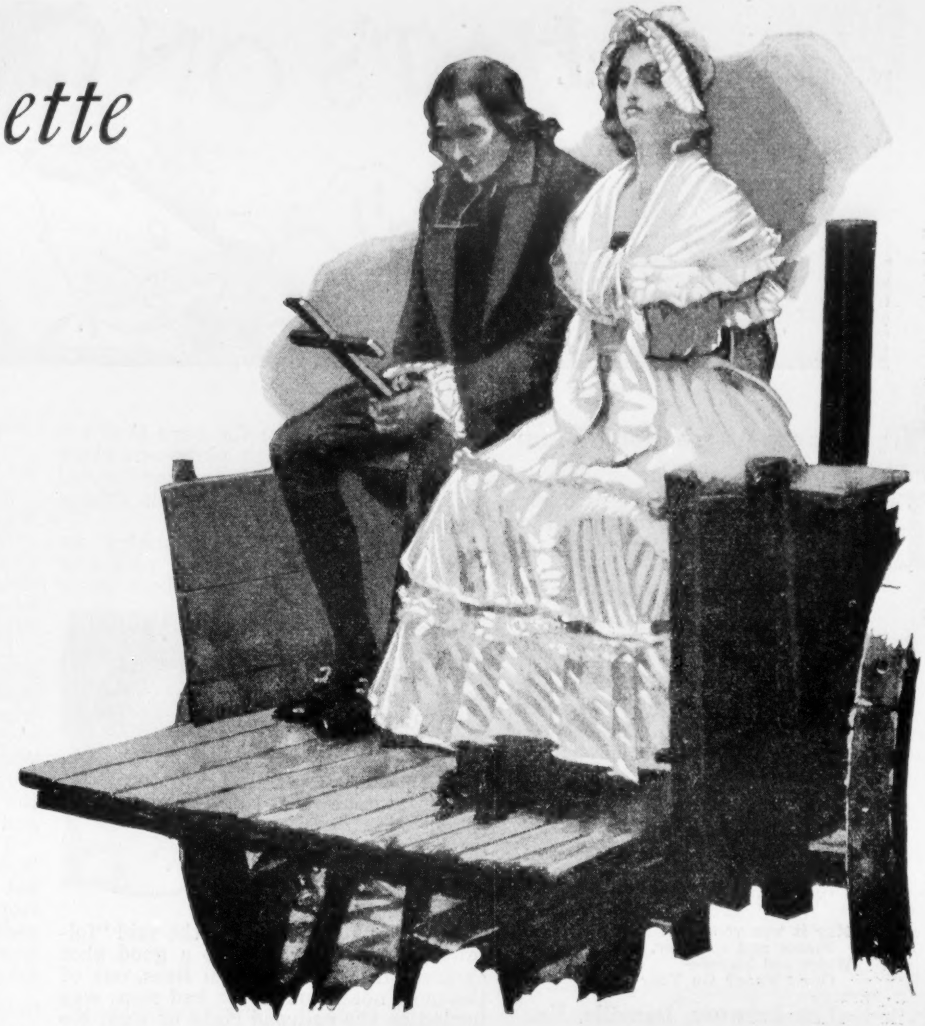
"Ten Years After." By Philip Gibbs. George H. Doran Company.

"A Year of Prophesying." By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company.

"Love and Learn." "Fighting Blood." "The Leather Pushers." Each by H. C. Witwer. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Romance of Forgotten Towns." By John T. Faris. Harper & Bros. $6.00.

This is Marie Antoinette riding to her death



DO YOU KNOW her tragic story? How the once beautiful queen of France, broken and humbled, her beauty gone, was jostled through the bloody streets of Paris to the guillotine? Have you ever read what Edmund Burke wrote about the French Revolution—one of the great, fascinating books that have made their mark on history?

Out of all the millions of books in the world there are a few, and only a few, so great that they will never die. These are the books that every intelligent person *must* know.

But what are these few immortal works? Where are they? How can a busy man or woman find them among so much that is worthless?

A wonderfully interesting little free book called "Fifteen Minutes a Day" answers this question. It tells how Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, has selected from his half century of experience in reading, study and teaching, the books that picture the progress of civilization. It tells how he has arranged these "Harvard Classics" with notes and reading courses so that in even fifteen minutes a day anyone can gain from them the knowledge of literature and life, the broad viewpoint, that are the tools of success in life.

Every ambitious, forward-looking American man and woman should know *at least something* about this famous library,

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Send today for the free book that tells all about it. It is yours for the asking—just fill out and mail the coupon below.

FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY

This Free Book

tells all about Dr. Eliot's great discovery, which does for reading what the invention of the telegraph did for communication. To thousands this little book has meant a big step forward in business and social life, and has shown them, besides, the way to a vast new world of pleasure. *Your* copy is waiting for you. Simply mail the coupon.

P. F. Collier & Son Company
250 Park Avenue, New York

Mail me the Free Book, "Fifteen Minutes a Day," telling about the Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the valuable article by Dr. Eliot on what and how to read for a liberal education.

Name {*Mr. Mrs. Miss* ....
Address ....
....

H. C. O. 3198—L

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND
COLLIER'S

From Nancy Astor's Home Town

To the Editor of Collier's:

HERE'S a toast to the best page in your paper, from the land of questionable roads but fine folks—

Here's to our page,
The sometimes sour page,
But "allus" our page—
Old "What's On Your Mind."

All kinds of subjects,
Suggestions and projects,
Aims, goals and objects,
But—they're all on our minds.

Bobbed hair is discussed,
And repeating guns cussed,
Recipes for pie crust
You'll find on our page.

We can score the sheik,
Rouged lip and cheek,
The home-brew beak
'N' everything, on our page.

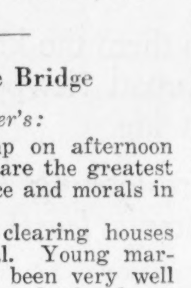
May it wax younger,
Fatter and stronger,
Wider and longer—
Our "What's On Your Mind."

LES BROWDER, Danville, Va.

Calling Bridge Bridge

To the Editor of Collier's:

Why don't you romp on afternoon bridge parties? They are the greatest menace to marital peace and morals in America.



Bridge parties are clearing houses for all current scandal. Young married women who have been very well satisfied with their own husbands go to these bridge parties and hear so much about the wild parties and high old times indulged in by their more venturesome sisters that they presently think they are not getting a kick out of life if they don't do as the gossips say everybody else is doing.

And that's why so many married women go wrong; they get the wrong mental twist and head for the demnition bow-wows after being saturated with the gossip of these afternoon parties.

WIEHAWKEN.

Good Bad Men

To the Editor of Collier's:

I have just finished reading, with a great deal of interest, the story of Dion O'Bannion under the heading "A Modern Pirate." You deserve a great deal of credit for not attempting to condone this murderer's crimes or to excuse, by mention of his charities, the fact that he was an enemy to society and a criminal of the worst type.

You are about the only publication that I know of that has so far taken a stand that a criminal is a criminal, regardless. It is a deplorable fact that our papers, our picture shows, sometimes our very histories, glorify or excuse such characters or hold them up as victims of circumstance. Our young jellybeans and bobbed-hair bandits emulate these pseudo Robin Hoods and the kind-hearted jurors are afraid they will be the party to the punishment of an innocent man; for have they not read stories and seen plays—numbers of them—where the victim was framed and languished in jail for the crimes of another?

In this section of the country we have had "bad men" times past any number of which might have been taken from life as a good (?) example of a movie hero. But none that I can recall was ever a good citizen or settled down and married the heroine. It is true that they had a certain following—a "following" of determined men with shotguns and long-range rifles.

But out here the real heroes are the men of the said "following" who either make a good shot or furnish the rope. Sam Bass, one of the most notorious of the bad men, was buried on the railroad right of way. No one seems to know just where Billy the Kid was buried, and if anyone ever had an inclination to send either of the above-named gentlemen flowers they didn't mention the fact in public.

Permit me to say that your magazine is getting a lot better. You are giving us human interest stuff without scandal—stories without filth.

RHEA VERNON, Amarillo, Texas.

He's Always a Japanese

To the Editor of Collier's:

One may well agree with Mr. Gary (issue of February 14th) that there is no . . . danger of war with the Japanese, if only for the reason that they have not the material or credit necessary to prosecute war.

As to his wish (and Hughes' and others' wishes, too) to "admit a limited number of Japanese according to a percentage plan similar to the one applied to other immigrants," in order to get around the Japanese objection to our making them non-white by law.

While the immigration act of 1924 was seething, I couldn't understand how some of these Easterners could be so treasonably idealistic as not to understand the necessity of keeping out aliens ineligible to citizenship, because inassimilable.

Now that we are protected I have become more tolerant and am willing to believe that the Eastern chuckleheadedness was due to ignorance. You see only the high-caste Japanese, the diplomatics and big business men, cultured and socially polished. They are not the Japanese immigration problem; they do not settle here, and go on the land.

One point is that the Japanese is never an immigrant; he is a colonist. He remains Japanese. The official and private Japanese outcry against their definite exclusion from these states was not the result of injured pride. The need for more land for the Japanese people is perhaps their most vital interest. We may sympathize with that need; but we must stop at the point where their vital interests conflict with ours. And that point is where colonists who would not become Americans would take our land, the basis of real wealth.

EVAN ROSENBERG, Oakland, Cal.

Cross Words Aren't So Cross

To the Editor of Collier's:

Practically every publication in America to-day is industriously endeavoring to poke fun at the well-known and wonderful cross-word puzzle—also known as cuss-word puzzle, home breaker, trouble maker, sense taker. Why all the noise and hullabaloo?

I have yet to come across a motorist who ran over ten persons while busy with a puzzle, or a restaurant waiter who was fired because he could not furnish a patron with a three-lettered word meaning deleterious, or a housewife who let the dinner burn because the cursed puzzle had her whole mind and attention.

These exaggerations make a fine topic for gossip and that's about all, but any publication that omits funny stories about the cross-word puzzle is sadly "behind the times." Prohibition was that way once—now we nearly take it seriously—sometimes.

W. S. S., Fresno, Cal.

A Tip from the Railroads

To the Editor of Collier's:

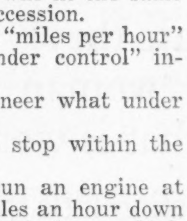
So much has been written and said in regard to speed laws for autos that it seems that it is now clear in the minds of most of the thinking people that there is no such thing as a "miles per hour" regulation that will fit the same place two days in succession.

Why not change the "miles per hour" and make it read "under control" instead.

Ask a railroad engineer what under control means.

He'll say: "Able to stop within the vision of the eye."

An engineer may run an engine at the rate of 35 to 40 miles an hour down a track to-day on which he wouldn't think of going more than 10 miles per hour to-morrow. Why? Because conditions are different, objects have moved—weather is changed.



Now suppose we were under the same regulations driving cars, it would not work any hardships on us nor in the long run make us lose any time, for on many a mile that now has a foolish 25-mile-per-hour law we could drive at a much higher rate in perfect safety. On other places where a foolish "miles per hour" law allows us to run 25 miles per hour we would have to pull down to 10 miles per hour or less.

C. W. MCCONNELL, Vananda, Mont.

Shakespeare "In American"

To the Editor of Collier's:

For several years I have superintended school systems in small towns with an enrollment of about one hundred and fifty pupils in school, say forty or fifty in high school. I have "stuck" with these small towns because I have had visions of the possible outcome of developing the fewer pupils to an extent that would bring larger results in the end; and, let me say, often school boards will pay city salaries, if achievement warrants.

But the point of this note is that I find a state of "preparedness" in these systems that is "keynoted" by the following excerpt from an eleventh grader's English paper: "Lady McBeth was McBeth's wife and was very crule and caused McBethe to do the dirty work. If he hadent of killed the king she would of."

MARSHALL PANCOOST, Marble, Colorado.

When "Wammuses" Were Worn

To the Editor of Collier's:

In a recent article on Lincoln and Gettysburg you speak of Lincoln's use of the word "wammus."

You say it was an Illinois word for sack coat.

This is an error. A "wammus" was any kind of a loose-fitting worker's blouse and corresponded to the present blue denim jacket. An Illinois farmer had a coat, but it was only worn to church and the county fair. He worked in his "wammus."

Mr. Lincoln was using the word affectionately and facetiously. We had no sack coats in Illinois prior to 1875. All coats had tails or skirts.

Even boys of 14 and 15 years were so attired. Being largely of domestic manufacture, they possessed an endless and diverting variety.

I cannot understand how President Lincoln's attendant in 1863 could have been wearing a sack coat.

The tail of the coat must have been shot off in the Civil War.

P. H. SHALLENBERGER,
Lost Cabin, Wyoming.

Chickens, Jam and Cherry Pie!

To the Editor of Collier's:

Too bad that you spoiled an interesting editorial paragraph by getting your facts on three-story farming crooked.

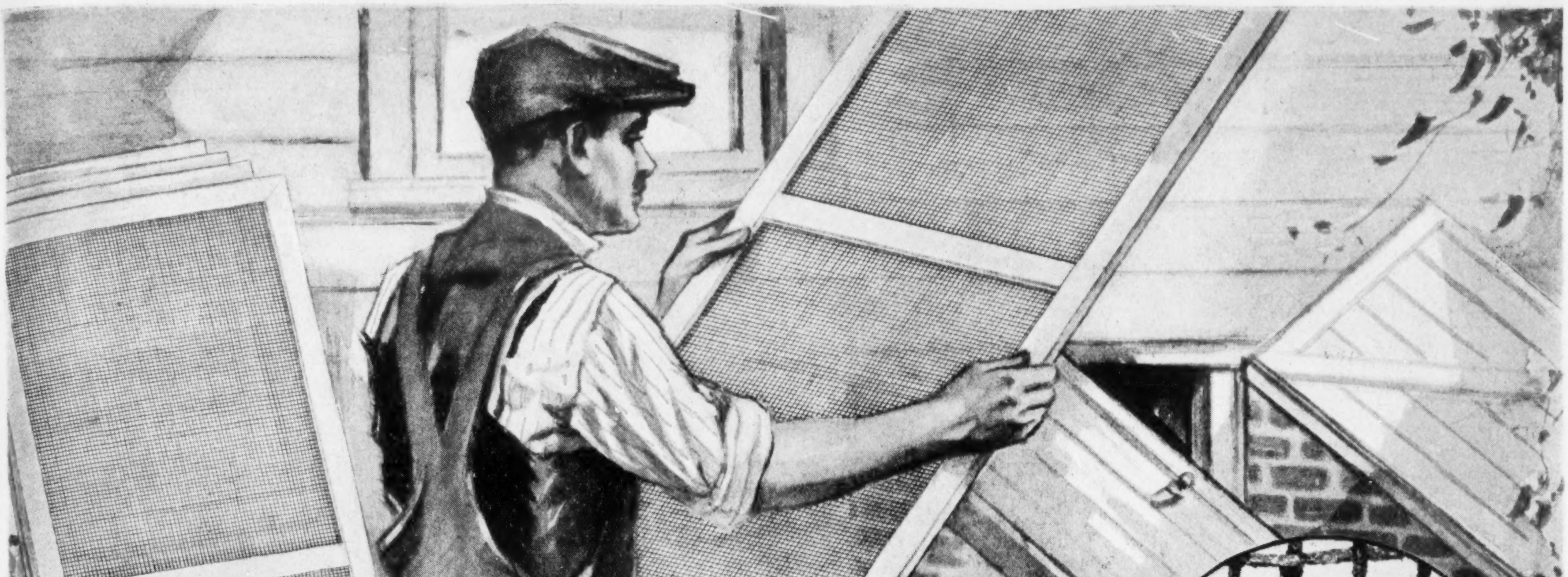
If you had referred to the residence of a man as a three-story affair because he had two floors in his home and a one-story garage on the next lot even the office boy would have got wise to it.

Your three-story farm of melons and cherries with pigs on the next forty acres is equally ridiculous.

A real three-story farm consists of chickens, raspberries and pie cherries. The "three stories" applies accurately enough because of the fact that the chickens are fed between the rows of berries and work on the ground level, keeping the soil cultivated and fertilized.

The level above is where the berries ripen. At intervals in the berry rows, or at the ends of the rows, preferably ends, are pie cherry trees which ripen their product at a still higher level. The three crops, on the same land, dovetail together most successfully.

J. H. BROWN,
Milwaukee, Wis.



As Good As Ever!

FLY TIME is screen time. What will screen time mean to you—the replacement of a lot of rusted cloth or simply getting out of winter storage screens that you *know* will be as good as ever?

The latter is the case with men who use Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth. They escape unnecessary expense, work, and discomfort. Year after year they put their screens up in the spring and take them down in the fall with no appreciable change in appearance.

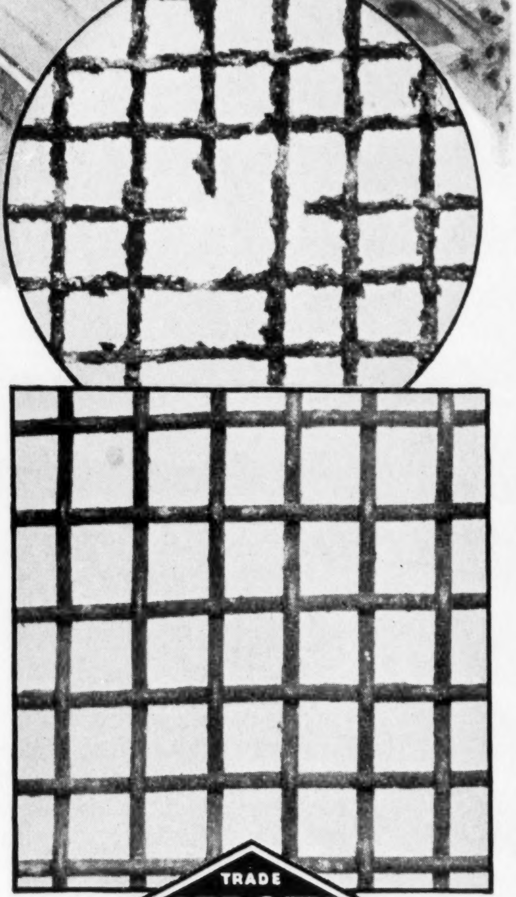
The reason for the unusual wearing quality of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth is simple. The wire used in this cloth is 99.8% pure copper, made by a special Roebling process which gives it stiffness and tensile strength comparable to that of steel.

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, *16 mesh*, is a true *insect* screen cloth because it keeps out not only flies but also mosquitoes and other small insects. When you buy it in the dark finish (99.8% pure copper regardless of finish) you get a cloth which is almost invisible and which goes through no weathering process.

This month, many merchants throughout the country are making special displays of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth in their windows. It will pay you to look for them. These dealers will show you the economy of screening your windows, doors and porches with Jersey. They have samples which you may test for stiffness and strength.

If your hardware merchant or custom-made screen maker cannot supply Jersey, write us and we will send samples, an interesting booklet, and tell you how to obtain it.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
622 South Broad Street
Trenton New Jersey
All Grades of Wire Cloth made of All Kinds of Wire



TRADE **JERSEY** MARK

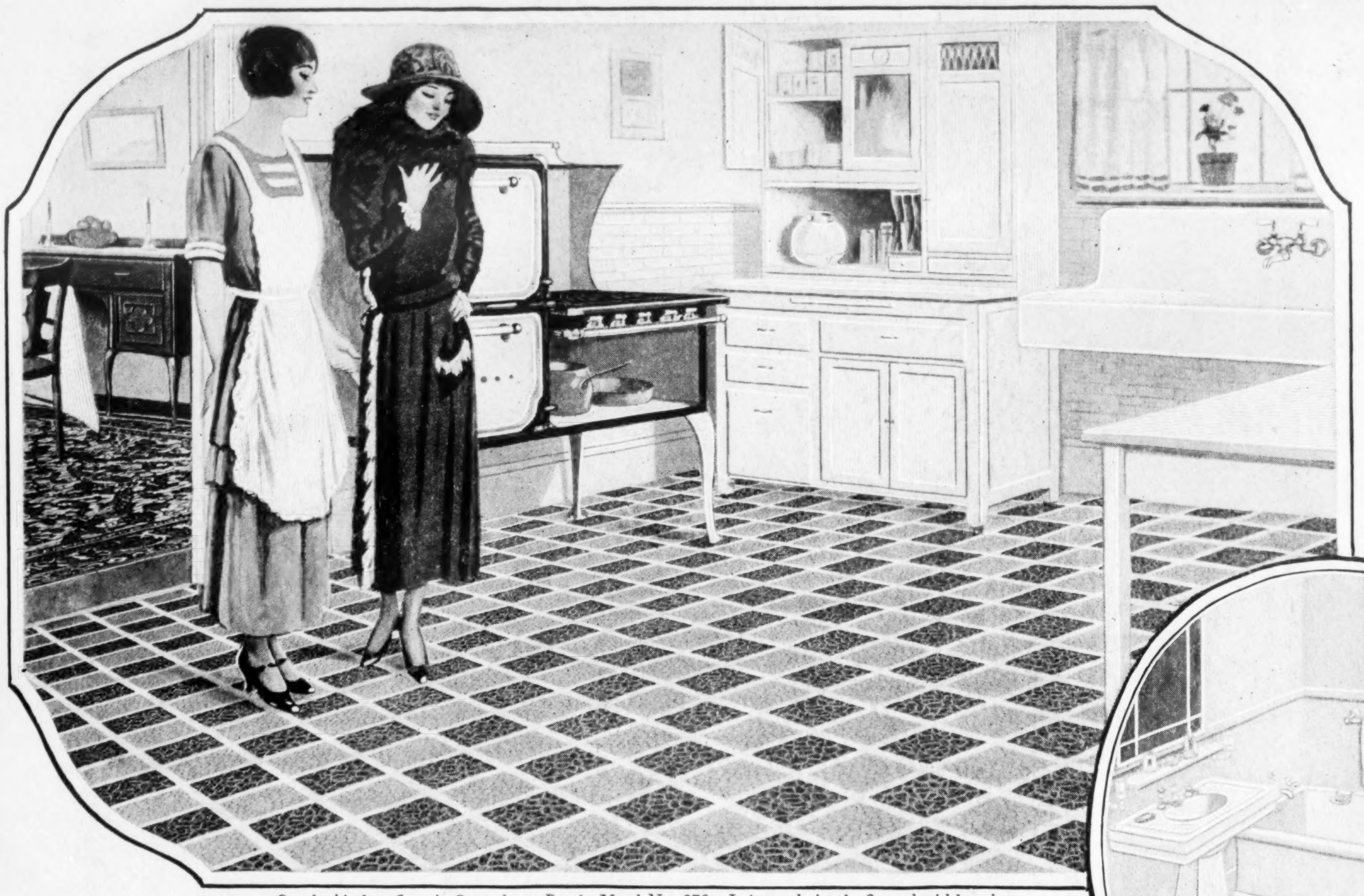
In the circle above is a photograph (enlarged 7 diameters) of steel cloth, metal coated, after a few months' service at a distance of more than 35 miles from the seacoast.

In the rectangle is an unretouched photograph (enlarged 7 diameters) showing Copper Screen Cloth (heavy grade) made by the New Jersey Wire Cloth Company which has been subjected to the action of salt air for more than 12 years.

TRADE **JERSEY** MARK

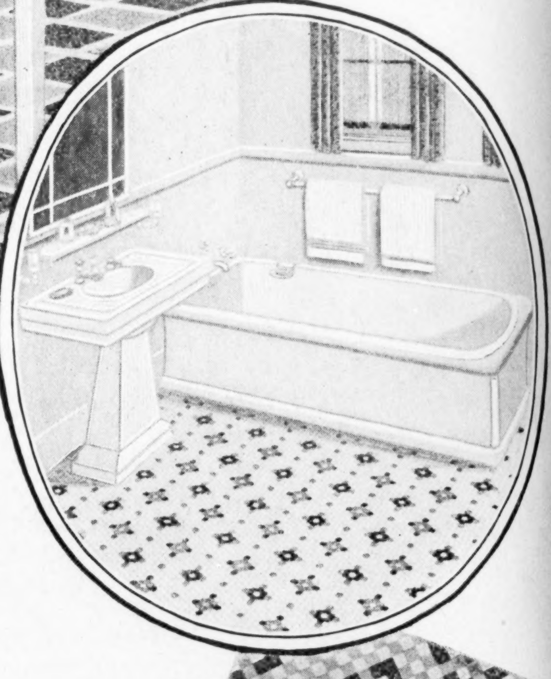
Copper
Insect
Screen Cloth
Made of Copper 99.8% Pure
AS ADVERTISED

Look for this Tag at the End of the Roll



On the kitchen floor is Congoleum By-the-Yard No. 878. It is made in the 2-yard width only.

On the bathroom floor is shown Congoleum By-the-Yard No. 876—2 yds. wide. The 3-yd. width is No. 4076.



"Kitchen and bathroom together cost less than we figured for the kitchen alone"

For covering the entire floor, there's nothing so economical or so satisfactory as guaranteed Congoleum By-the-Yard.

Not only is it unusually low in price, but very easy to lay. Like Congoleum Rugs it lies perfectly flat on the floor—requires no fastening whatever to hold it firmly in place. It never buckles, never curls up at the edges.

A Variety of Patterns

You can have Congoleum By-the-Yard in any room, for it comes in a wide range of very attractive designs. Floral motifs, matting effects, neat woodblocks or tiles to choose from. It inexpensively solves the problem of what to do with old, scarred floors.

Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard has all the labor-saving advantages of the popular Congoleum Rugs. Nothing can stain the smooth, waterproof surface. Dust, grease, spilled things, are quickly removed with a light mopping.

When you buy *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard, make sure that you *get* it. You can always identify genuine Congoleum By-the-Yard by the Gold Seal guarantee that is pasted on the face of the goods. Insist upon seeing it when you buy! This Gold Seal protects you against inferior substitutes.

Note the Low Prices

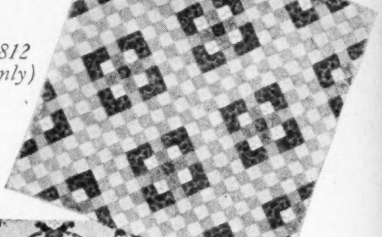
Two-Yard Width —85c per square yard
Three-Yard Width—95c per square yard

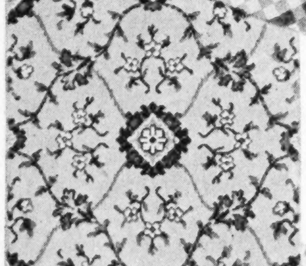
Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi, and in Canada are higher than those quoted

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Atlanta Kansas City
San Francisco Cleveland Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

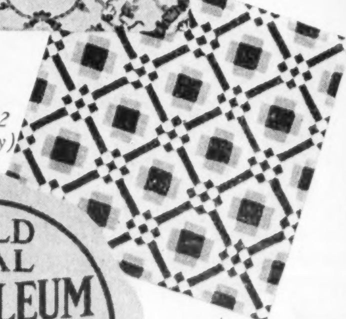
Pattern No. 812
(2 yds. wide only)





The pattern at the left in the 2-yard width is No. 852. The 3-yard width is No. 4024.

Pattern No. 832
(2 yds. wide only)



Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BY-THE-YARD

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Write us today for free booklet No. A-89 showing all the beautiful By-the-Yard patterns in full colors.